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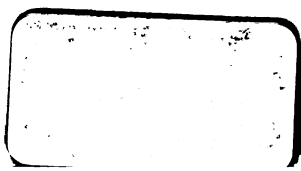
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H. Adlard sc.

*Yours respectfully
Horrisson Seatcherd.*

THE HISTORY OF MORLEY,

IN THE WEST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE;

INCLUDING A PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF ITS OLD CHAPEL.

BY

NORRISON SCATCHERD.

"And also all that generation were gathered unto their fathers : and there arose another generation after them that knew not the Lord, nor yet the works which he had done for Israel."

JOSHUA—JUDGES.

'The Republican party in England dates its origin from the early campaigns of the Civil War, and did not become wholly extinct till the Revolution in 1688 ; but as a party, having an important influence in public affairs, their extinction may be referred to the time of the Restoration ; their indications of life, afterwards, were feeble and fitful, like the final flashes and struggles of an expiring flame.

GODWIN.

SECOND EDITION.

MORLEY :

S. STEAD, PRINTER BY STEAM POWER, "OBSERVER" OFFICE, COMMERCIAL STREET.

1874



DEDICATION TO MY FAMILY.

My dear Children,

THERE is no delusion more common amongst men than the supposition that the events of past times, or such as themselves have witnessed, will be of little moment to their descendants, nor is there any delusion more provoking; for, if there be one thing about which a more than ordinary curiosity is generally felt, it is respecting our ancestors, and especially such of them as have cut a conspicuous figure in the most interesting period of our annals. Judge, then, of my regret at being left in the dark as to innumerable circumstances which our forefathers might have communicated, without cost or trouble to themselves, and which would have enabled me to present you with a well-connected narrative. Had the particulars alluded to transpired in an age of literature, like the present, when periodical Works of every kind are abundant, much of what is lost to me might have been recovered; but, falling out otherwise, it happens that I can dedicate to you little more than a few scraps of our village history.

The great error of the seventeenth century alas! has been that of succeeding times. The men of those days appear to have attached far more importance to matters of opinion, of speculation, and of fancy, than to matters of fact. Instead of communicating to us those particulars respecting their forefathers, themselves, their neighbours, and the state of society within their townships which would have been perused by future generations, they have left us little more than their thoughts upon polemical subjects, or metaphysical dissertations of some other kind. These remarks you will see illustrated, in part, in the present Work, and the Writings of the Old Pastors of Morley. They seem to have fancied that their theology—their classical quotations—their church histories or sermons, would be read by posterity, and perhaps admired; and it does not appear to have occurred to them that this posterity would be competent to reason, to admonish, or to compile, quite as well, if not better than themselves. How mortifying! Had they only given us a few papers upon the Civil War—the share that their neighbours had in this memorable contest—the events which they witnessed—nay, even the village gossip and prattle of the times, it would not have sunk into oblivion, or mouldered upon dusty shelves like their controversial divinity.

Let us not judge, however, too harshly of our forefathers. Their delusion seems ingrafted on human nature.—The press still groans under its load of theology, romances, poetry, politics, and other speculative, hortatory, fanciful, or disputatious matter of every kind,—and from what the Booksellers tell me, I infer that the public

appetite has the least relish for historical, antiquarian, or philosophical realities. My only comment on this is, that as to yourselves at least, I hope you will sometime appreciate the value of conjecture as opposed to evidence—of fictions to facts—of the illusions of fancy to the dictates of reason—of bewildering fallacies to instructive truths—between that which displays the craft and device of man, and that which bears the impress of the Deity.

For the public indifference to topographical books, some apology beyond what is contained in my preface may be offered. They are not made (to use an expression more intelligible than elegant) “*readable*” books—they seldom contain much original matter—there are no links to connect the different passages, so that the whole is like patchwork—the curiosities of literature are seldom illustrated—the cold and lifeless *impersonal form of address* is invariably adhered to; but the worst of all is, that their authors (as in other works) frequently clothe their thoughts in a quaint or affected—a circumlocutory, metaphysical, or inflated phraseology.

“Histories,” we are told by the great Lord Bacon, “make men wise.” This is more than can be said of some studies which, when carried too far, operate only to make men stupid, conceited, and pedantic—to exclude philosophy—to stifle eloquence, and obstruct science. On the contrary, a knowledge of history, especially of our own country, enlarges and enriches the mind beyond what is commonly believed, and is indispensably necessary to every Gentleman. But history, to be read with profit, should be read with sound discretion, for the far greatest part of that which is so called, is mere romance, or something worse.

It is your good fortune, my children, to be born in a very different period, as respects education, from what I have been. Look even at the Juvenile Libraries, at the Children’s Books which are now seen, and compare them with such as existed only forty years ago, when tales chiefly of giants, fairies, robbers, or magicians, were invented for the amusement of youth. Think on the pains which are now taken to disseminate useful knowledge amongst the middle and lower classes of the community, and the facilities with which, under an improved mode of instruction, they may acquire it; and then reflect upon our old Grammar Schools, about which I will leave you some curious memoirs. No doubt you will wonder at the support given to such establishments, as I used to do at the preference given by our Kings of the seventeenth century, to the Catholic religion. A little knowledge will dispel the mystery in both instances, and discover to you how much knavery may often be found lurking under specious appearances.

To return again to the subject of my Book, you will find it, as I hope, both instructive and amusing. Possessed of information and means of information respecting these parts beyond, perhaps, any other person; having, from my childhood, been inquisitive as respecting antiquities, and having leisure for the gratification not only of myself but my posterity; what could I devise, as a present, more acceptable than this History? What subject could I have chosen so likely to interest our children’s children, as an account of their forefathers?

Such as my Book is, to you my children, as objects of my chief regard, I dedicate it, in the hope that it may induce you to peruse my authorities. Should you thus acquire a taste like mine, happy indeed will it be for yourselves, and great my reward—you will then be often keeping the best company—you will hold converse with the dead as well as the living—you will gather from the experience of ages—you will have associates whom you can take up or discard without ceremony or trouble—who will draw you into few embarrassments, and but very little expense.

Through the medium of this my Book then, I would introduce you to my noiseless, unobtrusive, harmless, and diverting companions; and in doing so, remember, I give you one assurance, which is, that the more you cultivate their acquaintance, and the less you depend for pleasure upon your fellow mortals, the more likely you will be to escape troubles which are common to people who have no resources *within themselves*.

That it may please Him who is the disposer of all events and who governs futurity, to lead you into all useful, all important truth and knowledge—that as you advance in stature, you may grow in true wisdom and in his favour, is the earnest prayer of

Your affectionate Parent,

THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E .

THE History of the Old Chapel, at Morley, stands so intimately connected with the times of the Commonwealth of England—the Earl of Sussex, its Patron in 1650, was so distinguished a character, and some of the persons to whom he conveyed the Chapel property, in trust, were so famous in our neighbourhood, that it would be unpardonable in me to present the public with a superficial and uncircumstantial narrative. I must, however, do so if not allowed the introduction of such matter as will be found in the first forty-six pages of my Work; without which, indeed, in my own estimation, it would be of little value. Were this part omitted, what could a person know about our Chapel Lease? how it was obtained? what was the connexion between the Lessor and Lessees? what were their principles and views? and what occasioned the events which are subsequently disclosed.

Aspiring to the honour of having my Book read by various classes, and not regarded as a mere Topographical Work, to be taken up like a dictionary, I have endeavoured to make it connected and entertaining. My topographical materials, it must be owned, are defective; but were they ever so ample it would little suit my own taste, or the reader's perhaps, to have the volume filled with matter of so dry and unedifying a nature.

I have just said that my materials are defective—but if the reader should deem that kind of matter appropriate with which compilers form their ponderous volumes, they are then abundant and easily obtained; and, should I ever be reduced to ask charity or solicit subscriptions, a new edition of my Book may appear upon the modern plan; that is to say, by way of bait, there shall be an ensnaring title page and capital engravings—fine paper and type—margins so commodious, that in some pages scarce ten lines

shall appear, and in none twenty—very correct pedigrees, (of course) about as entertaining as those of “Flying Childers,” and “Eclipse,” or the celebrated bull, “Comet”—long extracts from registers, of births, baptisms, and burials—copies of inscriptions on gravestones and communion plate—accounts of paupers and village affairs—of subscribers to charities, and every-day concerns; with a *copious Index* to the whole.

To tell my mind of topographical books in the general, (candidly speaking) nine out of ten of them remind me of the razors sold to the countryman, by the London sharper, as humourously described by Peter Pindar:—

“Friend, quoth the razor man, I’m not a knave—
“As for the razors that you’ve bought,
“Upon my soul I never thought
“That they *would* shave.
“Not think they’d shave, quoth Hodge, with
wond’ring eyes
“And voice, not much unlike an Indian yell;
“What were they *made* for then, you rogue, he
cries?
“‘*Made*,’ quoth the fellow with a smile, ‘to *sell*.’”

Considered in any view I have no reason to be ashamed of this production of my leisure hours. It is “*made*” neither for the purpose of selling, or of shaving—of pilfering from the pocket of any one, or of appropriating to myself his literary plumes. Should its edge appear too keen in certain parts, it is truth alone and matter of fact which makes it so.

By people who are unacquainted with local circumstances, and the sources from which part of my information is derived, it may, at first sight, be thought singular that I should make mention of Cromwell and the Commonwealth times so particularly, as will hereafter be seen; but their wonder will cease upon a perusal of this Book throughout. The share which our old townsmen had in the battles of the Civil War—the distinction which, in common with their neighbours, they gained therefrom—their bravery, their patriotism,

but above all, their devotion to Cromwell, connects him most closely with this History, and (in my opinion at least) redounds to their immortal honour. No apology need, therefore, be expected from me for an introduction which is not only deemed necessary but ornamental to my Book.

My object, in short, in writing this Book, was to furnish information which will be interesting and necessary to most of my readers, and to compress it within the shortest compass. In pursuance of my plan, I have in the first forty-six pages, introduced that matter which I deem important for the bearing which it has upon the whole Work. To those who know little or nothing about our National History, I fear it will be rather discouraging; but to such persons I do not address myself. My Book is for "bookish" people, or such as are likely to become so; but especially, for my family and neighbours who may wish to know something of the principles of their forefathers.

But while I am desirous to afford the reader every information in my power, I am quite unconcerned about his opinions. I lay before him facts and authorities, curiosities in literature, illustrations, reasonings, and proofs; but not the twentieth part of what I could tell him upon some subjects. As to opinions, the reader is perfectly welcome to his own, especially if honestly acquired, and founded on knowledge; and all I ask of him is a corresponding sentiment.

As to the style of this Work it may be sufficient to observe, that it appears to me to be that which is most judicious. We are naturally more attentive to that which is *addressed to us*, than to that which reaches us as mere *unpointed observation*; and hence the *impersonal* form of address must be always less forcible, if not less clear than is the *personal*.

I conclude these remarks by an extract from a Work* of uncommon beauty, as the last sentence is peculiarly appropriate to myself, in my family residence. "Let no man," says the author, "despise the oracles of books. A book is a dead man—a sort of mummy, embowelled, and embalmed, but that once had flesh, and motion, and a boundless variety of determinations, and of actions. I am glad I can, even upon these terms, converse with the dead, with the wise and the good of revolving centuries. Without books I should know little of the volume of nature—I should pass the scanty years of my existence a mere novice. The life of a single man is too short to enable him to penetrate beyond the surface of things. The furniture of my shelf constitutes an elaborate and invaluable commentary, *but the objects beyond my windows, and the circles and communities of my contemporaries, are the text to which that commentary relates.*"

"Fleetwood," by Godwin.

MORLEY.

THE curiosity entertained by the lover of antiquities, of inquiring into the origin of ancient and celebrated Structures, commonly excites a regret that the accounts of them which have been left to posterity should be so meagre and insufficient. Through the apathy of our forefathers, and indifference* or ignorance of our early writers, the history of many most interesting places is now for ever buried in an impenetrable obscurity. Amongst the number of these is the ancient Church or Chapel, at Morley—a Chapel which having been in the hands of Papists, Protestants, and protestant Dissenters, and, under some form or other, a place of worship from the æra of the Saxon Heptarchy down to the present period, may well engage the notice and amuse the fancy of the learned and inquisitive, while it can scarcely fail to be esteemed by those whose ancestry have frequented it for many generations. Impressed by sentiments like these, and as one member of a family which, for two hundred years at least; has resided in the neighbourhood, I am desirous of paying to its ruins a passing tribute of respect. But I feel the stronger stimulus to do this by reason that its history stands connected with events of great general and local interest. And, therefore it is that, although labouring under disadvantages as an Antiquary, I still hope to make my book entertaining, which is, truly, the great object of my ambition.

In Domesday Book the Saxon Church at Morley is thus noticed:—

“In Moreleia habuit Dunstan VI. Car terræ ad Geld, et VI. Car possunt ibi esse qui Ilbertus habuit sed weist est. *Ibi est Ecclesia.*† Silva past. 1 leug. long et 1 late, T.R.E. Val. xl. Sol.” In Morley, Dunstan

* For illustration of this, let any one peruse the history of Leicestershire, by Burton, and other works composed by men who possessed abundant matter for the gratification of posterity, and suffered it to die with them. And then let him view the contrast in such men as Drake, the historian of York, and a few more of modern times.

† The first notice of any Village Church, after Domesday, occurs in the Saxon Chronicle, Anno 1087. They are there called “Upland” Churches. Translated *Ecclesie rurali*.

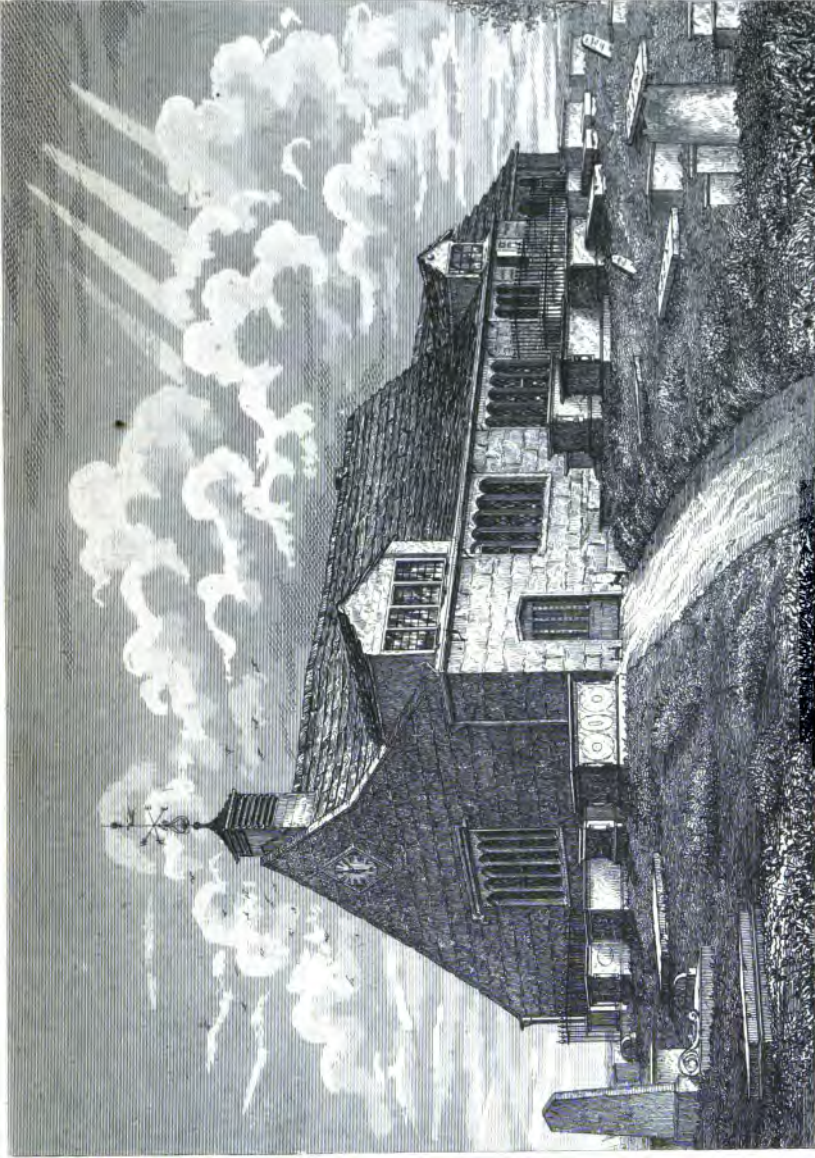
held six carrucates of land, subject to taxes; and other six carrucates may be there which Ilbert held, but it is waste. *There is a Church*—a native wood, one mile long and one broad—in the time of King Edward, valued at forty shillings.

The hide was the measure of land in Edward the Confessor's days. The carrucate, that to which it was reduced by *the Conqueror's* new standard, and twelve of these made one hide. A carrucate of land contained about 100 acres; eight oxgangs made a carrucate, and every oxgang contained twelve or thirteen acres, or thereabouts. Though the carrucate, however, is laid down at 100 acres, it must needs have been various according to the nature of the soil and the custom of husbandry in each country. The word comes from the Latin word *caruca*, in French, *carruè*, a plough; and signifies as much land as one team could well manage to plough in the year.

Dunstan having, therefore, at least, six hundred acres of land, in Morley, and Ilbert, about other six hundred, in waste; and there being a wood of about a mile in length and breadth, or 640 acres of forest, we are enabled to compare the present, with what was, near 800 years ago, considered the extent of the Township; and taking the above, not as admeasurement, but a very rude estimate as to wood and waste, we find it, by some means, considerably enlarged; for, we have now about 2,600 acres within the Township, including our new Inclosures and waste.

The other passage in Domesday relating to Morley, to be seen in Mr. Bawdwen's translation under the head of “Claims of the West-Riding,” is thus rendered—

“According to the Verdict of the Men of Morelege (Morley) Wapentake, concerning the Church of St. Mary, which is in Morley Wood, the King has a Moiety of the three Festivals of St. Mary's, which belongs to Wakefield. Ilbert and the Priests who serve the Church have all the rest.”



Murley Old Chapel.

It may, well enough, be supposed, independently of what is here stated, that at the time of the General Survey under William "the Conqueror," this part of the country presented one general aspect of wood and waste, as did by far the greatest part of the whole Island for a century or two† after his "Usurpation;" but, fortunately, we have disclosed to us some far more important particulars, namely,—That there was, even in the reign of Edward the Confessor, *a Church here*—that it was dedicated to the Mother of Christ, and called "St. Mary's,"—that, Ilbert or Hildebert (one of the celebrated family of the De Lacies) was chief Lord over this district, under the Norman,—that the alms, oblations, or offerings belonging to this Church were considerable, and were enjoyed in moieties—one half by the King, as seized of the advowson of the Church of Wakefield; and the other moiety, by his feudal Baron and the Romish Priests who here officiated—from all which circumstances, and from the Town having given its name to the Wapentake, we may be sure, that Morley, though now a poor manufacturing village, was, in early times, a place of considerable consequence.

This inference, indeed, receives ample confirmation from what is mentioned by Dr. Whitaker, in page 5 of his *Ducatus Leodiensis*, who states, "That, in the year 1322, a large division of the Scottish army, which spread devastation and havoc wherever they came, wintered at Morley, and threw the inhabitants of Leeds into such a panic, that they buried their treasures; some of which, being the coins of that period, were found in the early part of the last century." It appears also, from the defence of Henry de Abberford, a Prior of Nostel, as will be related in a following page, that Morley had to support an army of Scots, for fifteen days, some years before the rebellion of the Duke of Lancaster, and that the Priory suffered much in its revenues, by reason of the Scots remaining for the same period, at Birstal, Rothwell, and Baumberg. And, it may be here just noted, incidentally, that from Morley being mentioned in connection with these places, the revenues of whose Churches certainly belonged to St. Oswald's, it is evident that

some profits, arising from its Chapelry, pertained to that Priory in the fourteenth century.

It would be difficult to believe that so celebrated a Church as that of St. Mary's, and one so rich in offerings, should have flourished here without an adequate number of parishioners; and, certainly, not less so, to fancy what else but its fine woods could have induced the Scots to settle at Morley, during a whole winter; for, as to its situation, it is lofty, and cold, and but about half a mile from one of the highest ridges in the county. It seems, therefore, extremely probable that, until the reign of Edward the Second, the population and opulence of this place was upon the advance; and, my conjecture is, that from the breaking up of their winter quarters by this Scottish army, when, most likely,* the Town and its Church were destroyed, we are to date the period of its decline.

I am led to this surmise by two circumstances. The first is, that upon many wall-stones hereabouts, I have discovered evident marks of fire; and, especially, on some which have probably belonged to the Church or Chapel of Edward the Second's reign. The next is, because we know that about 1318, Yorkshire, in particular, suffered from the incursions of the Scots most dreadfully; for, then it was that Skipton and Scarbro' were set on fire, and Northallerton and Borough-bridge were burnt, by those cruel Invaders. But, to return to our extracts—

Whoever is unacquainted with the character of Dunstan, and may be desirous of learning, more respecting him, will be amused by perusing our best histories of the Anglo-Saxons. Suffice it here to observe that, according to the accounts, he was an Abbot of Glastonbury, and one who held the highest offices in Church and State. A Monk who, under the garb of sanctity, concealed a mind elevated by ambition and ecclesiastical pride, while he betrayed a temper insolent, violent, and ungovernable.† Living in an age of the grossest ignorance and superstition, this

* In 1322 the Scots laid waste all the Towns and Villages from Carlisle to York. Clarkson's Richmond, p. 34.

† One of the Monkish writers, however, gives him another character, which I transcribe at second-hand: "Erat ita Naturali præditus ingenio, ut facile quam libet rem acutissime intelligeret, firmissime retineret, et quamvis aliis artibus magnifice polleret, musicam tamen speciali quadam affectione vendicabat, sicut David Psalterium sumens, Citharam, percutiens, modulans Organa, Cimbala tangens—Præterea Manu aptus ad omnia, facere potuit Picturam, litteras formare, scalpello imprimere ex auro, argento, ære et ferro."

† This, no doubt, gave rise to Church Spires or Steeples, the only sure guides by day, as the Lantern Towers were by night. See Dugdale's Warwickshire, &c. Nichols's Leicester-shire, vol. 3, p. 144.

ferocious ruffian had the luck to pass for so holy a man as to obtain the reputation of a Saint, and to be canonized, as such, after his death. Even yet, his name appears upon the British Calendar, while that of some men,† who have deserved the gratitude of their country, is held up to ignominy in that of Tyburn.

Respecting Ilbert, the first of the De Lacies noticed in our Annals, I can give the reader but little information, as very little has been recorded respecting him. He was, however, a gentleman of good family, of Norman extract, and one who came to England in the train of the Conqueror.¶ For his services he was, about the year 1072, created Lord of Pontefract and Baron of Blackburnshire, which, long after this period, was a several shire, or province, of itself. This family, by various intermarriages amongst the chief Nobility in the land, became soon of chief rank and consequence. We read of them as being the Founders of three several religious Houses at Nostel, Pontefract, and Kirkstall; as becoming Earls of Lincoln—as possessing twenty-five towns in the Wapentake of Morley, and the greater part of 150 Manors in the West Riding of Yorkshire.

My last comment upon the foregoing extracts, should now turn upon the Church of St. Mary, but it will be doing the subject more justice, to state the opinion of a very learned Author, as to its high antiquity.

“In the Manor of Wakefield with its Berewicks,” says Dr. Whitaker, “there were two Churches and three Priests. The Churches may, without the slightest hesitation, be assigned to Wakefield and Sandal; and, as we know that a Chapel, at Horbury, existed within 50 years of this time; and, as Chapels are never mentioned in Domesday, the presumption is, that the third Priest ministered at that place. I am further persuaded that though the Church, at Wakefield, was in existence in the Conqueror’s reign, it was *not* one of the original Saxon Churches, of which, in the Hundred of Morley, there were only two; namely, Morley itself the Hundred

Church, and Dewsbury, the known Parent of four later parishes in this hundred, besides three in Agbridege. The following quotation from Domesday will not only prove this position that, Wakefield belongs *not* to the first class of Saxon Churches; but, also, that (at whatever period) it was taken out of the original parish of Morley.”

“Sed Veredice h^umnum de Morelege Wap. de Ecc^lia Sc^e Mariæ que ē in Silva Morlege Rex h^r dim elemos de iii Festis Sc^e Marie
1
q^d ptinet ad Wachefeld Reliquum h^r Ilbert & Presbi qui Ecc^lie inserv^r.”

“This curious passage,” says the Dr., “proves, that, at the separation of the Parish of Wakefield from Morley, a moiety of the oblations were separated with it. The other moiety remained to Ilbert de Lacy, the chief lord, and to the Priests who performed the duties of the Church. This division of the offerings appears to have been common in the later Saxon times, at the foundation of new parishes; and it is precisely paralleled in the first endowment of the church of Blackburn, with the fourth-part of the tithes and offerings antecedently due to the Mother Church of Whalley.”

If a Thane erected on his own bocland (*i.e.* freehold or charter-land) a Church—having a cemetery or place of burial, he was allowed to subtract one-third part of his tithes from the Mother Church, and to bestow upon them his own clerk. After this separation, therefore, of Wakefield from Morley, and, more especially, the subtraction of his tithes by that Lacy who founded and made Batley the Church of this Parish,* as hereafter will be related, it is evident the tithes, offerings, and oblations of the Mother Church, at Morley, reduced to a Chapelry, would be comparatively trifling.

It cannot well be expected that I should be able to give the reader any account of our Church in its infant state, or of the changes

† I allude especially to such men as Eugene Aram and Dr. Dodd: in regard to the former of whom I am supported by the Historian Smollett. From my very childhood, I have delighted in prying into the life of this wonderful Scholar, and the particulars of his case. My gleanings will be left to my family. Suffice it to observe, it is far from certain that he was so criminal as is believed.

¶ See a very scarce and curious book entitled, “The Blazon of Gentrie, &c., compiled by John Fearnie, gentleman, for the instruction of all Gentlemen Bearers of Armes, whom, and none other, this book concerneth, att London, printed for John VVindet, for Toby Cooke, 1586.” It professes, especially, to treat of “the Lacies Nobilitie”

* To encourage the erection of Churches, in early times, upon the Domains of the Lords of Manors, it seems they had held out to them, by way of temptation, the Commission from the Ordinary, of the right of patronage and the privilege of annexing, in perpetuity, all tithes and oblations accruing within their own demesnes, to the service of each particular Church. To these, it appears, therefore, they added a portion of land or glebe, as absolutely necessary to the accommodation of an incumbent, at a time when almost all the wants of life must have been supplied from the produce of the earth: Whitaker’s Whalley, p. 33.

which took place in its appearance, during the dark ages,† when it is considered, that in compiling the histories of our ecclesiastical structures, the most learned and indefatigable inquirers are ever bewildered in a labyrinth of doubt and uncertainty, till they arrive at that æra when the light of science and literature broke in upon the world, by the invention of printing. To the man who would investigate and impart such matters as transpired, when all the nations of Europe were slumbering in superstition, the scanty detail of a poor Monk, confined to the dungeon of his cloister, and collecting his news, perchance, from the hearsay tales of pilgrims, pedlars, or palmers, is like the light of a glow-worm upon a winter's night, which serves only to make the surrounding darkness still more striking. Sad, indeed, were the ages in which our earliest chroniclers existed, and well may they account for the fabulous legends and trifling incidents which their works contain. The studies of these men—their taste—their habits—the rigid rules of the monastic orders—the turbulent state of the times—the want of posts—of traverseable roads—of police—of instruction from the press—all contributed to disqualify them for the task of authorship. Yet, who does not regret, deeply, that so many of their manuscripts should have perished, as doubtless happened on the suppression of the monasteries? For, who can tell what lights they would not have thrown upon our national history‡ and antiquities? And, amongst other curious particulars, what valuable hints they might not have supplied for a history of Morley, and of its celebrated Mother Church—"the Church of St. Mary's in the Wood?"

The absence of positive information can only, in cases like the present, be supplied by probable conjecture. To me, it seems likely that some part of the chancel, or East-end of the present fabrick, was a part of the church destroyed by conflagration, as before suggested; 1stly, because of the materials—being, in fact, mere cobble stones, which have never been coursed, or even tooled with the pick-axe.—2ndly, because of the corbels or projections of stone on which the rafter roof is placed.—3rdly, because of a projecting stone of singular form within the building—evidently a Catholic remain, and intended, as

I believe, to hold a crucifix. And, 4thly, because that very ancient silver pennies were once found in these walls—a fact often related by persons of respectability, lately deceased.

About seventy years ago, as the workmen employed by John Dawson, Esq., of Morley, were making some alterations in a seat of his, in this chancel, they discovered the flue of an old chimney in the East wall, and, on removing some stones, a few coins, said to have been of Edward the Confessor, were found. Some of these were presented to the then minister, the Rev. Thomas Morgan, by Mr. Dawson. Unfortunately, Mr. Morgan was robbed of them, much in the same way as poor Thoresby, the historian, was of his "*sine Caligula*," by a "pretended Gentleman of curiosity," who came express from Leeds to see these treasures, and made them his own, by borrowing the coins and returning, in the stead of them, a few pennies of much inferior age, value, and rarity.

Yet, although this chancel is, apparently, (*as to some part of it*) of higher antiquity than even Edward 2nd's reign, we may be quite sure that it never formed a part of the original Church of St. Mary,|| With much more probability may it be conjectured to have been part of a Church erected upon the site of that edifice, by one of the De Lacies, about the beginning of the twelfth century; and, judging of them from what our old historians relate, I should, certainly, give the honour of it to Robert, the Son of Ilbert, before-mentioned; for *he* it was who founded the Priory of St. Oswald, at Nostel; and attached to it the revenues of the former Church at Batley; and *he* it was who reduced the Church, at Morley, to a Chapelry, dependant on Batley, in the reign of Henry 1st.

The rage for building Churches, and founding and endowing Monasteries, was, indeed, peculiarly prevalent during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and few appear to have possessed the means and inclination of this Robert; who also founded the Priory of Pontefract¶—greatly contributed to its Hospital of St. Nicholas—and added much to the strength and beauty of its Castle.

† How little is known about our ancient Churches, the Volumes of the Gentleman's Magazine may discover.

‡ See Fuller's Church History, B. vi. p. 334; or, Nichols's Leicestershire, vol. 3, part 1, page 308, note 5.

|| "It appears, from Domesday Book," says Mr. Brooke, "that many of our Churches were in being, even in villages, between 1056 and 1065; and, no doubt, several of them built of stone, as Kirkdale is—for though the sacred structures of the Saxons were, in general, timber buildings, yet at this time, namely in the eleventh century, many were made of stone." Archæol. vol. 5, p. 193.

¶ Stowe's Annals. p. 156

Apart, however, from matter of dispute, it may well be assumed that Morley, having its Church reduced in the twelfth century, and being plundered and wasted in the fourteenth, would soon dwindle away, by the dispersion of its natives, from an improving and populous town to an obscure hamlet. But here a natural and interesting question arises—namely, how it has come to pass that so few vestiges of its ancient greatness appear at this day? The answer to which leads me to a short dissertation, addressed, more especially, to my younger readers.

To begin then, at the beginning—the dwellings of the ancient Britons appear to have consisted of little more than the trunks and boughs of trees, fenced and intertwined within their spacious forests. “They knew nothing,” says Cæsar, “of building with stone, but called that a town which had a thick entangled wood defended with a ditch and bank about it; and to which,” he adds, “they flee, to escape the invasions of their enemies.” “Which stands them in good stead,” says Strabo, “for when they have, by felling of trees, mounted and fenced therewith a spacious round plot of ground, there they build for themselves houses and cottages; and for their cattle, set up stalls and folds, but those for the present use only, and not for long continuance.”—Diodorus Siculus adds, that their dwellings were thatched with reeds—their cities without walls, and the country without towns.*

The Saxons also (without even the exception of Churches) appear to have built entirely with wood, and occasionally, perhaps, to have resided in caves formed by the hand of Nature or of man. It certainly appears very singular that, when multitudes of people of both nations must often have been summoned to rear blocks of stone for monumental, religious, or other purposes, they should so little have regarded them as conducive to comfort and security in their domestic dwellings.

After the Conquest our native forests remaining, with little diminution, the use of wood in the construction of houses continued to be general.† The first departure from this practice appears, however, to have been at a very early period, when, probably, more for safety and defence, than for ease and elegance,

the families or dependants in chief of our Nobility, began to case the wooden house with stone, and sometimes to crest it with an embattled‡ front. The finest specimens of these buildings, which I have seen or read of, have no dates by which their age may be determined, so that we can only conclude they were elected in turbulent or barbarous times; but it does not fall in my way to write on such buildings as these, and still less on the castle, castlet, or tower—there being no record or vestige of any in this immediate vicinity which, it is probable, was never graced with anything beyond the ancient, ordinary, “Hall House,” and the next class of dwellings below them,—of which we have the fewest specimens throughout the land.

The Mansion-houses of country Gentlemen, in the days of Shakspeare, we find rapidly improving, externally, and within. During the reigns of Henry the 8th, and of Mary even, they were, if we except their size, little better than cottages—being thatched buildings covered on the outside with the coarsest clay, and lighted only by lattices. When Hollinshed wrote, though the greater number of Manor Houses remained framed of timber, yet he tells us “Such as be lately builded are commonly of bricke or harde stone, or both—their Rooms large and comely, and Houses of Office further distant from their Lodgings.”—The old Timber Mansions too, were now covered with the finest plaister.—“Of olde tyme,” continues he, “our Country Houses, in steede of Glasse, did use much lattis, and that made either of wicker or of fine riftes of Oak, in cheker wise. I reade also, that some of the better sorte, in and before the tymes of the Saxons, did make Panels of Horne in steede of Glasse, and fixe them in wooden Calmes; but as Horne is quite laid downe in every place, so our lattices are grown into lesse use, because Glasse is come to be plentiful.”§

To return more immediately to our subject—In the first æra of our domestic architecture the Houses, undoubtedly, consisted of mud and clay, and wattles, and the roofs of thatch. To these, succeeded Houses of wood and plaister, and this appears to have been the mode of building, in ordinary, until about the reign of Henry 8th, or || Elizabeth; when,

* Speed.—Stowe's Annals, 114, 128.—Bibliotheca Topographica, vol. 8, p. 198.

† The Etymology of many places called “Woodhouseham,” must, therefore, be as stated in a subsequent page.

‡ An instance of this is found as early as 1230—the fifteenth year of Henry 3d, who grants to Robert Tateshall, a license “Quod possit kernellare Mansum suum.” Rot. Pat. 15, H. 3, m. 2.

§ Cap. 10 p. 85.—Edition of 1577. || Stowe's Annals, p. 1096.

from the decay of our native woods, they were succeeded by another order of dwellings constructed with the stone gotten in the immediate vicinity. It strikes me, however, that perhaps it would be more correct to place between the two, another class of buildings, in which we perceive the old wood and plaister House erected upon a low basement of stone, the principals springing from a wall plate of oak, and not from the ground, as in the first specimens; and which, therefore, present us with a frame of wood-work, originally dependant upon walls, and of later construction than the others. Both classes, however, it may be observed, have been cased with stone, and this circumstance, while it has assimilated and confounded them in the eyes of common observers, has perhaps led our antiquaries into an error as to the age of the older class.

Of such materials as these, even the better sort of Houses in our villages consisted, down to the beginning of the seventeenth century. As to the Cottages, little need be said—They appear to have been single apartments without chambers—open to their thatched roofs—and supported upon crooks—without chimneys—without pavement—low, confined, dark, and comfortless. In fact, even the better sort of Farm-houses down to this period, with their narrow windows—little diamond panes of glass—low ceilings and curtainless bedsteads, afford us but a melancholy picture of our wealthier tradesmen, down to the times of the “Commonwealth of England.”

The reader, I persuade myself, will, therefore, agree with me in opinion, that a town or village, so constructed, must have been very convenient for a good *bonfire* whenever wasted by a cruel enemy; and that, even if a few buildings should escape such ravages, they would, at least, perish by the ravage of a few centuries. But it is not only to account for present appearances that I have introduced the subject of our ancient domestic Architecture in this place, but in order to give the reader a few hints preparatory to my comments on the Old Chapel.

But, wholly independent of these preliminaries, nothing can be more fallacious than to judge of places, great in ancient times, from what can be discovered now. The very sites of Babylon and Troy are questionable; and as to Ephesus, a greater change can scarcely be conceived, than that which this famed city has undergone.—Once the seat of active commerce, the very sea has shrunk

from its solitary shores.—Its streets, once populous with the devotees of Diana, are now ploughed over by the Ottoman Serf, or browsed by the sheep of the peasant.—It was, early, the stronghold of Christianity, and stood at the head of the apostolic churches of Asia.—It was there that St. Luke says* “the Word of God mightily grew and prevailed.”—Not a single Christian now dwells within it! Its mouldering arches and dilapidated walls whisper merely the tale of its former glory; and it requires the acumen of the Geographer, and the active scrutiny of the exploring Traveller, to form a probable conjecture as to the site of the “first Wonder of the World.” Nothing remains unaltered, but the “eternal Hills,” and the Mazy Cayster, the streams of which still roll on changeless and the same.† Where too, we may ask, are the vestiges which denote the former greatness of many principal places in our own Island, of Roman or Saxon fabric—Ribchester—Aldboro’—Old Sarum—Hilbarn,—and many others‡ too numerous to be mentioned? But, to return again to our subject.—

At whatever period it was built one thing seems very evident and is confirmed by tradition,—namely, that the greater part of what now constitutes the nave or body of the present Chapel was formerly the tithe-barn|| of the Lord of the Manor. Whoever doubts of this will be satisfied, by comparing its form, dimensions, and pillars with those, for instance, of the tithe-barn, at Birstal, not to mention many other such appendages to our ancient Churches and Manor-houses. The pillars have, however, been built in the walls, or stood in the frame of the structure in this instance, in which it appears to have somewhat differed from the barn at Birstal. Whether it was an old barn of lath and plaister or formed of such stones as are seen in buildings of this kind I cannot determine; but, when the low state of agriculture down to the end of the seventeenth century is considered, we may be sure it was large enough for the tithe produce of the very few freeholders then living hereabouts; and, afterwards, when these tithes began to be compounded for, it would be useless.

There seems every reason for believing that

* Acts of the Apostles, ch. 19, v. 20.

† “Letters from the East.”

‡ Note also, Kenchester, Ithancester, &c., in Stowe’s Annals, p. 75.

|| See an instance of a Barn or Laith given for a Church in early times, and thence called “Laithkirk.” Whitaker’s Richmondshire, p. 142.

the first change in the appearance of this barn, whatever it was, took place about the times of James or Charles the 1st, and that it was then converted into a place of worship. But its greatest improvement, we may reasonably conclude, happened under the Commonwealth of England, partly from the times, but, principally, from our first Trust Deed. At all events, it was then a Chapel, as the ancient scrolls upon its walls, with their inscriptions, go nearly to prove; besides which, this Trust Deed, executed in 1650, expressly mentions "the Chapel," which could have been none other than this building. The chancel of the old demolished Church had evidently been converted into a school, if not a dwelling, and was an integral structure, as I think, down to the era of the Revolution in 1688. In fact I know it was the village school in 1663, and that the master was either a once celebrated Republican officer (Capt. Thomas Oates) or one of his sons—Ralph, or Samuel—the former of whom had taken the degree of Master of Arts, in one of the Universities. But, under what form the Chapel presented itself in 1663 it is now impossible to determine.¶

Before I proceed further in my account of the Chapel I must here (as the most appropriate place) be allowed to touch upon a subject of more importance, and which will interest my friends in a greater degree; I mean the description of Clergymen or Ministers who officiated at Morley when our forefathers were first truly emancipated from the thralldom of superstition; and it is peculiarly fortunate that I should have discovered a book which illustrates it in some degree. It is true, I am now straying from my first subject, but every man has his own way of telling a story, and my object being, to present circumstances in their proper order of time, I shall pursue this course, as most convenient to the writer, if not perspicuous to the reader.

The title of the book to which I allude is as follows,—“Totum hominis, or the whole duty of a Christian, consisting of Faith and a good life, by the late Rev. and worthy Mr. Samuel Wales,* Minister of the Gospel at Morley, 1627.”—It is dedicated “to Philip Lord Warton,” and the second edition now

§ My subsequent remarks upon the walls—their inscriptions—scrolls, and other things will shew this.

¶ I am, nevertheless, satisfied that it would greatly resemble Denton Chapel.—See the Gentleman's Magazine for 1796, p. 985.

before me, was printed in 1681, by Lord Wharton and Sir Thomas Wharton, his brother, “for the benefit of, and with a prefatory Epistle to their children and grandchildren.” From the whole contents of this little duodecimo volume, it is manifest that Mr. Wales was one of those persons who were called “Puritans”—that he was a good scholar—a zealous minister—and a vehement declaimer against Popery and Antinomianism. It might be tedious to some, were I to give many extracts from his writings, but there are two passages which so strikingly exhibit the descriptions of Ministers popular at Morley, in the early part of the seventeenth century, that it would be blameable to pass them over in silence.

Speaking of “the needs which the best of men have of helps towards a better life,” Mr. Wales proceeds thus—“First then,” says he, “by way of application, we see the folly of them discovered and checked who cry down all means as being of little or no use to them who are in Christ. I know the man’s name who compared one come to Christ to a man that, having finished his house, lays aside his tools. How, I pray you, (judge in yourselves) can those men who deny that Scriptures are either guide or rule to a true Christian—who maintain that Ministers ought not to urge or call for *repentance*, mortification, and holy walking; who dislike repetition of sermons—judge family prayer a thing indifferent—dare travel on the Lord’s Day without scruple—rest contented with a *reading Minister*—cast away all books but the bible, and say plainly, commentaries do but mislead men—that treatises directing to a godly life will mar Christians.—How, I say, can these think that means and duties are needful? And doth any man think that by arguments drawn out of the Word I should oppose this *New* divinity? Shall I spend time in shewing how this opinion fights with the experience of David and Daniel—both of them, though Prophets, most precise observers of holy duties and exercises, and one of them bitterly lamenting the neglect of public means?”

* This gentleman, I am persuaded, was brother to the Rev. Elkanah Wales, a Presbyterian Minister, of Pudsey; of whom an account may be found in Dr. Calamy’s Memorial, vol. 2, p. 569. Contemporary with these, and (for the honor of our Village) born at Morley, in 1600, was the Rev. Edwd. Reyner, M.A. of Cambridge. An abstract of whose life, in the same volume, p. 149, I recommend to the perusal of my townsmen. It is evident, to me, that the Ministers of their principles and times, were quite as much opposed to the heresies of Antinomianism as to the superstitions of Popery.

In another place, and speaking upon another topic, Mr. Wales proceeds thus:—"Whence is it," says he, "that sometimes we have known mockers and professed 'enemies of God's servants—(*Puritans, men call them now a days*)—in cold blood, or in 'the evil day, desire their prayers—wish to 'die their death, and commit to their hands 'the most important businesses?"

It is not because I judge these the best passages† in the Sermons before me that they are here transcribed; albeit my opinion certainly is, that in preaching, the colloquial style is far more persuasive, if not animated, than any other; and far more likely to win its way with an auditory, if accompanied with the address and energy which is requisite, especially in a Minister of religion. My object is, mainly, to exhibit a specimen of the preachers at our Chapel, from the reign of James to that of Charles the 1st;—for as the people in our clothing districts were most attached to Ministers of this description; and they were, manifestly, most encouraged by by the Lords Wharton, Savile, Fairfax, and other good, as well as great, men long before and after the accession of Charles the 1st, it may be fairly assumed that such as was Mr. Wales, in point of sentiment, such also were his immediate predecessors here, and, certainly, his successors. They were what the Papists and Semi-Papists of the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles, affected to sneer at under the appellation of "Puritan"—a name, however, to which they were well entitled from the piety and morality of their lives, the more scriptural tenor of their doctrines, and the conscientious motives from which these tenets were inculcated.

But from the foregoing passage we come also to another inference, and which is further supported by the history of the Puritans; namely, that these excellent men, though ministers of the Protestant establishment, either wholly or for some time were, not "reading"—but, "preaching" ministers; and as their sermons were generally ex-

temporaneous, or delivered from short notes,‡ or else memoriter: so also were their devotions when they were left to the impulses of their best feelings, and were not fettered by the formularies of the *New establishment*.

Lastly, I suspect from the words "*New divinity*," that it was not the Papists only, but partly the Churchmen, only half-converted from the Romish superstitions, and partly the Antinomians or high Calvinists, who were thus censured by this Puritan, as denying the sufficiency of the Scriptures—the absolute necessity of repentance and holiness of life, and the right of private judgment and free inquiry. And I cannot help observing that for Morley to have such a pious and enlightened ministry as was here in an age of superstition, ignorance, and tyranny, confers upon it a stamp of far greater dignity than could ever be affixed to it by St. Dunstan and his Priests, or by Henry Tudor§ and his Reformers.

But the mention of the word "*Puritans*," and that too by Mr. Wales, who, as I have before said, was evidently a minister of this class, induces me more particularly to advert to the character and some of the tenets of our old ministers—the guides and companions of our patriotic forefathers.

The Puritans became first conspicuous in the reign of Elizabeth, or about the year 1658.* It has been generally thought that they were protected, if not secretly encouraged, by Cecil, Walsingham, Leicester, and other great statesmen of those times. These Puritans—to their immortal honour be it ever remembered—were the first men who, as a party, had the courage and the virtue to propagate the principles of Civil and Religious Liberty—for the age in which they lived they were the "Salt of the Earth," and though their zeal was chiefly directed against Papal forms and ceremonies, vestments, and images, yet they merit the admiration of posterity for effecting the most material breach that ever was made into the artfully cemented fabric of the Romish church, and

† One passage in this volume is so curious, that I cannot help extracting it.—"Whence is it," says Mr. Wales, "that we hear men complain of their houses being infested with evil spirits? (All such things are not fables and illusions, though many be.) There is No Prayer in their houses!!!"

As many able and excellent men besides the great Dr. Johnson (the believer in the Cock-lane ghost) and the celebrated John Wesley, have given up their understandings on the subject of preternatural appearances and noises, this opinion may be pardoned. But who can forbear a smile at the answer to the above query? What would John have thought of it? and how would he have looked, had the noises in his father's house been accounted for as above stated?

‡ This appears to have been the practice of Wycliffe. See *Life by Vaughan*, vol. 2, p. 22.

§ "Until the time of Luther, religion, which in principle is a pure science, was regarded as an *art*; it was the occupation of the clergy, who taught it as a *mystery*, and practised it as a *trade*." Hone's *Mysteries*, Pref. p. 9:

"Wherever there is mystery," says Napoleon, "there are bad intentions." A sentiment which deserves the most profound consideration.

* Perhaps a little earlier, as Mary drove many pious men out of the kingdom. See the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1796, p. 114; and a Note following, p. 24.

as having sown those good seeds in the field of civil government which came to maturity under the Commonwealth of England. It is, in fact, from the rise of the Puritans, (and not from the dark and lawless period absurdly called "the Reformation,") that we observe the dawning of a light to which Wycliffe and Luther† were but "the morning stars,"—so that, if we take our stand at this æra, we look back to the age of uncorrupted Christianity, as over a vast and gloomy desert upon which not a shrub appears to improve the view of the lovely mountains and fertile fields beyond it.

To display, however, more clearly, the justice of my encomiums upon these venerable men, and illustrate what I have heretofore proposed, as well as to vindicate the remarks which will appear hereafter, I shall endeavour to sketch, with studied brevity, the general state of religion in former times—merely premising that although this has no connection with the topographical part of my history, yet it falls, quite as much as that, within the scope of my plan. In no book, that I know of, is the same matter condensed within the short compass of a page or two, and in none more, than in this publication, is it likely to be read by those for whose instruction and amusement I am most concerned.

No fact is more generally known than that until the early part of the sixteenth century the Romish superstition was the religion "established by law" in this country, as it still is in some countries upon the Continent; and how calamitous this was for the nation, may be perceived in almost every page of our history. Yet, notwithstanding the arrogant pretensions—the frauds,—the violence, rapacity, and cruelties of this national church—and although from its pagan habits, ceremonies, and festivals, its complete dissimilitude to the church of Christ might well have been discovered; yet it encountered no material opposition‡ till the time of our

countryman—Wycliffe. This enlightened and intrepid champion was the first who immortalized himself by his attack upon it; and although, for above a century afterwards, little effect appeared to have been produced by his preaching or his writings, yet they led to important results at last—for, by putting the minds of men in motion, by stirring up a spirit of inquiry and debate, he prepared the way for a reformation.

The doctrines advanced by Wycliffe, and by which he assailed "the strong man keeping his palace"—"armed" with ecclesiastical laws, and intrenched within the battlement of "established" prejudices, were not confined to a bold denial of the supremacy of St. Peter—the infallibility of the Pope—the authority of the Romish church—the merit of monastic vows, or the senseless fiction of the real presence, but embraced also many of those points for which the Puritans of the seventeenth century contended valiantly; such as the proper constitution of a Christian church, and the sufficiency of Scripture, both as a rule of faith and discipline. What, however, ought most to excite our surprise and admiration is, that he also taught the dependency of the Church upon the State, and the necessity of its being reformed by the State—that the clergy should possess no estates in respect of their office—that the whole "trade of war" was utterly unlawful—that the numerous ceremonies of the Church were hurtful to true piety—and that to tie down ministers and people to written forms of prayer was a wrongful restraint upon Christian liberty.—This man was a Dissenter indeed!§

It is very natural to imagine, as the event proves, that the "established" clergy would be much alarmed and incensed at such doctrines as these; and that, as they were unable to put them down by argument or an appeal to Scripture, they would resort to the "*ultima ratio clericorum*"—the sword of the civil magistrate. Unhappily the reigning monarch, however uninstructed in some respects, was

† See much respecting these Puritans in Strype's *Life of Bishop Aylmer*, p. 108, 9, 10, 11, 12, 16, and 20. They appear to have been favoured by other nobles, such as Henry, Earl of Huntingdon, so early as 1584. See a curious fact disclosed in Nichols's *Leicestershire*, vol. 3, part 2, p. 586, note 5.

‡ Excepting only from the learned and admirable Bishop Grosseteste (Grossete) Greathead, whose superior mind strove in vain to break through the fogs of Popery in the darkest season. M^{rs}. Paris calls him "Domini Papæ et Regis Redargutor—Manifestus Prelatorum Corruptor—Monachorum Corrector—Presbyterorum Director—Clericorum Instructor—Scholarium Sustentator—Populi prædicator—Incontinentium Persecutor—Scripturarum sedulus Perscrutator diversarum Romanorum Malleus et Contemptor." What a fine character! Allow me, reader, to present you with a female companion, portrait.—

Walsingham, writing of Eleanor, wife of Edward 1st, says, "The king lamented her loss as long as he lived, ordaining perpetual masses and alms for her soul, in divers parts of the kingdom—for she was a woman of great piety, moderation, and tenderness—*fond of the English*, and, as it were, the pillar of the realm. In her time, foreigners did not pester England,—nor were the subjects oppressed by the king's officers, if the least complaint came, by any means, to her ears. She administered comfort to the distressed every where as her rank enabled her, and reconciled to the best of her power, all who were at variance," p. 54.

§ See *Life of Wycliffe*, by Vaughan, vol. 2, p. 99, 309, &c. Neale's History, &c.

not yet so inexperienced as to be ignorant of the fact that such an established Church is a most convenient ally and powerful auxiliary to an established despotism, and that an exasperated clergy are a body of men, of all others, the most dangerous.—Of course it followed that the disciples of Wycliffe were generally silenced, and some of them effectually so, by being converted to ashes at the stake.

It is scarcely necessary to dwell for one moment upon the period called "the Reformation," since, until the time of Elizabeth, it continued much the same that it had done for ages; the only reformation being the transfer of the supremacy of this "established" Church from a ridiculous Pretender at Rome, to a sanguinary Tyrant in England. It could scarcely be credited, were not the fact indisputable, that the people of England should have endured, and much less have acknowledged as head of the church of Christ, a bloody and unrelenting monster who, while he was debauching* and murdering innocent and lovely women, and consigning to the flames and scaffold the most excellent among men, could sit down coolly to prescribe articles of religious faith, and menace with ruin, with torments and death, whoever should presume to question the infallibility of his opinions.

The Prince who succeeded this despot was, considering the age, an excellent youth, but his reign was too short to be of much service to his subjects. He caused, however, a liturgy or service-book to be prepared for the church, which although a mere compilation from the mass-book of Rome, was yet some improvement upon the old established forms. Had he lived longer more might have been done, but he was cut off in the bloom of youth under some circumstances of suspicion.

In that short but eventful period—the reign of Mary—religion appears to have undergone an almost total eclipse in this island; while superstition performed its most fearful tragedies, involving in proscription, massacre, and torment, whoever had the misfortune to excite its rage.†

In this hour of darkness, however, a glimmering light was seen in a distant country.

* There can be no doubt that the "Defender of the Faith" debauched Mary, the eldest sister of Anne Boleyn, and afterwards kept her as his concubine. See Ellis's Letters, Second Series, vol. 2, p. 43.

† The rack was often used in the reigns of Henry 8th and Mary. Anne Askew was racked after her condemnation. Ellis's Letters, Second Series vol. 2, p. 130, 176.

The petty differences of some English refugees in Germany, respecting the use of king Edward's liturgy, occasioned a separation between them, which made way for the distinction between Protestants and Conformists.

But to the reign of Elizabeth it was reserved for the Puritans to attempt the introduction of a purer form of worship and discipline than had been hitherto devised. Hitherto the objection to the established religion had been confined to its popish relics or ceremonies—to images in churches—to its pagan vestments or habits—masses—and other absurdities; but under this Queen they began to contend for a form of church government to be framed on the apostolic model. In opposition to the court reformers, these Puritans now denied the supremacy of the Sovereign in religious matters—they affirmed that the Pope was Antichrist, and that the Romish was not a Christian church. Indeed, generally speaking, they maintained the distinguishing tenets of the venerable Wycliffe, which the others rejected.

Thus was the nation divided into three parties in religious controversy—the first, comprehending the Old Catholics—the second, the Catholic Reformers, called "Protestants," but differing little from the first, except upon the slender point of ecclesiastical supremacy—and, lastly, the Puritans—the only real Reformers of those days.‡

But although the Puritans loudly protested against the Protestant Church as to its government—its liturgy—festivals and rites, there appears to have been no dispute, as yet, between them and the "Conformists" upon doctrinal subjects; and it is, therefore,

‡ "Atheism," says the great Lord Bacon, "leaves a man to sense—to philosophy—to natural piety—to laws—to reputation—all which may be guides to an outward moral virtue, though religion were not; but Superstition dismounts all these, and erecteth an absolute monarchy in the hearts of men." What a fine thought, and what a just observation is this!

§ What the general sentiment respecting the first Puritans was, seems strikingly illustrated in the instance of the Coventry petition to Elizabeth for leave to act their old plays and have their old pastimes, especially "Hock Tide Play." "The thing," said the citizens, "is grounded in story, and for pastime was wont to be played in our city, yearly, without ill example of manners, papistry, or any superstition; and we know not wherefore it hath been laid down—unless it has been by the zeal of certain Preachers—men very commendable for their behaviour and learning, and sweet in their sermons, but somewhat too sour in preaching away 'our pastimes.'" Nichols's Progresses.

Another gem which I have discovered in a mass of rubbish is as follows:—"1559, Mr. Vernon preached at St. Paul's Cross. After sermon done they sung, all in common, a psalm in metre, as it seems now was frequently done,—the custom being brought in by those ecclesies." Who, that has any portion of taste or sense, will refuse me thanks for such delightful notices as these? See also Strype's Annals, vol. 1, p. 134.

probable, that had not the latter been inflexibly obstinate in clinging to forms and ceremonies allowed, even by themselves, to be indifferent; and, what was worse, had they not attempted to force these things, by law, upon their more conscientious brethren, the great separation of these two parties would have fallen out upon a period much later than it did.

Be this as it may, it is certain that during the time of Elizabeth, practical, or genuine, religion was little more prevalent than it had been under all the former reigns. To assemble even for religious worship without a license from the crown, the bishops, or archbishops, was made highly penal. The clergy, in general, were lazy, ignorant, and immoral, able to do little more than read prayers and homilies. In the villages the people were almost universally Papists, and as barbarous as heathens. If any person amongst the clergy or laity was somewhat pious and moral, hostile to Popery or profaneness, he was sure to be branded with the epithet of "Puritan."

Under the government of James the 1st, the Puritans found as little favour as ever they had done under the House of Tudor, for Popery was, in fact, the favourite religion of all the Stuarts, whatever were their professions or their oaths; but the period had now arrived in which their numbers increased rapidly, and they received some countenance even from the nobility. Being taken into the families of men of rank, as their chaplains, and the tutors of their children, they now acquired boldness in advancing those truths which proved highly serviceable to the cause of freedom. Amongst other things they taught their auditories and pupils that subordinate magistrates might lawfully make use of force to defend themselves, the commonwealth, and true religion, whenever the chief magistrate turned tyrant—imposed upon his subjects unconstitutional burthens—forced upon them idolatry—and when resistance was the only expedient to secure their lives, fortunes, and liberty of conscience.

The principles, therefore, of these excellent men—standing, as they did, opposed to arbitrary power and superstition, excited, in the reigns of the Stuarts, the enmity of those tyrants and their familiars who ruled in Church and State, and drew upon them all those sufferings which they experienced. They insisted upon a limited monarchy, as

opposed to an insufferable despotism; and upon the primitive and apostolic church, as opposed to the impostures and corruptions of the Romish establishment; and for such crimes as these they have been reviled and calumniated as rebels and traitors. Clarendon says "they were the chief 'incendiaries,' and had the chief influence in promoting the civil war,"—an assertion which may be safely and readily admitted without any concession derogatory to their piety or patriotism, when the character and conduct of Charles, and Clarendon, and their party is considered.

Having thus sketched the rise and the progress of Puritanism down to the time of Mr. Wales, the first minister here of whom I can discover any trace, and who appears to have been highly respected by Lord Wharton, an eminent chief of the Republican party during the Civil War, the reader may well imagine how the pulses of our townsmen beat during that momentous struggle; and what I shall hereafter state will abundantly confirm the inference. In their political principles, indeed, the Puritan flocks of every denomination appear at first to have been sound,* and in the dissemination of them their pastors were highly useful; far more so, I am sorry to add, than some of them in after times became in their polemical controversies, or pulpit exercises.

"The Puritan or Parliament clergy," says Neale in his comments upon them under the reign of Charles the 1st, "were zealous Calvinists, and having been for some years prohibited from preaching against the Arminians, they now pointed all their artillery against them, insisting on little else in their sermons but the doctrines of predestination—justification by faith—salvation by free grace—and the *inability of man to do what is good*. The *duties* of the *second table* were too much neglected. From a strong aversion to Arminianism these divines unhappily made way for Antinomianism, verging from one extreme to another until, at length, some of the weaker sort were lost in the wild mazes of enthusiastical dreams and visions; and others, from false principles, pretended to justify the hidden works of dishonesty. The assembly of divines did what they could to put a stop to these pernicious errors; but the

* A valuable collection of tracts in my possession, printed and published before and during the Civil War, abundantly illustrate the above assertion. Many of them are admirably well written, and present us with a striking picture of the times.

great scarcity of preachers, of a learned education, who took part with the Parliament, left some pulpits in the country empty, and the people to be led aside in many places by every bold pretender to inspiration."

From the whole history, indeed, of the Nonconformists in the reign of Charles, and the subsequent period, it is manifest, that the Puritans of these times, generally, were no longer the same men in religion, especially, that had shone in the early periods of the Reformation; and the change may be well accounted for when it is recollected, that from the year 1616, when the first Independent Chapel was built in England, prodigious cargoes of metaphysical divinity†—suitable, alas! to the taste of the age—was imported from Geneva‡ and distributed among men who had but too much reason to undervalue every tenet of the Romish church. But the injury to society here was soon apparent; for, when more attention was paid to points on which Dissenters differed than to those on which they were agreed—"when more zeal was displayed in proposing paradoxes and defending subtleties, than in inculcating the plainly revealed—the important, and useful truths of Christianity, the lovely fruits of peace and charity perished beneath the storms of controversy."

With all my partiality, therefore, for those admirable men who in the Commonwealth and succeeding times displayed a patriotism and liberality truly charming, I, yet, cannot but despise the cant and drivelling imbecility which they discovered in their fanatical reveries; and I cannot but detest it as having given to the enemy a just ground for triumph—as having, moreover, shocked or disgusted multitudes who, but for this, might have been won over to the standard of reform, and might have occasioned us to have become, both in Church and State, a very different nation from what the nineteenth century has found us.

Although it cannot, now, be ascertained who succeeded Mr. Wales, at Morley, or what were his principles, we may be assured he was of the denomination called "Presbyterian," from the encouragement which many of the supplies met with from the Lords

† It should seem, from what Bishop Burnet tells us, that into Scotland as well as England, this plague in religion had become prevalent about the same time.—Own times, vol. 1, p. 52.

‡ It is curious to observe that the doctrines of Calvin are now nowhere more disliked than they are at Geneva.

Savile, Fairfax, and Wharton, all of that sect. Whoever may be desirous of knowing more than I shall here transcribe, will consult Dr. Calamy's Memorial. Suffice it to observe that, since the second revolution, our forefathers have chosen for their pastors, down to the end of the last century, men of real learning—of somewhat different sentiments, but generally, if not always, of the denomination called (however improperly) "Presbyterian."§ Where there may be a variance I shall perhaps remember to notice it hereafter.

But, to return to the Chapel, since from a comparison of its pillars, or posturns, and their springers or spurs, and also of the wood-work in its roof, with similar erections (having dates or without them) it is impossible to believe it of greater antiquity than the era of Elizabeth, we are driven to the conclusion that it was used as a barn but for a short period; for that this building, under some form or other, was the Chapel at Morley, in the time of Mr. Wales, may be depended on, unless the chancel end was the chapel.

Now it is certain that this chancel was a school or vestry in these times, and from inspection it appears probable that it continued a distinct and integral building till 1660, if not in 1693. It is most likely that it was the vestry as well as the village school after "the Restoration," but I am convinced it was not laid open to the Chapel till after the Revolution in 1688.

The only document, however, shewing the existence of a Chapel here in 1650, is the Original Trust Deed, which conveys, along with other premises, "a parcel of land called Chappell Yeard wherein the Chappell of Morley now standeth." This Chapel must, however, have been a sorry edifice in these days; for besides such evidence of the fact as is supplied by a view of the building itself, the low state of trade and population here, and the unsettled state of the nation till the ascendancy of Cromwell, leave us no room to doubt of the ruin of the Chapel, and the poverty of its curates.

But the period at length arrived in which the congregation at the Chapel increased rapidly; and, from the influence, no doubt, of its pastors and chief members, obtained such countenance, that Thomas Viscount Savile, Earl of Sussex, Lord of the Manor in 1650, and living at Howley Hall, was pleased to

§ No doubt they were so called from making common cause with the Presbyterians or Scots during the Civil War.

grant to certain Trustees of the Presbyterian denomination, a lease for five hundred years of the Chapel premises with some land and buildings, "and all the tithes of corn, grain, grass, and hay thereunto belonging, at an annual rent of Twenty Shillings, 'for the benefit of a *preaching** minister.'"

Before I proceed further it will perhaps be best to recapitulate some things here, and mention others, in order that a more clear outline or sketch of history may be presented down to the 25th of September, 1650, when this lease was granted. It is, certainly, a very imperfect one, but it is the best which I can collect out of mere fragments and doubtful authorities.

It appears then that, by grant from the Conqueror, whatever pertained to the Saxon Church at Morley, was transferred to Ilbert de Lacy, or was acquired by his son Robert, who having reduced it to a Chapelry dependant on Batley, (which Church he had founded) and having given the advowson of the latter to the Priory of St. Oswald at Nostel, whatever profits might arise from the former would, in all probability, become vested in that religious house; and that they were so vested is further shewn by a circumstance which shall be hereafter noticed. In this state matters seem to have continued till the dissolution of the Monasteries, when Cardinal Wolsey had assigned to him the spoils of that of St. Oswald's, which convent he again surrendered to Henry 8th, on the 20th of November, 1549, and had a pension assigned to him in lieu of it. To whom this Monastery with its chapelries or dependencies was granted by the "Defender of the Faith," I know not, but that, as far as the Chapelry at Morley is concerned, the Chapel property and glebe passed † along with the manor and tithes into lay-hands, I am well assured; for, about the

year 1812, when a contention arose between certain misguided individuals and the Earl of Dartmouth, respecting the tithes, his Lordship (if I mistake not) deduced his title from the grant by Henry the 8th, of the property of St. Oswald's, to the first lay possessor, and thence in a course of succession to his family. Indeed the grant of all manner of tithes belonging to the premises, leased as before stated, by the then lord of the manor clearly shews, that since the Reformation at least, they have ever been vested in lay-hands.

The only passage relating to Morley which I can find in Burton's *Monasticon* (except as hereinafter will be mentioned) is as follows:—"Ralph de Insula" (de Lisle) and William his son or brother gave twelve oxgangs at Morley, to the Priory at Nostel, and Robert son of Herbert de Beston, gave twelve acres of land here (*i.e.* at Beeston) to the same Priory." Morley is certainly not in the list of Churches and Chapels given to this Priory, but perhaps it passed to it along with Batley or as an appendant to that Church. My suspicion of this arises from an extract which will be found in a following page.

Taking it for granted, however, that the premises in question, under whatever form or circumstances they appeared, did as certainly belong to the Earl of Sussex‡ as did the manor and the tithes, it only remains for me to account for the grant of our lease by this nobleman; but, before I come immediately to the point, as the times in which he lived are the most deserving the attention of Englishmen, and the most scandalously misrepresented of any in the compass of our annals, I shall take leave to mention a few things, by way of preliminary.

To persons conversant with English history it is well known that, under the reigns of the Tudors|| and first Stuart, it was deemed a capital piece of state policy to prohibit the nobility and great landed proprietors, from living near each other, and especially from holding much intercourse near the metropolis; and that proclamations were often issued commanding them to retire to their country seats, and threatening those of them who should dare to remain in London. Such a

* See how this kind of property was disposed of.—Rushworth, vol. 2, p. 153.

† See how this kind of property was disposed of.—Rushworth, vol. 2, p. 153.

‡ See *Archæologia*, vol. 3, p. 158.—Hume, &c. vol. 6, p. 169. Rushworth, vol. 2, p. 238.

§ See how this kind of property was disposed of.—Rushworth, vol. 2, p. 153.

|| See *Archæologia*, vol. 3, p. 158.—Hume, &c. vol. 6, p. 169. Rushworth, vol. 2, p. 238.

* The distinction between "a preaching" and a "reading minister," appears to have been long kept up and well understood. See note to Lysons's *Mag. Brit.* vol. 5, p. 167; but, especially, Strype's *Life of Bishop Aymer*, p. 127-8. Even Charles the 1st called reading "a new and slothful mode of preaching," and forbade it at Cambridge. Note to Buchanan's "Star in the East."

† The gift of this advowson by Robert de Lacy was confirmed by Hugh de la Val, King Henry 1st and 2nd, and by Pope Alexander 3rd. This Robert also gave to St. Oswald's Priory, all his land in Akenshaghe (Okenshaw) Burt. *Monast.*; from which book also it appears that "Robert and Mabel his wife, and Ilbert and Henry their sons, gave to Gilbert the Hermit of St. James de Nostel, and to the Brethren of the same house and their successors serving God there, the manor of Nether Sutton with all such liberties as Ilbert, father of the said Robert, had of the free gift of William of Normandy, the year after he conquered England."

‡ It appears to me that in Henry the 8th's reign there was no Chapel here, but only the Chancel or some inconsiderable part of the one demolished. The building, indeed, of a tithe-barn by the Lord, in Elizabeth's reign, on the site of it, sufficiently indicates the nature of the property.

residence was, in these days, considered dangerous to prerogative, as leading to discussions upon the frame and administration of the government, and as rendering the great more truly sensible of their individual strength and importance. These were the days when despotism over-strode the land in its most simple and intelligible form; and the will of an individual here was even more absolute than it now appears at Tunis, Algiers, or Constantinople.* The absurd caprice of a man, or the wretched bigotry of a woman, stood in the place of law, and impotent indeed were the whispers of reason, the dictates of conscience, or the claims of justice. Short-lived, however, and short-sighted, was the policy alluded to, as the events of Charles's reign evinced. The wealth amassed by the nobles in their domestic retirements rendered them independent—the influence acquired by their hospitalities, charities, and intercourse made them powerful—they could not be conveniently tampered with by the court, and they would not be its slaves—and thus the nation began to display a disposition for shaking off a yoke under which it had groaned for ages.

In every point of view, as it strikes me, in which the subject can be considered, these imperious mandates were of service to the public. Translated, from the artificial heat and sickly nurture of a court,† to the cooling shade, refreshing breezes, and crystal streams, which reading, meditation, and argument supply, our nobility, of those times, became settled in a soil and climate fit for the growth of piety, morality, patriotism, and sound learning; and indeed their improvement was soon evidenced by the decay of that aristocratic pride and selfishness for which they had been thenceforth remarkable. Early, therefore, in the seventeenth century, we perceive them discovering an interest for the welfare of their fellow-countrymen in inferior stations; who, on the other hand, became civilised and orderly in the vicinity of their great neigh-

* Historians, generally, are either not sufficiently acquainted with these truths, or they, knavishly, gloss the subject over as well as they can;—but, the fact is, that under the Tudors a license from the crown was necessary to enable a man to keep on his cap or a woman her hat—to go a journey—to embattle a mansion—to wear a beard—or even to worship the Creator where and when they pleased.—Besides which, their property—may even their very children, might be taken from them by these despots. See Lyson's *M. B.* vol. 2, p. 600. *Gentleman's Mag.* for 1813, p. 308, 418, &c. Ellis's *Letters*, vol. 2, p. 306. *The Patent Rolls*;—and Rymer's *Fœdera*, Ch. post. p. 31. A fine Constitution truly!

† Dr. Whitaker, even, remarks as follows:—"I am not sure that increased facility of access to the Capital is a national benefit." *History of Craven*, p. 262.

bours, participated in their rural sports, and were enriched by their munificence. Knowledge was henceforth evidently upon the advance—it created a spirit of adventure—the parent of commerce, which begat opulence. The country too became improved by the many capacious mansions which about this period were erected, and enriched by the wealth which promoted industry under every form. Thus was property acquired and diffused through society. A middle and intelligent gentry appeared in the land, who soon discovered that they had something to achieve; for manly feelings now pervaded the bulk of the community, and the dominion of civil and ecclesiastical tyranny became equally insupportable. The impostures of the Romish, and superfluous formalities of the Protestant Church had been successfully unveiled to them, and they now also discovered the cheat of a rapacious and arbitrary‡ government. And thus, when we consider the progress which literature had made, the spirit of the age—but, above all, the ACTS of Charles's Government, we can well account for the conduct of our Republican ancestors, and especially for that of Thomas Viscount Savile, Earl of Sussex.

Whatever may be the feelings of those who, as regardless of virtue and talent as of the glory and welfare of their country, can only bestow their flatteries on the powers that *be*. I, for one of a family devoted to Liberal and patriotic principles for many generations, am wont to cast a reverential eye upon that period when England was most formidable abroad—most flourishing and happy at home; and with ineffable contempt for those time-servers who have reviled Cromwell and his Government, I am proud to declare my particular admiration of them both. Except indeed for that restless ambition by which the latter was distinguished, the Protector was, indeed, to England what Napoleon was to France; and, in a purer and more enlightened age than the present, I have no

‡ The language even held to royalty, before the Commonwealth times, was of the most abject, degrading, and contemptible kind, and, of itself, shows us the nature of the antecedent governments. On one occasion the great people told Elizabeth that they expostulated "not in respect of self-will, stoutness, or striving against your Majesty, for we are but canes mortui aut pulices" (i.e. dead dogs or fleas) in comparison. And the same sort of reptiles (conquered slaves) afterwards told James the 1st that they (the people) were but "the breath of his nostrils!!" Many more such instances might be adduced. See, for instance, Rapine, vol. 2, p. 173, fo. *Archæol.* vol. 20, p. 21, 247, 249; vol. 12, p. 295. Stowe, from p. 964 to 975, &c. Even the Duke of Buckingham in 1615, hunting with James, rode before him bareheaded in the winter time. Ellis's *Letters*, Second Series, vol. 3, p. 246.

doubt that the administration of these illustrious§ legislators and heroes will be a favourite subject with the historian, the orator, and the poet. As applicable, however, to the period material to this history, and to which I am referring, I shall here insert, in the eloquent language of the one, what appears to me so correct, and so remarkably allusive to the rise of the other, as to deserve an everlasting memorial; first only, premising, that from the inadequate representation of the people of England in Parliament—from the corruption, jealousies, and factions of the Commons'-house, anterior to the Protectorate,|| those advantages did not accrue to the nation which had naturally been expected from Republican councils; and that, in fact, a strong Government, with a chief magistrate at its head, and all the energies of the nation at his disposal, was as necessary to England in 1650, as a Dictator¶ was to Rome for the salvation of its Republic. But the causes of this change in the views of our forefathers is so exactly described in the memoirs alluded to, that, as a most valuable commentary, I here present it.

"When lamentable weakness and endless versatility," says the great Napoleon, "are manifested in the councils of a government. When an administration yielding by turns to the influence of every opposing party, and going on from day to day without any fixed plan or determined system has shewn its utter insufficiency; and when the most moderate citizens are obliged to confess that they are without a government. When rulers, insignificant* at home, have shamefully brought on their country the contempt of foreigners (the greatest of injuries in the eyes of a proud people), a vague uneasiness spreads through society. Agitated by the instincts of self-preservation it looks into its own resources, and seeks for some one able to save it from destruction.

"A populous nation always possesses this tutelary genius in its *own bosom*, though he may sometimes be tardy in his appearance.†

§ I allude especially to the code Napoleon, and what Mr. Butler (an excellent authority) says in his "Reminiscences."

|| Halifax, Leeds, and Manchester were represented in Oliver's time. See Watson's History of Halifax.

¶ Adams's Antiquities, p. 152. Hook, &c. Thus was Lurgus created.

* This may be applied to the Stuarts, but certainly not to the long Parliament. Godwin's Commonwealth, vol. 4, p. 81, &c.

† There cannot be a doubt, I think, who it was that Napoleon thought on when he dictated this remarkable passage. Indeed, Cromwell appears to have been the frequent

It is not indeed, sufficient for him to exist—he must be known to others, and he must *know himself*.‡ Until then all endeavours are vain. The inerness of the multitude is the protection of the nominal government. But let the Deliverer,—so impatiently expected, give a proof of his existence, and the nation instinctively acknowledges, and calls upon him. All obstacles vanish at his approach, and a great people, thronging round his steps, seem exultingly to proclaim—THIS IS THE MAN."

Such was the state of the public mind in England when the Lease of Morley Old Chapel and its premises was granted by the Earl of Sussex. The Civil War between Charles and the Parliament had raged for nine years, but the "tutelary Genius" of the nation had some time appeared, and had given ample proofs of his existence. Before his rise the Republicans had been officered, in, chief, by the nobility, whose natural bias towards royalty made them, generally, lukewarm, vacillating, and irresolute, and discouraged their followers. Although the men had *some* good intentions, and a high sense of honour according to the principles of ancient chivalry, they were no Patriots, but seem rather to have contended for a limited despotism than for absolute freedom. But a champion of another sort at length stood forth, and the people appear to have instinctively acknowledged§ him. Fighting for victory, and not for compromise—for freedom, and not for a partial reform—for the real interests of a great nation, and not for the power of a corrupt oligarchy, he kindled such an enthusiasm in the army as made it invincible. At the period of which I write he had just gained the wonderful victory at Dunbar in Scotland, on his auspicious third of September; the rumour of which, for reasons hereafter to be related, would quickly arrive at Morley,¶ and would as certainly be productive of great rejoicing. It henceforth became easy to foresee the important changes

subject of his conversation, and perhaps even of his imitation. See Mr. O'Meara's Work, vol. 2, p. 34—80, &c. Memoirs by Gourgaud, vol. 1, p. 53.

‡ This is manifested by a conversation between Cromwell and Whitlock, which the latter has recorded. See also Memoirs of O. Cromwell, by Oliver Cromwell, Esq., vol. 2, p. 219. Godwin's Commonwealth, vol. 4, p. 15, &c.

§ This I shall make, as I think, pretty evident in another Work, and that by something more than mere assertion. See Appx. No. 4.

¶ An interesting Tale relating to this passage shall be hereafter introduced.—From several concurrent circumstances, I have always believed that the Lease of Morley Chapel was procured by the influence of those who were with Cromwell at Dunbar.

which were to happen in Church and State throughout the land; and, in consequence, it is certain that the Earl of Sussex would be induced to grant the Lease in question, as well from political, as conscientious, motives.

But—before I say more of Cromwell—as the history of Thomas Lord Viscount Savile, Earl of Sussex, and of the times in which he lived is nearly connected with my design in this work, I must present the reader with a sketch of it; especially as no connected account of him has ever been laid before the public.

This nobleman was a younger son of Sir John Savile, of Howley, who, during the reign of James the 1st, had been a powerful leader in the House of Commons,—a zealous opponent of the court party, and what is singular (perhaps unprecedented) one who was advanced to the rank of Comptroller of the Household, on account of his parliamentary talents, and opposition to the royal measures.¶ He appears to have continued attached to the court for some years after the accession of Charles, and throughout that period in which the Earl of Strafford and his friend Sir George Radcliffe were on the other side. But, whatever were the sentiments of Sir John Savile, in civil or religious concerns, he was ever opposed to Lord Strafford. He was, indeed, as he was styled, the “hereditary enemy of the House of Wentworth;” and Strafford, in his letters, often makes mention of this enmity towards himself, in one passage contemptuously calling him “*Old Howley*.” Towards Radcliffe also, Sir John appears to have indulged the same spirit and on the same account—they were rivals in politics—and this produced a rupture between two families which had, for some generations, been on terms of the closest friendship.** It was not, however, long after Charles’s accession that Strafford and Radcliffe went over to the court party, and the, then newly made, Baron of Pontefract (probably for his political integrity) was disgraced. Of this elevation of Strafford and disgust of Savile, Lord Clarendon in his †† history of, what he calls,

¶ Whitelock’s Memorial. Hume. Radcliffe’s Letters, &c.

** It appears that Nicholas Radcliffe, the father of Sir George, by his will bequeathed “to Sir John Savile, of Howley, Knyght, one Sylver Cuppe called a Tankerde, desiring him to have a favorable care over his Children.” Alas! alas! that party spirit, or a difference in sentiment (of whatever kind) should occasion men to forget the most solemn obligations, and plainest precepts of Christianity!—See Radcliffe’s Letters.

†† To form a correct judgment of the character and credibility of this Lord Clarendon, see Brodee’s excellent “History

“the rebellion,” writes thus:—“His (i. e. Strafford’s) first inclinations and addresses to the court were only to establish his greatness in the country, where he apprehended some acts of power from the Lord Savile, who had been his rival always there, and of late, had strengthened himself by being made a Privy Counsellor and officer at court; but his first attempts were so prosperous, that he contented not himself with being secure from that Lord’s power in the country, but rested not until he had bereaved him of all power and place at court; and so sent him down a most abject and disconsolate old man into his country, where he was to have the superintending over him, by getting himself at that time made Lord President of the North.”

Thus were the tables turned, as to these politicians, about the year 1628. Now, as Strafford was an enemy to the Puritans or Presbyterians, a sect or denomination to which Lord Savile unquestionably belonged; and as the disputes of the times were, as yet, much more of a religious, than political complexion, it is obvious that his lordship would view the preferment of this new favourite of royalty with peculiar displeasure on every account; and that after his death, in 1630, his son and our patron, Thomas Lord Viscount Savile, would be opposed to the court party, at least until 1641, when the ruin of its leader was accomplished, and Strafford died upon the scaffold. It is little known, but the fact seems indisputable, that this Lord Savile contributed more to bring about these events than any other person in the kingdom; yet, as the means which he employed cannot be justified, he seems entitled, individually, to little credit for such an act of service to his country.

It appears that in 1639 the Scots had risen in arms against Charles, and that, for a time, he had contrived to appease them; but in the year following, finding that treaties were little binding upon a man of his perfidious character, and that his stipulations and assurances were only made to gain time and effectuate his despotic designs, then again assembled an army, and marched into England as far as Durham. At this time the King’s affairs were so prosperous that he treated, with equal haughtiness the remonstrance of his subjects, generally, and many of his

of the British Empire,” vol. 3, p. 263, et passim. Godwin’s History of the Commonwealth, and the introductory chapter to Mr. Fox’s Historical Work, p. 10.

English nobility in particular, who were equally offended by his personal demeanour and the acts of his government. During this crisis, and while the Scots were lingering upon their own borders, a letter and message was sent to the Earl of Rothes, their general, purporting to come from six noblemen of the first consideration in England, inviting the advance of this army in order to rescue the country from its impending danger. The letter and message, it has been alleged, was the sole fabrication of Lord Savile,* and that the other noblemen whose names were used, were wholly ignorant of the transaction. This, certainly, is very improbable—but, whether true or false, the scheme succeeded; for the progress of the Scots was only arrested by the treaty at Ripon; and, from the subsequent continuance of their army in England, we may trace the downfall of Strafford—the triumph of the Republican cause—the destruction of Charles, and the rise of the Commonwealth.

At the commencement of the Civil War, it is manifest that Lord Savile, with a large portion of the chief nobility, was continually hovering around the seat of royalty,† and using his best endeavours to bring Charles to mild and reasonable measures. They seem to have taken a middle course between the principles of civil liberty and the old despotism, but with a strong bias towards the latter, as is very natural with an hereditary aristocracy; for though they saw, with grief, that the King's councils were governed by an alien Queen, a popish faction, and inveterate enemies, yet they adhered to the side of royalty with an amazing obstinacy; nor were they sensible of their folly until by the contempt and hatred of that party they were made to smart for it. Desirous, however, to avert the impending calamities of the times, these nobles, to the number of forty, with Lord Savile in the train, surrounded the King at York, and offered him their services; and in May 1642, published a strong declaration in his favour. From thence they appear to have followed him to Oxford; nor was it

until 1645 that some of them were awakened to a sense of duty to their country. Among the number of these we find the Lord Savile, who by the artful and perfidious monarch had been created Earl of Sussex in the preceding year, by way of cloak to the lurking enmity which rankled in his heart,‡ and for which it is easy to account. Besides the hostility of his lordship to the Earl of Strafford, Archbishop Laud, and the Catholics,—he was a Presbyterian in religion, and for a limited monarchy in his politics; and these were unpardonable crimes in the mind of Charles. Sussex at length became aware of this, and, in consequence, on the 18th or 19th of March, 1644-5, on the curious pretence § of repairing to the councils of the Queen, he left his royal master, and threw himself into the arms of the parliament. On his arrival, however, in London, he was arrested, examined by a committee of the lords touching the grounds of his coming in, and committed into custody; and by an order of parliament of the same month stating, “that he had not given any satisfaction for his coming from Oxford, but rather many grounds of suspicion that he came to do ill offices;” he was ordered “to depart the city and all other the parliamentary quarters and garrisons, and betake himself to the King, or wherever else he pleased in one week; or, in default thereof, to be proceeded against as adhering to the enemy. §

It will be seen by an extract from Dr. Whitaker's History of Leeds, to be found in a subsequent page of this work, that his lordship had, but a short time before his desertion of Charles, being urging his claims to a recompense or satisfaction for the plunder and damage done by the Royalist forces, when in 1643 they broke into and ransacked his splendid mansion of Howley Hall; and it will also be perceived, by the language of the answer to his petition, that the king and his council had great doubts whether these spoils were to be regarded of “*Rebel's Goods*,” or not, upon which the question of compensation entirely hinged. Being far from being satisfied with Lord Savile, on some account or other, the reply which he received, if not an evasive one, was, certainly, of such a nature as left the matter undecided until that fact

* Burnet says, “The Lord Savile's forgery came to be discovered. The King knew it, and yet he was brought afterwards to trust him and advance him to be Earl of Sussex. The King pressed my uncle to deliver him the letter, who excused himself upon his oath; and, not knowing what use might be made of it he cut out every subscription and sent it to the person for whom it was forged. The imitation was so exact that every man as soon as he saw his hand simply by itself, acknowledged he could not have denied it.” “Own Times,” vol. 1. p. 42. Welwood's Memoirs. p. 83.

† Drakes History of York, p. 150.

‡ “The King's cabinet opened,” &c. See a curious letter in this collection, p. 12, letter 13. As to this work, see Gentleman's Magazine, vol. 66, p. 635.

§ Whitelock's Memorial. I am convinced from this and other circumstances that there was much treachery in the Commons, and great need for such a man as Cromwell before he interposed materially.

could be ascertained; disappointed, therefore, in his hopes of redress, it is probable that from this "cavalier" treatment alone, the Earl of Sussex at once discovered the feeling of the court party towards himself, and the motive it had in conferring upon him the cheap gewgaw of an empty title; and that, in revenge for the artifice, as well as for the reasons before stated, he left Oxford with a fixed resolution to take up arms on the side of the Parliament.

However this may be, it appears, that on the 22nd of the month following, Lord Savile made his peace with the Parliament by taking, along with four other noblemen, the oaths prescribed for such as joined that side, before the commissioners of the great seal; and on the 1st of July we find him coming forward with an accusation against Hollis and Whitlock, two celebrated members, charging them with being "well affected towards the King and his cause." Whitlock (who relates the incident, which, as he pretends, gave rise to this impeachment) observes, that "it was a contrivance of some of the *Presbyterian party* to take him and Hollis out of the way, that the Lord Savile, newly revolted from the King, charged them of high treason to the Parliament—an allegation very singular indeed, as Hollis was accounted the head of that very party, and which only shews what a "*Moles non bene junctarum rerum, concordia discors,*" this Republic must have been, as I have before intimated—yet, notwithstanding the plausible tale of Whitlock, I am thoroughly satisfied, from the subsequent conduct of Hollis* in particular, that the charge was not ill-founded, although it was not so considered by the Commons'-house; and although, in consequence thereof, Lord Sussex was lodged in the Tower, and in October, 1646, was obliged to purchase his liberty at a price greatly exceeding a thousand pounds.

What became of Lord Sussex subsequent to 1646, and whether he took any active part in public affairs—when he died—or where he was buried, it would now be very difficult, if not impossible, to discover. My own conjecture, formed upon various circumstances is, that he retired, altogether, from public life,

* This fellow, who was made a lord "for his merits" at the restoration, had the baseness to assert, *even of Cromwell*, that he wanted courage. A specimen of impudence which was completely without a parallel, until the same thing was said of Napoleon in our times. See, moreover, Godwin's *Commonwealth*, vol. 1, p. 387. *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1821, p. 306, &c.

and resided at,—enlarged and beautified his noble mansion at Howley, between this period and that of his death; which probably happened before 1663, if not 1660, when his lordship would be about sixty or seventy years of age, if he lived to see that unfortunate year. But I think it most likely that he died sometime about "the restoration," and that he was interred somewhere abroad, or in the south of England; for he was, evidently, not buried at Batley, Thornhill, Ackworth, or Methley.

When this narrative, however, with that of the treatment which his lordship experienced at Oxford, is coupled with a recollection of the public feeling, from 1644 to 1650 especially, it will be readily perceived that the Lease by him granted to the Trustees of Morley Old Chapel, was executed in favour of the dissenting interest.—Not for the encouragement of the Papists or Semi-Papists of those days, ycleped "Protestants," but that of Puritan pastors.—Not for the support of a "reading," but of a "preaching" ministry. Episcopacy was, in point of fact, abolished at this time, and the sister church, if not deprived of its venom, was disarmed of its sting, when Cromwell, the "tutelary Genius" of England, arose.

Since Morley and the neighbouring villages have to date the commencement of their prosperity,† and their inhabitants were assuredly the most happy‡ under the popular and paternal government of this illustrious man, appropriately called "the Protector of the Commonwealth of England," I cannot refrain from paying to his shade the poor tribute of my individual homage; and more especially as I perceive that in almost every species of writing at the present day his character is defamed. But, before I do this act of strict justice, I would remark it as a singular thing (*on a superficial view*) that two of the greatest of our English rulers should have been the most calumniated of all others.—I mean our third§ Richard and|| Oliver Cromwell.

It has been the singular misfortune of

† One of the Articles of Impeachment against Wren, one of Charles's bishops and favourites, was, that, "he caused three thousand of the King's subjects, many of whom using trades employed one hundred poor people each, to go to Holland, &c., where they set up and taught manufactures to the great hindrance of trade, and impoverishing the people of this kingdom."

‡ When a Yorkshireman is told of his former prosperity or happiness, the answer often is,—"*Ah! but those were Oliver's days!*" Now any comment upon this would be insult to an intelligent reader. See also, *Pepys's Diary*, vol. 2, page 91.

Richard, and is the best excuse for many historians, that he lived just within the penumbra of an age—barbarous and turbulent, and which was scarcely touched by the first beams of science—an age in which the most wary might be misled by the deceitful glare of those wandering lights which the monkish chroniclers, with their poor manuscripts, afford us. Happily, however, for the sons of literature, by a train of fortunate occurrences, the torch of truth has been brought before this æra by an indefatigable and impartial inquirers; and we now contemplate through the awful and mysterious gloom, not a crooked tyrant and atrocious murderer, but a magnanimous, just, and wise, sovereign, supplanted by the vilest and meanest usurper of whom history makes mention, and whose execrable family retained a crown through his impostures and falsehoods. Talk of “usurpers” and tyrants indeed! but where in all our annals are we to find such an impudent usurpation and insufferable despotism as that of the House of Tudor.

There was, however, some shadow of an excuse for the writers who have blackened Richard out of compliment to these “Pre-tenders;” for so artfully had the first of them contrived to hoodwink the people, and transfer his own crimes to his unfortunate rival, that some who have perpetuated his libels may have erred through ignorance, and their apology must be that they lived in a gloomy and deceptive age. But, what shall be said for those who, to please the House of Stuart, or carry favour even in later times, have had the meanness and effrontery to abuse Cromwell?

The most rancorous enemies which the Protector ever had, have been compelled to acknowledge, however reluctantly, the surprising talents of the man, and the consummate wisdom of his policy. He called to his councils the wisest and most upright men in the nation, and, the “career being open to merit,” he preferred every one accordingly. He caused justice to be administered with

singular ability. He used the public money with frugality, and employed it to the best advantage. “He had a zeal for trade and commerce beyond all his predecessors,” and it flourished greatly under his sway.* He was a generous friend to learned and good† men—the refuge of persecuted‡ Protestants abroad, and the guardian of his poorest subjects at home. His liberality and toleration embraced even the Jew. He made no invidious distinctions between one class of subjects and another; and none were molested, but such as molested the government. He suppressed no institutions but such as were, in his times at least, generally odious, and considered as highly dangerous to British liberty. He provided for the support of worthy pastors of various tenets—abolished pluralities—and exacted a proper attention to ministerial duties.|| He bestowed thousands yearly out of his own purse, on private charities. Not one of his relations was materially enriched by his elevation; and as to Cromwell himself, *he died poor*. Indeed the same thing may be said of Pym and other chiefs of the Republic—they *died poor*!—for it was not wealth but freedom which they sought. §

Such being the character of Cromwell, and such the popularity and splendour of his administration, under circumstances the most difficult, perplexing, and dangerous of any with which an individual was ever encompassed on assuming the reins of Government, it is natural to inquire into the motives of those who have exhibited so much acrimony

* Neale's History, &c. Ellis's Letters, Second Series, vol. 3, p. 380.

† See his conduct to Archbishop Usher. To Biddle, and innumerable others. Burton's Diary, vol. 2, p. 314, &c.; vol. 4, p. 475.

‡ See a fine anecdote in Chandler's History of Persecution, p. 174. Harris, p. 38. Burnet, vol. 1, p. 107-8.

|| Godwin, vol. 4, p. 38, &c.

§ See character of Ireton in Ludlow's Memoirs. Godwin. &c. Or, Mr. Cromwell's Memoirs, vol. 2, p. 200.

¶ “I have sometimes,” says Bolingbroke, “represented to myself the vulgar, who are accidentally distinguished by the title of king and subject, of lord and vassal, of nobleman and peasant, and the few, who are distinguished by nature so essentially from the herd of mankind that (figure apart) they seem to be of another species. The former loiter or trifle away their whole time; and their presence, or their absence, would be equally unperceived, if caprice or accident did not raise them often to stations wherein their stupidity or their vices make them a public misfortune. The latter come into the world, at least continue in it, after the effects of surprise and inexperience are over, like men who are sent upon more important errands.”

“Great people and champions,” says Luther. “are special gifts of God whom he giveth and preserveth; they carry their business and achieve great acts, not with vain imaginations and cold and sleepy cogitations, but are specially moved thereunto and driven on by God, and so do accomplish their course and acts.”—Colloquia, ch. 63, p. 488.

§ It is very singular, but the fact is, that almost everything we know for certain truth, respecting Richard, redounds to his honour. He stood high in the estimation of his own family; and higher, apparently, with his brother's widow than king Henry her son-in-law. He was exceedingly beloved by the people of Yorkshire. See Drake's York and Hall 4th H. 7, f. 16. Many of the calumnies published against him are disproved by Lord Orford and many others; as to the rest they are ridiculous and incredible. See Bayley's Tower of London. Rapin, &c. Ellis's Letters, Second Series, vol. 1, p. 122.

|| How men and opinions change with times and circumstances there is a curious instance in Speed's England, p. 621.

towards him, and so little for those "miserables" of the usurping family of Tudor, and despotic house of Stuart, who have astonished or disgusted the world by their crimes—their tyranny—their profligacy—or their weakness. These motives, I am persuaded, are best accounted for by referring to the basest, and most mischievous passions of the heart.

When private individuals, like Cromwell or Napoleon are ordained by Providence to arise amidst the clangour and clash of civil commotions, and after composing a distracted state by the power of their mighty genius, to receive a tributary homage in the admiration of neighbouring countries, and enthusiasm of their own; they come arrayed with a majesty which mocks the pageantry of common form, and pours contempt on its factitious grandeur. But, when liberal feelings and a generous *philantropy*, as in the instance of Cromwell, are happily associated with talents of the first order, we behold, indeed, pourtrayed to the life, that fine character which poets and philosophers have delighted to feign without ever expecting to see it realized. Yet, though contemplative and impartial men will ever be captivated by native dignity and intrinsic excellence, ¶ far different will be the feelings of the selfish, the envious, and the corrupt, for the most obvious reasons. "The Hercules of reform will cleanse the Augæan stable of abuses"—abolish monopolies—discard favourites—expose frauds, surpass his predecessors in virtue and talent, and establish a government on the firm basis of justice and policy. In the vocabulary, therefore, of his enemies, the reformer will be a "tyrant"—the philanthropist a "hypocrite," and the man of the people, a "usurper." His character—his genius—his design, nay, even his best actions will all be misrepresented, and invective and falsehood will be substituted for argument and truth. Can we wonder at this, when we consider the institutions and state of society in most countries, and how natural it is, that in proportion as the interests, privileges, and influence of certain classes is diminished, made subordinate to the public welfare, or even threatened their jealousy should be roused, their envy excited, and their malice exasperated?

At the service of these classes, in most European countries, there is always ready a set of men of whom it may confidently be asserted that, if the magnitude of crime is to be estimated by a regard of consequences, it

is theirs which surpasses every other in turpitude. These are that numerous body of needy scribes and courtly sycophants who sell their birthright for a mess of pottage—who everlastingly advocate wars—foment national antipathies—cling to the side of power and wealth—slight the majesty of a great people, and would have mankind, if possible, in the darkness and thralldom of the middle ages.

However forward and accommodating at other seasons, these people had the discretion, if not the modesty, to hide their heads in the time of Cromwell. He wanted not their services*—he feared not their clamour. But, when the Sovereign of the earth disappeared—when the political horizon became darkened, they returned again to their dirty work. Favoured by the assistance of disappointed zealots, and the easy credulity of the nation, they proceeded to decry the Protectorate Government with a rancour† towards its chief, exactly proportionate to the grandeur of his talents and the merit of his deeds.

It is a melancholy truth, which observation however teaches, that the enmity of bad men towards an object of their calumny is often rather increased than diminished by the contemplation of his eminence—nor is this at all surprising. When a man becomes detestable for his profligacy, or contemptible for his imbecility, most people of reflection are, in some measure, averse to him, so that the edge of resentment becomes blunted by his unpopularity, and (of course) degradation. But, oh! how much is it sharpened in the other case when he towers above his species, excites their wonder, and extorts their applause. How mortifying, then, the thought, that a private gentleman, without the influence of high station, of wealth, patronage, connexions, or foreign alliances, should have vanquished warriors, instructed legislators, dazzled the eyes and won the hearts of

* See an instance in the case of Waller. Cromwell, however, had no want of panegyrists in his time. See Rapin and others, and the "addressers," the "life and fortune" men, first paid their adulations to him.

† Cromwell, however, had no want of panegyrists to celebrate his memory, but many of them contemptibly and meanly turned round with the times; and then, most disgracefully to themselves, equally vilified and abused it—"Rapin. See also, Harris, p. 370.

† One of the vilest fellows of this sort was Heath, respecting whom see a note to Burton's Diary, vol. 3, p. 156. Another of them was Bates, author of the "Elenchus Motuum," &c. Roger L. Estrange, John Birkenhead, and such as wrote newspapers to delude the public are well known. Hobbes, author of the "Behemoth." Coke of "the Detection," with Parson's Heylin, and Parker, and Poet Cowley, were of the same litter. See also Noble, vol. 1, p. 332—335.

millions—conciliated hostile parties—become, in fact, the Sovereign of Europe, by the terror of his name alone; and yet should have displayed a benevolence and humility—a regard for morals, and zeal for religion, such as we shall vainly look for in the history of the legitimates.—How mortifying, I say, is this!

As comparisons are often odious, and the more so as they become dangerous, and yet are often forced upon mankind by a singular contrast; and as hard names and illiberal surmises are a species of coin which, however light, will generally pass for much more than solid arguments and stubborn facts; the wily partisans of the Stuart dynasty were fully aware that the impending evils of that mischief were only to be averted by these fallacies—they dealt them out, therefore, unsparingly—and from that period it has been the craft of men of like principles, by such means, to assail the reputation of Oliver Cromwell.—Yet, (so powerful is the light of truth!) the splendour of his fame has pierced the mists of succeeding times, and will continue to stream through future ages, with an increasing and lasting brilliancy.

It is not, however, the mere lustre of the protectorate of Cromwell, though that is sufficiently provoking, but the principles and precedent by him established, which have excited the alarm of the great, and anger of the corrupt;—their hatred, therefore, it must ever be remembered, is mainly attributable to those principles of which he was the wonderful—the successful champion.

In that momentous contest—the Civil War—we cannot fail to discern one grand peculiarity which renders it memorable beyond all the preceding contests of which we read; I mean the clash of speculative differences, both in religion and politics, which gave it birth, and supplied such fearful matter for the work of destruction as were theretofore unknown. It was (as a writer on the French Revolution remarks) “a war of ‘principles’” which, operating upon the understandings and passions of men in an unprecedented degree, convulsed the nation to its utmost limits.” In the disputes of former ages, however the belligerent chiefs might be affected, there was little to interest the bulk of the community, or excite its energies.—Originating in the caprice of a despot—the pride of his minions, or the turbulence of his nobles—the feudal slave or stupid hireling was little concerned for the final issue. But,

in the great Civil War, besides that fortune and freedom was at the stake, there was a striking discordancy between the opinions and institutions of society. On the one side, we perceive the ardour of reform—on the other side, the jealousy of power. On this hand, the longings for improvement—on that, the fear of change. A contempt for antiquated superstitions by the former—a singular attachment to them by the latter. Whatever, in short, was most calculated to stir up the strife and hatred of parties were the dreadful elements of this long and furious contest, in which the very ties of marriage and of kindred,‡ as well as of country, were forgotten.

But, to return again to the history of our Chapel—since the Earl of Sussex was evidently a dissenter of the Presbyterian class, and the Protector belonged to the Independents,§ it seems unlikely that the endowment of this Chapel by the former, could have been intended merely to raise himself in the favour of the latter. He, doubtless, well knew the equitable and tolerant character of the rising chieftain—how little he valued the particular advancement of a sect, compared with the general encouragement of religion and morals, and how little he sought the co-operation of a party, whether in black, buff,* yellow, or blue, compared with the attainment of a deserved popularity—the idol of his heart. Sussex, in this instance, was evidently swayed by views and inclinations which, though commendable, were but narrow compared with those which marked the course of his great contemporary. At least the miserable prejudices and crooked policy of the Presbyterians, formed a striking contrast to the liberal, philanthropic, and generous conduct of their enlightened governor.

The persons to whom this Earl of Sussex conveyed our Chapel premises “in Trust” were Edward† Birby, of Scholecroft—*Thomas Otes*, John Reyner, William Ward, John Crowther, and Thomas Greatehead, of Morley—John Smith, William Barber, and

† See, especially, a speech of General Lambert, in *Burton's Diary*, vol. 8, p. 187.

§ Newton is said at one time to have believed in astrology. Bacon in the transmutation of metals. Dr. Johnson in ghosts and apparitions. Lord Hale in witchcraft. Napoleon in destiny. Locke delighted in romances,—and Cromwell in the reveries of Calvin!!! What is man, even when in intellect but a little lower the angels!

* The military uniform was not then scarlet as it is now—this colour being with blue (if my memory serves me) first introduced in George the 1st's reign.

† Buried at Batley, April 9th, 1684. See Regr.

"Joshua Greathed" of Gildersome, and Robert Paulden and William Burnhill, of Churwell; whose names I mention, because two of them, at least, were celebrated characters in their days, and all of them seem to have been men of much consequence in this vicinity. Otes (whose name I spell as it appears, not only in the Trust Deed, but in his own hand writing in various documents in my possession) was one of the chiefs in the "Farnley Wood Plot," in 1663. To this date I must direct the particular attention of my readers, as it stands connected with something very curious in this history.

The other Trustee to whom I allude is, Joshua Greathed, who resided nearly opposite to the place where Gildersome Chapel now stands. At the commencement of the Civil War he was a gentleman of small estate, but of high character hereabouts for patriotism and bravery. Many a dreadful blow did this intrepid warrior deal out upon the Royalists, at the Battle of Adwalton Moor, as I have gathered from tradition, and as the swords of the family seem to indicate. He was about 28 years of age at the time of the fight; and upon this field he laid the foundation of his fortune, his military reputation, and his rank. From this Republican, on the paternal side, I am descended, and I have now before me the commission given him by Lord Fairfax, whereby he was, in January 1644 (about six months after the battle), promoted to be major of a regiment of foot commanded by Col. Richard Thornton; after which, and especially after the death of his colonel (who probably fell either on Marston‡ Moor or before Pontefract§ Castle), he appears to have been advanced. At all events, his military fame increased with his years; for he was, long afterwards, selected by the Republicans of these parts to be their General for the West Riding. And in that character he would, doubtless, have appeared, had not an ill arranged plan miscarried, owing to the treachery of some who were privy to it. Indeed, he had risen so far as to have attained the honour of being Lieut. Col. under General Lambert prior to "the restoration." Whether the major|| was hearty in the conspiracy or not, he was at least privy to it, as were

evidently most of the principal Dissenters and their Pastors hereabouts: having been goaded to rebellion by the ingratitude, perfidy, and cruelty of Charles the 2nd, particularly in his "act of uniformity," passed in the preceding year. This conspiracy, though little noticed in our general histories, was the common topic of conversation for a century, perhaps, after its failure, among our neighbouring villagers, and is still called the "Farnley Wood Plot;" of which, for evident reasons, I shall set down all the intelligence that, with much industry, I have gleaned.

"On the 12th of October, 1663," says the memorandum of an ancestor of mine, "a little before midnight, the following conspirators did actually meet at a place called 'the Trench,' in Farnley Wood, viz.:—Captain Thomas Oates, Ralph Oates, his son—Joshua Cardmaker, alias Asquith, alias Sparling, Luke Lund, John Ellis, William Westerman, John Fossard (servant of Abraham Dawson, who lent him a horse), and William Tolson, all of Morley. John Nettleton and John Nettleton, jun., both of Dunningley—Joseph Crowther, Timothy Crowther, William Dickinson, Thomas Westerman, and Edward Webster, all of Gildersome—Robert Oldred, of Dewsbury, and Richard Oldred, commonly called 'the Devil¶ of Dewsbury'—Israel Rhodes, of Woodkirk—John Lacock, of Bradford—Robert Scott, of Alverthorpe, and John Holdsworth, of Churwell. Being all surprised at the smallness of their number, they made but a short stay, and, perceiving no more coming, Captain Oates desired them to return home, or shift themselves as they could."

Bishop Burnet alluding to this plot, under date of 1663, proceeds as follows:—"The Commonwealth men," says he, "were now thinking that they saw the stream of the nation turning against the court, and upon that they were meeting, and laying plots to restore the lost game. One of these being

"This is absolutely false, as appears by the letters of the several Major Generals in the collection of Thurloe's papers: whereby it appears that the money raised by decimation did, at most, only support the new raised troops which the Major Generals raised in their respective districts, to enable them to put their authority in execution." See Note to Burton's Diary, vol. 1, p. 140.

¶ Formerly many persons were called by the appellation "Devil." Thus we read of "Rogerius Diabolus," Lord of Montessor—"Willielmus Diabolus," an English Monk—"Hughes-le Diable," Lord of Lusignan, and Robert, Duke of Normandy, son of the Conqueror, was surnamed "the Devil." Hone's Table Book, vol. 1, p. 699.

So likewise Roger Lacy, constable of Chester, was in Richard 1st's reign, for his fierceness, called "Hell." Blount's Tens, b Beckwith, p. 523.

‡ See *Mercurius Rusticus*—or Boothroyd's History of Pontefract, p. 182.

§ See *Mercurius Aulicus*, p. 140.

|| Lord Clarendon, with his usual disregard to truth, has asserted that the appointment of Major Generals over the counties, brought an incredible accession of wealth into Cromwell's coffers. Bishop Warburton replies as follows:—

taken, and apprehending he was in danger, begged his life of the king, and said, if he might be assured of his pardon, he would tell where my Uncle Waristoun was, who was then at Rouen." As Burnet, unfortunately, mentions not the name of this conspirator, we are left in the dark respecting him.

Bishop Parker—a man of a very different spirit and character* from the honest Burnet, tells the following tale :—

"In 1663," says this historian, "a conspiracy was a foot in Ireland, fomented in part by Presbyterian preachers, of which one† Charnock was the leader. One Philip Alden discovered it to the Government, and was confirmed in his account, by one Theophilus Jones, an appointed commander of the Rebels—which latter discoverer, that the discovery might be the better concealed, was thrown into prison along with the rest, from whence it was pretended he made his escape; though he was in truth privily sent to England, and outlawed for his pretended escape. The king embraced the man and bade him make one in the councils of the Rebels, and he was accordingly present at all of them, and kept nothing from the king. He held a close correspondence with Ludlow, sent all his letters to the king, and discovered all that was transacted at home—so that the king had all the conspirators, as it were, shut up in a siege, and all their projects came to nothing."

After relating that this Jones was in 1666, detected in his treachery, and by what means it came to be manifested, Bishop Parker proceeds thus :—

"The same year," says he (speaking of 1663), "the flame of the same conspiracy broke out in England, which, if it had not been taken in time and extinguished, would suddenly have spread throughout the nation; for had not a *part* of the conspiracy in the Northern counties broke out into action before the time appointed, there is no doubt the whole would have appeared in a sudden blaze at once—for the assembly had chosen the 12th of October as the day upon which they

* Of all the venal, versatile, and unprincipled characters with which the reigns of Charles and James 2nd abounded, this Parker appears to have been the chief, not even Monk himself excepted. His religion equally with his politics seems ever to have been adapted to suit the taste of the ruling powers, and his writings not only stand condemned on the authority of Lord Hale, and Anthony a Wood, but, even of his own biographer. But, Andrew Marvel took down his insolence, and he retired from the contest with that great man defeated and humbled, even in the eyes of his own party. See his life prefixed to his history, p. 7.

† See an account of Charnock, in Dr. Calamy's Memorial, vol. 1, p. 159.

should all, at one hour, stand to their arms; but, when they could not get any thing in London ready against the appointed time, as it commonly happens, they deferred the matter twelve days longer. But the zeal of the Northern men could not contain itself so long; but some of them, on the first day appointed, appeared in a place called Farnley Grove, near the town of Leeds, rich in woollen manufactures. These, being presently routed and taken, made a discovery of the whole conspiracy. The king, indeed, had them in a net, as shall be told hereafter. The leader of the conspiracy was Thomas Oates, a captain. I am afraid the libel in which they declared the causes of the war is lost, but it was proved by several witnesses that it was made up of these articles, whereby all parties of schismatics might be more easily drawn into their cause. The first, which was in favour of the Presbyterians, was for restoring the authority of the old rebel parliament. The next was for restoring the ejected ministers, and then, that all of them might be soothed at once, liberty of conscience was to be allowed to every one. Tithes and taxes were to be taken off—and, lastly, all the ancient liberties which had been violated by the tyranny of kings, were to be renewed by force of arms," &c.

Speaking of the Confederates, this Bishop afterwards adds, "But the most active of all in the affair was one Atkinson, a travelling pedlar; who, in his little shop that hung at his back, carried letters through all parts of the kingdom with incredible expedition. They had officers also on every side, who in a moment might head their soldiers, as it were in their proper quarters, in the nearest county of Nottingham, bishopric of Durham and Lancashire. But those in whom they placed their chief confidence and hopes failed them most. Smithson,‡ formerly Lieut. Col. to Lilburn; and *Greathead*, Lieut. Col. to Lambert, were, the one appointed General of the North, and the other of the West Riding; but these, voluntarily, discovered the whole matter at York, by which discovery they lost all opportunity of meeting together; so that when Oates had hid a few of his men at night in the wood, they had scarce separated at break of day, before most of them were carried off from their march into prison. So happy was the end of so dangerous a conspiracy."

‡ Probably the same officer who is mentioned in Hodgson's Memoirs, p. 116.

Finally, we are told by this writer, that "one Richardson, D.D., the ejected Dean of Ripon, fled and died beyond sea;—that one Marsden escaped and changed his name to Ralphson, and died in London, in 1683; and that one Fisher, late of Sheffield Hermitage, ejected out of the curacy of Holbeck, in the parish of Leeds; and one Stead, a Scot, acted as nuncio between the Scotch and English fanatics."

Rapin says, "In August the King and Queen made a progress into the West of England for five or six weeks, during which time a conspiracy was discovered, carried on by the Old Republicans and Independents, to restore the Commonwealth. They pretended to seize several towns, particularly in the North, where they believed themselves strongest, and then raise a general insurrection; but, being discovered by one of their accomplices, many were apprehended, and twenty-one were convicted and executed in July following. It was asserted that Ludlow and Lambert were to head these Rebels, though the first never stirred out of Switzerland; as for Lambert, he never left the Isle of Guernsey, where he was confined. If any proofs had appeared against him, doubtless he would not have been spared."

"In 1663," says Drake,|| "was an insurrection in Yorkshire, the leaders of which were all conventicle preachers and old Parliament soldiers. Their pretences for this rebellion were, to redeem themselves from the excise and all subsidies—to re-establish a gospel magistracy and ministry—to restore the Long Parliament, and to reform all orders and degrees of men, especially the lawyers and clergy. In order to this, they printed a declaration, or according to Eachard, a call to rebellion, beginning with these words:—'If there be any city, county or town in the three nations that will begin the righteous and glorious work,' &c., according to which a great number of them appeared in arms in Farnley Wood, in Yorkshire."

"But the time and place of rendezvous being known, a body of regular troops, with some of the county militia, were sent against them, who seized upon several and prevented the execution of their designs. A commission was sent down to York, in the depth of winter, to try the principal leaders of them; and Thomas Oats, Samuel Ellis, John Nettle-

ton, sen., John Nettleton, jun., Robert Scott, William Tolson, John Forster, Robert Olroyd, John Asquith, Peregrine Corney, John Snowden, John Smith, William Ash, John Errington, Robert Atkins, William Colton, George Denham, Henry Watson, Richard Wilson, Ralph Rymer, and Charles Carre, were condemned and executed; most of them at York, and three at Leeds. Several of these hotheaded zealots behaved very insolently upon their trials.—Corney had the assurance to tell the Judge that, in such a case, he valued his life no more than he did his handkerchief. Two of these enthusiastical wretches were quartered, and their quarters set upon the several gates of the city. Four of their heads were set upon Micklegate Bar,—three on Bootham Bar,—one at Walmgate Bar, and three over the Castle Gates. These were the last persons, except some Popish priests, whom I can find executed for high treason in our city.

The parish register at Leeds, under date of 1663, says—"Robert Atkins, John Errington, and Henry Watson, hanged at Chapeltown."

Clarendon says,—“Among those who were executed, the man looked upon was one Rymer,* of the quality of the better sort of Grand Jurymen, and held a wise man. He was discovered by a person of intimate trust with him. He was a sullen man, and used few words to excuse himself, and none to hurt any body else; though it was thought he knew much, and that, having a good estate, he would never have embarked in a design which had no probability of success.”

Before making any observation on the foregoing accounts, I will present the reader with an extract from the Memoirs of Col. Hutchinson, written by his accomplished and excellent wife—a lady of such integrity† (though not without prejudices) that whatever she states for certain may, generally, be depended upon;

* Respecting Ralph Rymer, I find the following memorandum:—

“15th of Nov. 1650. By the Comite for the Militia of the County of York.

“In regard the Lady† Radcliffe hath entered into securities according to an order made yesterday, to appear before the Council of State, or the Militia of the County of York, and shall act nothing prejudicial to the Commonwealth of England; it is, therefore, ordered, that the Provost Marshal shall set the Lady Radcliffe at Liberty.

RIC ROBINSON,

JOHN SAVILE,
FR. LASCELLES,
R.A. RYMER.”

† The Widow of Sir Geo. Radcliffe.

† One feels sorry to condemn such men as Colonel Hutchinson, Ludlow, and others of their class, but they partly deserved the troubles which they brought upon themselves. Mrs. Hutchinson's weaknesses seem very evident and natural. She was too fond of her husband to be quite impartial.

§ “Doubtless” not—for this undaunted patriot was terrible to Charles and his wicked Government, even when in banishment.

|| See History of York.

which is more than can be said for Parker, though a bishop, or for Clarendon, though a lord.

"Because," says Mrs. Hutchinson, "there is so much noise of a plot, it is necessary to tell what hath *since appeared*. The Duke of Buckingham *set at work* one Gore (Gower), Sheriff of Yorkshire, and others, who sent out trepanners among the discontented people, to stir them to insurrection,—to restore the Old Parliament,—gospel ministry, and English liberty,—which specious things found many ready to entertain them; and abundance of simple people were caught in the net, whereof some lives were lost; but the colonel had no hand in it, holding himself, at that time, obliged to be quiet. It is true, he still suspected insurrections of the *¶* Papists, and had secured his house and yards better than they were the winter before, against any sudden assaults."

From this Lady's subsequent information, it appears that about the 12th or 13th of October, 1663, her husband was arrested, as well as on the 19th, on suspicion of this plot, and was carried before the Marquis of Newcastle, but was discharged. His house, however, was searched, and, after being again kept in custody some time, he was sent under a guard to London.

Here then we have the best edition of this plot, as it was written at a time when the mystery of it had been dispelled by subsequent disclosures.—And here we have a picture of a fine Government after, what is called, "*the Usurpation*."—A king, restored to a crown, principally by the means of his Presbyterian friends; who, in the simplicity of their hearts, believed his promises and "declarations,"—first proves faithless, then commences persecutor; and when, by his repeated provocations, he has stung this people to madness, he sends out his satanic agents to tempt them to the commission of crime, that he may glut his revenge, and enjoy their property. This indeed, good Bishop Parker, was having them "in a siege," or "shut up in a net," as you term it; and hanging their heads and limbs over city gates, was a fine "recipe" for

allaying discontents, and making good subjects; but such practices, were it possible, I would whisper in your ear, were quite incompatible with the policy, principles, or taste, of Oliver Cromwell.¶

It is pretty certain from the deposition of Ralph Oates, the captain's eldest son, who upon being arrested impeached many of the confederates, that there had been other meetings prior to this in Farnley Wood; and especially one in the North of Yorkshire, at which, according to him, Major Greatehead had been present, and had proposed a scheme for supplying the insurgents with arms.

"Major Greatehead swore* by the mass," says Ralph, "that he would take Sir John Armitage's house with twenty men." Captain Hodgson also, another military veteran, had given countenance to these meetings, and many of the ejected ministers secretly encouraged them. The motto which the conspirators adopted upon this occasion sufficiently indicates the nature of their grievances, and justifies me in my assumption as to their chief cause. They, doubtless, were excited by many provocations, but more especially (I repeat it) by the "Act of uniformity."

Captain Oates being an old Republican officer, had, doubtless, distinguished himself on the same fields with Major Greatehead, Captains Hodgson and Pickering, and many others who lived in this vicinity. At the call of his country he first took up arms, and he probably laid them down when the army under Lambert was disbanded. Be this as it may, he had, after the Restoration, embraced a profession which, generally speaking, is far more honourable to a man, more beneficial to his country, and more compatible with the Christian character, than is that of a soldier. He was the village schoolmaster, and he taught his scholars in what had been a part of the Church of St. Mary, but is now the chancel end of the Chapel, as I have before noticed. From aged people I have heard that, upon his boys giving warning of the approach of military, he fled and was seen no more at Morley: which is not improbable, as the Chapel yard commands a distant view of

§ The character and end of Buckingham may be seen in Burnet's "Own Times," vol. 1, p. 160. And Hone's Table Book, vol. 1, p. 520. Gower is mentioned in Drake's York, and has left behind him little but the name.

¶ It appears from this that another massacre, similar to the one in Ireland, was seriously apprehended. What a disclosure of the state of things in 1663!!!—Every gentleman, in addition to this volume of Hutchinson's, should have the life of Lord William Russell, by his noble descendant, and other books which present a true picture of his times.

¶ See Burnet's "Own Times," vol. 1, p. 104—128.

* Swearing "by the mass" is very ancient. Cardinal Woisey, addressing himself to Sir Thomas More, swore—"By the mass thou art the verriest fool of all the council."—See Life of More, p. 67. The Duke of Norfolk also swore—"By the mass Mr. More it is perilous striving with princes"—"By God's body Mr. More," "*indignatio Principis Mors est.*" Ibid, page 281. What a subject is here for reflection!!! These, I call, the valuables, and "Curiosities in literature." See Appendix, note 1.

the road from Leeds, and as, it is certain, he was taken and executed. These old people, of the name of Batley, could perfectly recollect their forefathers often talking about "*Old Oiles*" (according to the village pronunciation, and that of our ancient English†) and together with one Elizabeth Broadbent, they remembered hearing of his excellent character both as a teacher and a neighbour, with the general lamentation which ensued upon his death; but nobody has had the thought to transmit any written account of him to posterity, so that it has fallen to my lot, as to one "born out of due time," to have the dying embers of a long tradition to stir up, being able to add no more than, that he lived at an old house in the middle of the village, at present occupied by Mr. Robert Smithies, as tenant to the Earl of Dartmouth.

From the descendants of John, or (as he is called by Drake) Samuel Ellis, I learn that he also had been a soldier and trumpeter in the army of the Parliament—that he had acquired some real estate, and lived upon it, at or near where Tingley house now stands; and that on his attainer, it was seized by the crown, its owner being hanged, drawn, and quartered.

John Fossard, or Forster, "the servant of Abraham Dawson, who lent him a horse," had certainly been induced by his master (the father of an old minister hereafter to be mentioned) either wholly, or in part, to join in this plot. He had been a cavalry soldier under Fairfax. This faithful servant, it was said, might have saved his own life by the sacrifice of his master's, but he disdained the thought; and, in gratitude for his constancy, his widow and children were almost wholly supported by the Dawsons.

Joseph Crowther had been a corporal in the Parliamentary army or under Cromwell. He was commonly called "Corporal Crowther," and to him, when at Morley, the "Agitators resorted," in a house on Bank's-hills, occupied at that period, by Crowthers, probably of the same family, and still in the possession of a descendant. As he does not seem to have been executed, doubtless, he fled his country, or he turned evidence. I have a remarkable chair in my possession which, it is not improbable, the corporal has often sat in, (if it was not, indeed, his own) and I call it "Corporal Crowther's Chair," as the discovery of it was accidental and surprising.

William Dickenson, after lying long concealed with Atkinson, in coal pits, near Gildersome, came one night late to his own dwelling, and rapping at a window, asked for some shoes and stockings, which, having received, he and Atkinson travelled to London; but perceiving there a large reward advertised for their apprehension, they escaped to Holland.‡ Atkinson was usually called "Lalway,"§ in that age when soubriquets were so common. His posterity may still be found near Gildersome.

Respecting the other Confederates who lived hereabouts, I have little to relate. I would merely remark it as a curious incident, that, in my time even, there have been persons of the very same names, and living near the very "spots" where their ancestors drew their first breath *before the Commonwealth times*. What townsman has not heard of the Nettletons, of Dunningley? and how many, like myself, have known Israel Rhodes,|| of Woodkirk?

Joshua Asquith, alias Cardmaker, alias Sparling, (from whom, perhaps, we have a descendant of the very same name) seems like many others, who met at "the Trench," to have escaped with his life; but whether by flight or not, is uncertain. The great ancestor of this man, undoubtedly, took his name from being a maker of cards, used in the dressing of flax or of wool. Hugh Cardmaker was Prior of St. John Baptist, at Bridgenorth. See Rymer, T. 1. first of Edward 4. *Archæologia*, v. 8. p. 157.

Of all the persons, however, engaged in this unfortunate enterprise, the character of most interest is that of Major Joshua Greatheed, who was committed to York Castle on account of it, and appears to have had a narrow escape; but as no mention is made of this plot in the "State Trials," and no information can be obtained from the office of the Clerk of the Arraignment at York, or from any document within my reach, it has happened, that in all my various endeavours to pry into the particulars of this gentleman's share in the concern, my curiosity has been baffled.

† Charnock, Marsden, and most of the other conspirators, appear to have fled to Holland.

§ It is curious to observe that in most conspiracies the chief actors have borne nicknames. Thus in the Gunpowder Plot, Garnet, Hall, and Tesmond, the Jesuits, were called by the names of "Whalley," "Oldcorn," and "Greenway," and so of the rest. See *Archæologia*, vol. 15, p. 137.

|| I find a Mr. John Rhodes (no doubt of the same family) living at Hague Hall, in 1692.—*Topcliffe Register*. This, with Flanshaw Hall and Topcliff, were common retreats for Dissenters in Charles and James 2nd's reigns.

† See Northumberland Household Book, page 22.

From papers in my possession it appears that the Major was born about 1615, and I suspect he lost his father when he was little more than seven years of age. A brother of his (Peter) was an eminent woollen manufacturer, under the Protectorate, and lived at Morley; and Thomas Greatheed, one of the first set of Trustees, was probably another brother. I find many families of this name (always spelt Greatheed) living hereabouts, so far back as 1588. *e. g.* Agnes, Nicholas, Sibbil, Robert, Richard, and John, who had a numerous offspring.

In early life the Major was married to one Susan, the daughter of a Mr. Ralph Crowther, of Gildersome, a man of some fortune, by which lady he had four sons and three daughters. His eldest son Joshua (whom circumstances incline me to think was deranged or impotent in some way or other) was killed or died unmarried and without issue in 1664, the year next after the plot; and, if I am right as to the person, he was buried at Batley on the 24th of May. His other sons and his three daughters* survived their father, who was certainly living in 1681, and probably died in 1684 or 5; but (it is most extraordinary) I cannot ascertain either the precise period of his death or the place of his interment. This may have been at Batley or at Morley, but that no stone should record the sepulture of a man so eminent is passing strange indeed!

That there were some wicked agents employed in the conspiracy, and through whose treachery our townsmen were betrayed, is manifest, wholly independent of the traditionary account or that of Mrs. Hutchinson. Indeed, the statement of Bishop Burnet alone puts that matter beyond doubt, and that many who were privy to it had "got wind" of the matter being "blown," is equally evident; but why the rest were not apprized of their danger before they assembled at "the Trench," or who the Judas was in this business, I never could discover, further than as before related.

I cannot dismiss the narrative of these unfortunate men without a passing tribute of respect for the principles by which they were

* One thing has often excited my astonishment, which is, that one of these ladies in her epistolary correspondence spelt so badly; but my wonder has ceased on seeing that even this was the case with that sweet, angelic, accomplished female—Lady Russell, and others of her rank. Indeed, besides that, our orthography was far from settled in their day, women have wonderfully advanced in the scale of society, if not in learning, since the seventeenth century.

actuated during the Civil War; and without regretting that by an error in judgment—by precipitancy and passion—and by the intrigues and machinations of diabolical emissaries, they should have been betrayed into the commission of a state crime, and the senseless project of revolutionizing a people who, as then, were not prepared for such a change.

Whoever has formed his notions of the soldiers of the Republic and Protectorate, either from the histories of other military men, or from what he may have read of these heroes in the delusive statements of venal writers, will, in my opinion, have formed them most absurdly. Their characters and actions, as portrayed by the best judges, pre-eminently distinguish them from all the warriors of ancient or of modern times. The far-famed soldiers of Greece and of Rome were actuated by no other spirit than the ambition of conquest, and the thirst for spoil; and the boasted conquerors of later ages have contended upon principles equally unjustifiable and shocking. The Republican soldiers of France, however righteous their cause, and just their quarrel, were yet atheists or infidels, who shut up the temples of God—proclaimed the "sovereignty of human reason"—pronounced death "an eternal sleep"—disturbed the repose of unoffending citizens, and denied even to the departed dead the "sad immunities of the grave."† Insensible to the common feelings of human nature—the exaltation of rank—the worth of private character—the infirmities of age—the innocence of youth, and the tears of beauty, were no protection from their remorseless vengeance. But the soldiers of the Republic of *England* were men of real worth—of kindly feelings—of exalted patriotism.‡ They took up arms from necessity and principle—they appeared in them with increasing splendor—they wielded them with irresistible might—they used them with moderation—they employed them only for the public welfare, and they laid them down when the public will commanded. They were not, like the mass of stipendiary, standing, armies—the very scum and refuse of the earth. They did not fight for pay, though they were obliged to receive it. They were not a band of factious men, fond of strife, or the "din of war." Their aim was not to fix a tyrant or

† In which respect they resembled Charles 2nd, and his more execrable ruffians. See Harris's *Life of Cromwell*, p. 400, and other authors. By way of contrast see Pepys's, under date of October 13, 1664, page 315.

‡ See Harris, p. 85. Noble's *Mems.* p. 159. Hodgson's *Mems.* p. 123. Rushworth, vol. 7, p. 1274, &c.

usurper on the throne; nor was it the imperious mandate of such an one that called them to battle. No! It was the voice of their beloved country which drew them from their peaceful abodes and industrious occupations,—it was the dictate of conscience and the love of freedom. The military insignia of the French Revolutionists displayed the ferocity of those monsters, and proclaimed them heathens; the Royalist army of Charles also displayed no symbols indicative of a regard to piety, and the notorious profligacy of that army greatly contributed to its final overthrow. But the Republicans of England, who contended for “*a Christian Magistracy*” and “*a Gospel Ministry*,” unfurled the banners of the cross and inscribed upon them—“The Lord of Hosts,”—“God with us.” The other armies, when in camp, exhibited hordes of gamblers, drunkards, and debauchees; but the “tents of Israel” contained men whose time was occupied in reading and meditation—In rational intercourse or religious observances. The bulletins of the Atheists attributed every success to an “arm of flesh;”—the Tyrant and his myrmidons to their boasted “chivalry” or superior discipline;—but the Sons of Freedom, with humility, ascribed all their victories “*to the providence of God.*”

Such soldiers as these the world never saw.*—The mighty Cromwell!—the “thunderbolt of war!”—unrivalled in the cabinet, the camp, and the field;—the profound and enterprising Fairfax;—the faithful and intrepid Lambert—were, individually a host of themselves; and their private characters will appear best by contrast with those of other military chiefs, of whatever age or nation.

Whoever considers how few of the Republicans, at the commencement of the war, had been inured to arms—how few of their leaders had been bred up in camps, and what vast obstacles they had to surmount, will soon perceive that the wonders they achieved are solely to be attributed to their personal merits,† their noble sentiments,‡ and the

* Even Clarendon, in a speech to Parliament soon after the Restoration, on the question of disbanding the Republican forces, thus describes them:—“His Majesty,” says he, “consents to this measure, yet, let me tell you, no other Prince in Europe would be willing to disband such an army—an army to which victory is entailed, and which, humanly speaking, could hardly fail of conquest whithersoever it should be led.—An army whose order and discipline—whose sobriety and manners—whose courage and success have made it famous and terrible over the world.” Parliamentary History.

† “They were certainly,” says Bishop Burnet, “the bravest, the best disciplined, and the soberest army that has been known in these latter ages.—Every soldier was able to do the functions of an officer.”

justice of their cause. And while, to a reflecting mind, the details of similar transactions, in the general, will be tedious or painful, the exploits of these illustrious men will be interesting and profitable. To all, however, it must be evident, that whatever portion of liberty their posterity once enjoyed, was wrested from the grasp of power by their manly struggles in the unequal contest. When, therefore, in pacing the burial ground of our Chapel, I chance to cast my eyes upon those spots where our Republican families are laid, the strain of the sublime Ossian recurs to me—“Peace to the souls of the heroes—their deeds were great in fight!—let them ride around me on clouds—let them shew their features in war.”

Amidst our regret at the absence of further information as to Major Greatehead and Captain Oates, in the affair of the conspiracy, it is some consolation that we have had preserved to us the Memoirs of their contemporary and friend, Captain Hodgson, of Coley hall, near Hipperholme, written by himself, and which may give us some idea of his associates; and this is the more fortunate, inasmuch as those sapient gentlemen who have favoured the public with this work, have also, kindly, presented us with the Memoirs of a celebrated Royalist of the same age, written also by himself. The book is entitled “Original Memoirs, written during the great Civil War, being the life of Sir Henry Slingsby§ and of Captain Hodgson, with notes;”—and from these “Notes” I infer, that the intention of the publishers, in 1806, was

† In a remonstrance to parliament, after it had become faithless, these patriots thus addressed it:—“We do not,” said they, “look upon ourselves as a band of Janissaries—hired only to fight the battles of the parliament, ‘We have voluntarily taken up arms for the liberties of the nation of which we are a part, and, before we lay them down we will see that end provided for.’”

§ Sir Henry Slingsby was made a Baronet, 23rd October, 1623, and his second son was made a Gentleman of the Bed chamber, by Charles 1st. In 1642, he met the King at York, and gave him five hundred pounds, and his son gave him two hundred pounds. “This Sir Henry Slingsby, for his loyalty to his prince,” says the virulent writer of MSS. collections, for the West Riding, in the Leeds Library, “was condemned by a factious and rebellious party, in a high court of justice, upon the information of one Ralph Waterhouse—a very mean fellow—and beheaded, or rather basely murdered.”

Whoever will take the trouble to consult the state trials, shall soon find whether the appellation of “very mean fellow” is best suited to the character of Major Waterhouse, or to that of the man who gives him this epithet. Suffice it here just to observe, that Slingsby was convicted on the evidence of Capt. Overton, the governor, and Lieutenant Thompson, as well as of the Major; and that his guilt was manifest. He attempted to raise a mutiny in Hull garrison—to seduce the officers there by proffering commissions from Charles, and, in short, to rekindle the flames of war. So much for the falsehood about his being “basely murdered”—and so much for the assurance of a person who has supposed that people would take his calumnies “Upon trust.” See Goodwin. vol 4, p. 518

to present a contrast of opposite characters to the disadvantage of the latter. If so, I am content to take them upon the footing of their own statement, and would beg a perusal of the book by any man of candour and liberal education. To me, I declare, the portrait of the one appears a kind of foil which displays to the best advantage the beauty of the other. It presents a contrast as striking in degree (though not of like kind) as that of a hideous negro woman with her flat nose, thick lips, and woolly head, and that of a fair Circassian, or as the darkness of night and the light of day. If to disembodied spirits it is ever permitted to become once more interested in the trivial concerns of this transitory life, and the captain could have framed the wish of Job—"O that mine adversary had written a book," he would certainly have chosen such a man to guide his pen as was this baronet;—but I will dismiss the comparison, by merely observing, that the narrative of the one is written with all the phlegm and coldness of a recruiting serjeant, while that of the other exhibits the generous, spirited, and patriotic Englishman.

"When first I put my hand to the Lord's work," says this pious Republican, "I did it not rashly, but had many an hour, day and night to know my way, it being a time the nation was filled with rumours and fears of some bustling between the king and his grand council—the parliament that was called before the rebellion in Ireland;—and, the first thing I took notice of, the king was gone to Scotland to settle the service book, but it would not pass according to his mind—and while he was contending with them, news comes to him that the Rebels were up in Ireland, murdering all the Protestants before them, men, women, and children; at which tidings he leaves the Scots and returns to his parliament in London; and not being long there, the Scots had raised a considerable army and marched to the borders to vindicate their rights, as they pretended. The king would have had his parliament to have declared them rebels, which they refused, and to have granted money in England to suppress them by force, in which they were shy. At last he raises the train bands and other forces to march towards the borders, and coming to a treaty with the Scots, commissioners were appointed on both sides, and met at Rippon, and agreed upon articles; but, not being pleasing at court, they were afterwards burnt

by the common hangman. Thus, ill humours began to breed through the three nations, and sprung on a pace to a very great height. Papers flew up and down in every place. That dreadful news of Ireland put a damp upon all honest spirits, the common report being of two hundred thousand murdered. Things began to look sadly at home—the Papists grew high—the Protestant party much discouraged. His majesty, with a guard, demands five members out of the house of commons, but was disappointed by reason of their absence that day. It seems he took the huff and withdrew himself, guards and party, to Newmarket, and by degrees to York, to set up the standard at Nottingham, and to lay siege to Hull.

"These things caused serious thoughts in many, and amongst other things that I read and heard were these following,—namely, that the safety of the people is the supreme law both of nature and nations, and that there was a people before there were rulers and governors set over them; and when these converted the government laid down by law, into an armed force, then did the people betake themselves to thoughts of reformation. This has been an old practice whether the government be monarchy, aristocracy, or democracy. The fountain hath been *from the agreement of the people*,* and that rulers and governors are accountable to the people for their misgovernment, when they transgress the rules and laws by which the people did agree they would be governed—that is, the people assembled in parliaments or chief councils. Now I have found that England never was a pure monarchy, for that is tyranny, but a political monarchy, governed by laws. It had a King, the chiefest officer, one single person, who was compassed with laws *above him*, being made for him to rule by, and with a necessity of concurrence with Lords and Commons below him for future legislation, power, and authority; and he, at his coronation, swears to rule his people according to those laws.

"But, at this time, the breach between the King and Parliament grew wider each day, and preparations were making for war in each place. The country people were threatened to have their arms taken from them; and

* It was upon such premises as these, as my Tracts, &c., shew, that the Republicans of the seventeenth century, built their incontrovertible arguments. The slavish maxims of dark ages and despotic times and governments, they regarded with ineffable contempt.

that noise of the dreadful massacre in Ireland, startled many, and constrained them to whet their swords, and prepare such instruments as they could to defend themselves; which was done by many that did foresee the evil, and observe the success."

Such were the reflections of Capt. Hodgson, and such, doubtless, were those of his associates. The Memoirs being short, and not intended for publication, there is no mention of Major Greatheed and Capt. Oates, until he comes to the narrative of his own arrest and imprisonment for "the Farnley Wood Plot;" and then, alas! the reference to them is brief, merely apprizing us of Sir Thomas Gower, the then Sheriff, having told him that "they had for some time absconded, and were not to be found—that a declaration had been drawn up by them—that their intention was to set up the Long Parliament, and that they had consulted with many of the members of it, among whom there was some disagreement."

Whatever disagreement there might be amongst the Republicans, as to the policy of the measures proposed, there seems evidently a disagreement between the tale of Bishop Parker, who states that the Major "voluntarily discovered the whole affair at York," and that of Sheriff Gower, who stated that he "absconded and was not to be found." This, I have no doubt, was the fact; as Gower was, of all persons, the most likely to be informed upon the subject, and could have no motive for telling Hodgson † his prisoner, a falsehood, at this time. Besides which he seems from Mrs. Hutchinson's narrative, to have been deep in the secrets of Charles 2nd. The assertion, therefore, of Parker, about the voluntary confession of Smithson and Greatheed, seems either to evince his ignorance of the truth, or his disposition to pervert it; which may well enough be credited by those who know that this "Vicar of Bray" was the calumniator of Andrew Marvel—Lickspittle to James 2nd, and Editor of the "Tory Chronicle." A man of whom the common saying was, in his day, that "he had wit enough to colour anything though never so foul, and impudence enough to affirm anything though never so false."

Before I conclude this part of my narrative, I would solicit the attention of the

reader to an extract from a book full of amusing matter, and, as an authority, as unsuspecting and satisfactory as can well be imagined. It is "The Diary of Samuel Pepy's, Esq." to which I refer, a gentleman who was Fellow of the Royal Society, and Secretary to the Admiralty, in the reigns of Charles and James the 2nd. When the nature of the work—the situation and opportunities of the man—the times in which he flourished, and the company he was ever keeping are considered, well indeed may we value it as throwing the clearest light on an interesting period of history; and, certainly, not the less because the matter was never designed for publication. Under date of 1663, is this entry:—

"Mr. Blackburn and I," says Mr. Pepys, "fell to talk about many things wherein he was very open to me. First, in that of Religion, he makes it a matter of greater prudence for the King and Council to suffer liberty of conscience; and imputes the loss of Hungary to the Turks, from the Emperor denying them this liberty of their religion. He says, that many pious Ministers of the word of God—some thousands of them, do now beg their bread; ‡ and told me how highly the present Clergy do now carry themselves everywhere, so that they are hated and laughed at by every body; amongst other things for their excommunications, which they send upon the least occasion almost that can be. And I am convinced in my judgment, not only from his discourse, but by my thoughts in general, that the present Clergy will never heartily go down with the generality of the commons of England. *They have been so used to liberty and freedom*, and they are so acquainted with the pride and debauchery of the present Clergy. He gave me many stories of the affronts which the Clergy receive in all places of England, from *the gentry* and ordinary persons of the parish. He do tell me what the city thinks of General Monk, as a most perfidious man, that hath betrayed every body, and the king also; who, as he thinks, and his party, and so I have heard other good friends of the king say, it might have been better for the king to have had his hands a little bound for the present than to bring in such a *crew* of poor people about him,*

† The reader may see this sad tale confirmed by the Register of Whitkirk, near Leeds; or he may consult the Gentleman's Magazine for 1811, p. 22. and 210; and Whitaker's, Leeds (or Whalley) p. 507. See also post, p. 94.

* See a Tract lately published from a MS. in the British Museum, entitled "Flagellum Parliamentarium."

† Capt. Hodgson (be it noted) was an acting Magistrate under the Commonwealth. His consequence may be judged of from what is said page 87 of the Memoirs.

and be liable to satisfy the demands of every one of them. He tells me that the king, by name, with all his dignitaries, is prayed for by them that they call 'fanatiques,' as heartily and powerfully as in any of the other churches that are thought better; and that, let the king think what he will, it is them that must help him in the day of war. For so generally they are *the most substantial sort of people and the soberest*; and did desire me to observe it to my Lord Sandwich, among other things that of all the *old army now* you cannot see a man begging about the streets;—but, what? you shall have this Capt. turned shoemaker—the Lieut. a baker—this, a brewer—that a haberdasher—this common soldier a porter; and every man in his apron and frock, *as if they had never done anything else*. Whereas the other will go with their belts and swords, swearing and cursing, and thieving, and running into people's houses by force, oftentimes to carry away something. And this is the difference between the temper of the one and of the other; and concludes, and as I think, with some reason, that *the spirits of the Old Parliament Soldiers are so quiet and so contented with Gods providences*, that the king is safer from any harm meant him by them, one thousand times more than from his own discontented cavaliers. And then, to the public management of business, it is done, as he observes, so loosely and carelessly, that the kingdom can never be happy with it, every man looking to himself, and his own lust and luxury; and that half of what money the parliament gives the king, is not so much as gathered.† And to this purpose he told me how the Bellamys, who had some of the Northern counties assigned to them for the Petty Warrant Victualling, have often complained to him that they cannot get it collected, for that nobody minds, or, if they do, they wont pay it in; whereas, which is a very remarkable thing, he hath been told by some of the Treasurers of War here of late, to whom the most of the £120,000 monthly was paid, that for the most months the payments were gathered so duly, that they seldom had so much or more than forty shillings, or the like, short, in the whole collection; whereas, now, the very Commissioners for Assessments and other public payments, are such persons, and those they choose in the country so like themselves, that from top to bottom there is not a man careful

† The reader will see an instance of this hereafter.

of any thing, or if he be, is not solvent—that betwixt the begger and the knave the king is abused the best part of his revenue. Mr. Blackburn further observed to me some certain notice that he had of the *present Plot* so much talked of. He was told by Mr. Rushworth how one Capt. Oates, a great discoverer, did employ several to bring and seduce others into a plot; and that one of his agents met with one that would not listen to him, nor conceal what he had offered him, but so detected the trepan;‡ he did also insist much upon the cowardice and corruption of the king's guards and militia."—Vol. 1, p. 261.

Captain Oates, I am quite sure, never employed agents to "trepan" others; but it is evident that this brave and unfortunate man was "trepanned" himself. Mr. Rushworth, certainly, must have been misinformed, or Mr. Blackburn must have been mistaken in this matter; for had the Captain been an agent of the Government, it is not likely that he would have suffered, as we know he did. In short, there is nothing to depend upon in the latter part of this extract; but much in the former part, which is, in fact, so interesting as to merit republication. It is an instructive and decisive document, and it should make people ashamed of themselves, who have reflected on the Protectorate government. "*They have been so used to liberty and freedom*," says Mr. Blackburn, and the ingenious Secretary of the Admiralty in 1663, re-echoes his words,—they have been so used to liberty and freedom," that Stuart, Priests, and Cavaliers will never go down with the nation again. And then the opposite spirit and conduct of the Republicans and Royalists! Oh what a picture!—what a contrast is here presented!

"Again," (under date of January 11th,) says Mr. Pepy's "by invitation at St. James's, where, at Mr. Coventry's chamber, I dined with my Lord Berkeley, Sir George Carteret, Sir Edwd. Turner, Sir Ellis Layton, and one Mr. Seymour, a fine gentleman,§ where was admirable good discourse of all sorts—serious

‡ Upon the whole I am satisfied that this was, in fact, a Government Plot.—that Blood, of crown stealing notoriety, and other miscreants, were employed as stated by Mrs. Hutchinson, and that our unfortunate townsmen were the dupes of their satanic practices. See Evelyn, vol. 1, p. 413.

§ No doubt the same who is mentioned in the *Life of Lord Russell*, p. 86—a zealous Protestant, and a man of talent—appointed by the Commons for their Speaker in 1679, but rejected by the Court party. He appears, however, to have been a man of no consistency, by his adhering, subsequently, to James.

and pleasant. This morning I stood by the King, arguing with a pretty Quaker woman, that delivered to him a desire of hers in writing. The King shewed her Sir J. Minnes as a man the fittest for her quaking religion, she modestly arguing nothing until he began seriously to discourse with her, arguing the truth of his spirit against hers, she replying still with these words—'O King!'—and thou'd him all along. The general talk still is, of Col. Turner, about the robbery,|| who it is thought will be hanged. I heard the Duke of York tell to night how letters are come that fifteen are condemned for the late Plot, by the Judges at York; and, among others, *Capt. Oates*,¶ against whom it was proved that he drew his sword at his going out, and flinging away the scabbard said, that either he would return victor or be hanged.

"At dinner," lastly says Mr. Pepys, "we talked much of Cromwell—all saying he was a brave fellow, and did owe his crown he got to himself *as much as any man that ever got one.*"

It is quite manifest, from these minutes, that Captain Oates (as I before intimated) was a real, and not a pretended, conspirator—an unfortunate seduced, and not a wicked emissary. Oates, "the discoverer," might possibly be his son Ralph, who, to save his own life, told all he knew of the Plot, and, perhaps, more. It is far from improbable also, I think, that Blood, who attempted to steal the crown out of the Tower in 1671, was another informer. He was certainly a spy of Charles's.—(See Evelyn's *Memoirs*, 413.)—Indeed, the Spy System* was never more encouraged, or more artfully conducted, than under this reign. Blood, it appears, had even a pension allowed him† about 1670.—See *Biog. Brit.* 2342.)—Doubtless he had no objection to "*blood money.*"

But the most remarkable passage, extracted as above, is the last, and it is the more amusing from the time in which it was written—scarce three years after the blessed "Restoration!!!" It contains a volume of

meaning, and it applies itself so forcibly to the understanding, that comment is almost needless.—It is plain that at this dinner not only the character of Cromwell, personally, but that of his government, was freely discussed.‡ It was not merely the excellency of the man, but of the ruler and his government—it was not merely the wonders he had achieved, but the benefits he had conferred upon the nation, about which there was such perfect unanimity. Can any rational being doubt that these "men in office" were contrasting the past with the, then, present times? or that bitter were the pangs which produced this concord? Ah no! There was every thing in their circumstances and situation to give them a wrong bias; but the dictates of conscience—the respect for truth—and a sigh for the departed glories of their country prevailed.

But what was this "crown" which Cromwell acquired? Was it the crown which Blood stole out of the Tower, after his master had obtained it by bribery, by perfidy, by sycophancy, and by falsehood? No! That crown, though offered by the nation, he had the greatness to refuse. The crown of Cromwell was a crown of glory—conferred upon him by the common consent of mankind, and the general homage of Foreign States. Without any appeal to arms or money employed, all Europe, involuntarily, bowed before it.§ The histories even of Foreigners shall proclaim his title; and the crown "*he got to himself*," while here on earth, I have no doubt he will ever wear, in the communion of "just men made perfect."||

Having presented the reader with all the accounts which I can gather of the "Farnley Wood Plot," I shall now lay before him the result of many tedious examination of Deeds, Equity Proceedings, and Original Documents long since lost and forgotten, in order that the mystery of this transaction may be somewhat dispelled, and the character of a man, great in his day, brought more fully out. Nor let any one be offended at my prolixity,

‡ James the 2nd, when abroad, remarked, "that the English Catholics were royalists; while the Protestants were the friends of Cromwell. *Life of Lord William Russell*, p. 25. Burnet, vol. 1, p. 116.

§ Clarendon even is forced to say that "Cromwell's greatness at home was but a shadow of the glory he had abroad." See Appendix, letter "B." Burnet's "*Own Times*," p. 130—131; Harris, 407. Rapin, &c. See also a fine Anecdote of Cromwell in Chandler's *History of Persecution*; p. 174.

|| But see, especially, an interesting communication to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, (vol. 61, p. 200) by a truly respectable person whom I once knew, and whose initials I recognise. Appendix, No. 5.

|| An account of it appears in the *State Trials*. He was hanged.

¶ The reader must be warned not to confound the "Presbyterian" with the "Popish Plot," in which the name of Titus Oates appears, as this did not happen till 1678. Our Captain Oates was called *Thomas*, and we have still a *Thomas Oates*, in Morley, who, for bravery, does no discredit to his name.

* How early the Spy System prevailed in England, appears from the *Roll Expenses* of Edward 1st, at Rhuddland Castle, 1281, in which is this curious entry:—"To a certain female spy, to purchase her a house, £1 0s. 0d."

† Pennant's *London*, 266. Evelyn, vol. 1, p. 413. *Archæol.* vol. 16, p. 71.

since many of my neighbours and our descendants may feel a lively interest in a topic which has been variously agitated during the long period of one hundred and sixty years.

As a necessary preliminary to what will follow, I must be allowed to carry back the reader, from the time we refer to, about three or four years, *i. e.*—to the year 1659. In that unhappy year, as is well known, the reins of government dropped from the feeble hands which, for a moment, held them, into those of a Council torn by factions, fears, and jealousies, and ill prepared for the formation of a permanent Republic. The sad expedient of reinstating a worthless ¶ family, seemed, therefore, to be approved; for the Presbyterian party, now the strongest in the state, had deserted their friends, their principles, and the “good cause.” Chiefly actuated by resentment towards those who had checked their ambition and intolerance; with a blindness, a baseness, and ingratitude which has but one parallel in the history of mankind, they threw themselves into the arms of their inveterate enemies, and bawled aloud for “the Restoration.” For some time after the return of Charles “*the desired*,” the nation, as Burnet remarks, was “drunk and mad”—“a spirit of extravagant joy spread over it which occasioned the throwing off the very profession of virtue and piety.” Yes! the deluded slaves shook their chains in triumph, and hailed the advent of legitimacy as the era of liberty! How well do the events of this period illustrate a remark of the great Napoleon! “In revolutions,” says he, “every thing is forgotten—the benefits you confer to day are no more remembered—the side once changed, gratitude, friendship, parentage—every tie vanishes, and all sought for is self-interest.”**

But God and man concurred to punish the apostasy of the times.†† A dreadful tempest which arose after the death of Cromwell, and was succeeded by a comet, gave fearful omen of those troubles which persecution, pestilence,

¶ Lord Orford, Lord Byron, and innumerable other great and literary men have pronounced the same judgment. One of them calls the Stuarts “a worthless and exploded family;” and Mr. Fox’s Historical Work displays the propriety of the former epithet. The reader may there see who were Pensioners upon the Court of France.

** See “Napoleon in Exile,” vol. 1, p. 82, by B. E. O’Meara.

†† See Pepys’s Diary, p. 315—this is under date 1664, and is worth perusing. See *Archæologia*, vol. 6, p. 82; and “God’s terrible voice in the city,” by Vincent, &c. Pepys’s Diary, p. 342. “Great frosts, snow, and winds,” says Evelyn; “indeed it hath been a year of prodigies in this nation—plague, war, fire, rains, tempest, and comet.” See also Ellis’s Letters, vol. 4, p. 35, Second Series.

and fire were to bring upon the nation. So awful was the visitation of the plague alone, that it swept away near a hundred thousand persons;—the walls of the Metropolis had inscribed upon them in every part, “Lord have mercy upon us.” Grass grew in the very streets,—where now only was heard the midnight cry of the funeral bellman—“*Bring out your dead.*” Oh! what a picture of horror does the narrative of these judgments present!—and oh! how hard must have been that heart that was unmoved by them!

To return, however, to the point in view.—If the defection was so great, in 1660, as Historians* represent—if “Hollis was made a Lord ‘*for his merits*’ in bringing about the Restoration”—if Annesley and Cooper—if Monk and Manchester were preferred to offices of trust, or invested with honours, on the like account—if some even of the Presbyterian Ministers were advanced †—nay, what is still more “passing strange,” if Fairfax!—the noble Fairfax! was so far cajoled as to ride at the head of three hundred country gentlemen through York,‡ with swords drawn and bareheaded, amidst the thunder of cannon, the ringing of bells, the illumination of bonfires, and the shouts of the populace—if many were deceived by the promises and declarations of Charles, and others were corrupted by his offers, surely something may be said—not as an apology, but by way of palliation for inferiors who “sailed with the stream, and accepted the “candle ends” and “cheese parings” of his ministry. Among the number of these (my regard to historic truth compels me to confess, with grief,) was Major Greatehead—the man of chief influence in this neighbourhood.

It appears that in 1662 the Major obtained the office of Collector or Receiver of the Revenue arising from hearths and stoves, within the city of York, and West Riding of the County, along with Edward Copley, Esq., of Batley, and William Batt, Esq., of Barksland. This office it must be remarked, was not, at this time, in the gift of the crown but of the parliament, as appears by the King’s speech, in March, 1664. Sometime, however, after he had obtained it, the Major became bound by bond to the king, for securing his

* *Inter Alia*. See Life of Lord Russell, p. 22. Drake. Burnet’s “Own Times,” vol. 1, p. 137–147.

† This was just what they wanted, and it will be a disgrace to their memories, but a jewel in the crown of Cromwell for ever.

‡ Drake’s York, 174. Pepys, vol. 1. Evelyn, vol. 1, p. 310.

proportion of the sum of £2,650 payable to government, and for some half-years made good his accounts and payments; but having collected, and retaining in his hands, (as was alleged) the sum of £1334 3s. 0d. at Lady-day, 1666, and refusing or neglecting the payment of this duty, the Earl of Danby, then Lord Treasurer of England, issued his warrant, directed to his Majesty's Remembrancer of the Exchequer, to put the bond in suit; and an extent issued, accordingly, against the real estate of the Major. On the 31st of October, 1676, an inquisition was taken by the Sheriff, when it was found that, at the time when the Major gave his bond, he was seized in fee of diverse lands and tenements in these parts. The Auditor, it seems, charged him with a debt of £3334 3s. but admitted the receipt, in respect thereof, of the sum of £2000, so that, in fact, there only remained due upon a balance, the sum of £1334 3s. 0d.; and of this there was an affidavit of the Major, and other proofs, that Batt, or his deputies, had in hand £1039 7s. which, with a surcharge upon Batt's officers, of £31 8s. 0d. amounted to £1070 15s. 0d.; and it was alleged, and sworn, that £263 8s. 0d. was due from Copley; which, taking for granted its accuracy, would leave nothing to be accounted for. Indeed, the affidavit of a Mr. Radcliffe, residing at that time at Bruntcliffe, put that matter beyond a doubt, as it shewed that Batt and Copley were the only real defaulters, and completely exonerated their colleague.

It was probably this, and other similar defalcations of the day, which occasioned the passing of the act 20th of Charles 2nd, chap. 2, making a sum of £12 per cent., payable for all monies retained by Officers of Revenue being defaulters; but it seems there had been some peccadilloes before times in the collection of this branch of the Revenue; for even, in 1663, there was an additional act, "for the better ordering and collecting it."

I cannot relate how this curious affair terminated, nor is it material to my history. It will be more amusing, as well as instructive, to trace this singular Tax to its origin; which I shall endeavour to do briefly, as the subject is worthy of investigation.

The Hearth Tax, commonly called "Chimney Money," was imposed by bill, passed in March, 1662, or (as it is ludicrously § and

"cavalierly" called) *the 14th of Charles 2nd!* It was not, however, strictly speaking, a new tax, but an old one revived.—The hint, at least, was taken from the duty on fauge or fumage laid upon his Norman subjects, by the Black Prince, after the dukedom of Aquitain was granted to him, and consisted of twelve-pence upon every fire; which duty was again derived from the well-known Tax, formerly paid to the Popes, under the name of "Peter's Pence," being one penny for every chimney that smoked. The sum, which this duty raised in Henry the 8th's time amounted to about £7500 per annum, and is said to have been more than doubled by the Hearth Tax of Charles 2nd; by which every hearth and stove of every dwelling in England and Wales, except such as paid not to church and poor, was subject to a duty of two shillings per annum, payable at Michaelmas and Lady-day.¶ This Tax, being loudly complained of as burthensome to the people, was commuted for the still worse Tax upon Windows, which began in the reign of William, and as so far extended as to have become one of the most oppressive of our national burthens.

The Copleys and the Batts, with whom Major Greatheed, in advanced life, appears to have been intimate, were families of so much distinction hereabouts, in the seventeenth century, that it will enrich my Work considerably to notice them, however briefly;—for a more extended pedigree, I must refer the reader to the MSS. Collections* in the Leeds Library.

The first of the family of Copley recorded is Adam, who married Ann, the daughter of Thomas Rishworth, of Rishworth, near Halifax. He bore—argent—a bend sable—an eaglet displayed in chief vert, and a cross crossed in best of the second. His motto was "Pugna me sub Cruce." "He was slain at the siege of York, under William the Conqueror. His crest was a cup covered sable, and he left issue a son called Hugh."

by divine right, and wholly irrespective of the national will, thus to date the acts of their government—and it is as contemptible as it is absurd. After bringing upon a nation all the horrors of Civil War and Anarchy, by their own stupidity and wickedness, these people, or their descendants, affect to have governed in the place of far better and more able rulers than themselves.—Had the rebellion in 1745, succeeded, perhaps we should have seen a few more alterations in our Statute Book—although James abdicated the crown, and parliament appointed his successor.

¶ Pepys, vol. 1, p. 133.

* These MSS. be it, however, noted, are as remarkable for their omissions and partiality, as for their inaccuracy and virulence. Not a word is said about many celebrated families—merely, because they were offensive to the writers.

§ It appears to be a practice in England, at least as ancient as the reign of Henry the 6th, for persons who claim to govern

One of his descendants was that famous Robert Crostete (Greathead), Bishop of Lincoln, of whom I have before made mention,—“a formidable scourge,” as is well known, “to papal usurpation,” and who died in 1253.

Omitting the intermediate links of this pedigree, I shall take it up again, at Edward Copley, of Batley, Esq., son and heir of † Alvera Copley, of the same place, who married Dorothy, daughter of Sir William Mallory, of Halton Park, Knt. The virulent writer of the MS. collections in the Leeds Old Library, with more spleen probably than truth,† observes, that “he paid Oliver’s leeches, to save his estate, twelve hundred and forty-six pounds.”—Credat Judæus. If true however, this salutary mode of drawing blood was something different from that which was practised upon poor Leighton, Burton, Lord Wm. Russel, Sidney,‡ Lady Lisle, and innumerable other sufferers, by the Stuarts.

To Edward, succeeded Alvera Copley, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Savile, which Elizabeth, married to her second husband, Richard Banks, Esq. Edward Copley, Esq., of Batley, the person who, as I believe, was engaged in the affair of Heath Money, with Greathead and Batt, was the second son, but heir of the last Alvera Copley, by his second wife, Beatrice, daughter of Adam Hilton, of Hilton, Esq. He married the daughter of a Mr. Butterworth, (Susan) by whom he had issue, a daughter; but by his second wife, he had Frances, Edward, John, (who was Rector of Emley and Thornhill, and steward to Sir George Savile,) Elizabeth and Jane. He died in 1676—his son, John, in 1732.

Since writing the above, I find from the small MS. collections of the late Richard Walker, Esq., of Ridings, near Birstal, that

† Alvera Copley, of Batley, had a daughter “Issabel,” who married Sir Robert Savile, of Howley. He was a student of Lincoln’s Inn, where he was buried, 5th of February, 1598, æt. 38. His son and heir, was the Edward, who married Miss Mallory, as above-mentioned.

‡ I have several reasons for believing that this branch of the Copleys were averse to the despotism of the Stuarts, and not ill affected to Oliver.

§ To say nothing, moreover, about fines which were laid upon people, in the reigns of the Stuarts, on mere suspicion of guilt, and where not a shadow of proof existed. See Rapin, vol. 2, p. 173, &c. fo. These fines upon people, fomenting Civil War, were common in Henry the 7th’s reign. See Ellis’s Letters, vol. 1, p. 38.

|| The case may be found in so common a publication, as the Gentleman’s Magazine, vol. 98, Part Second, p. 17:—or Hargrave’s State Trials, vol. 4, p. 105, where the proceedings are at length. A more cruel and deliberate murder was never perpetrated—one only parallel is to be found in history. See Hume, vol. 4, p. 213.

I am right in my conjecture; as this gentleman (the Edward Copley, particularly alluded to) was living at Batley in 1667.

Edward Copley, if not a Barrister, was a Magistrate, residing at Batley Hall, the family seat; for I find one Thomas Lofte, clerk to him, buried in 1674, in the South aisle of the Church. It was, no doubt, to this Edward that Sir Thomas Gower addressed the letter mentioned by Capt. Hodgson, in page 185 of his Memoirs.

FAMILY OF BATT, OF OAKWELL.

The family of Batt, of Oakwell Hall, near Birstal, bore arms argent a cheveron—three Batts or rere mice sable displayed.

The first of whom I find mention was Henry, who lived in the reigns of Henry 8th and Edward 6th, and died in the second of Mary. This gentleman purchased the Manors of Birstal, Heckmondwike, and Heaton, in Bradfordale. He seems to have had two sons—Henry and Robert, who was Fellow and Vice-master of University College, Oxford.

Henry (the heir-at-law) appears to have been a most eccentric and unprincipled character. He was found by an inquisition,¶ taken at Elland in the forty-third year of Elizabeth, to have appropriated to his own use monies which had been left with him, by the Vicar of Birstal, for erecting a School;—also to have pulled down and sold the great Bell of Birstal Church,** and to have demolished the Vicarage-House, thenceforward standing in the Church-yard; and a decree of compensation was made by Lord Ellesmere, the Chancellor, against his son John, in the second year of James the 1st. This man who, it was found, inherited great property, and was his father’s executor, inherited also his principles; for he had the coolness to convert the materials of the Vicarage into a dwelling upon his own land; and he had the baseness, in 1642, to present Charles the 1st, when at York, with a hundred pounds of his stolen wealth. He married Martha, a daughter of the Rev. T. Mallory, D.D., of Chester, by whom he had a son—John, drowned in the Irish Channel when returning with his father from Virginia.

¶ From MS. authority furnished me by my worthy friends at Birstal.

** This villainous act appears to have been done under colour of legality. See an explanation in Stowe’s Annals, p. 1135. The destruction of Bells commenced with Henry 8th and his Reformers, and they were sold from a spirit of rapacity. Numbers unquestionably were sent abroad. See Ellis’s Letters, Second Series, vol. 2, p. 140.

The other sons of Henry, the dilapidator, were William, Thomas, and Henry, the two last of whom were living in Virginia, in 1667. He had besides two daughters—Elizabeth, who married Richard Marsh, D.D. (Dean of York) and Martha.

William, the second son, succeeded to the family estates, and resided, as his brother and forefathers had done, at Oakwell Hall. He was the person who was Collector of Hearth Money with Copley and Greatehead. He married Elizabeth, daughter of William Horton, of Barkisland, Esq., and had issue from her William, Gledhill, John, Thomas, who died young, and some daughters.

William (the son) was slain on his return from London, December the 9th, 1684; but in what manner seems now unknown. How frequent assassinations* were about this period may be learned from Evelyn's *Memoirs*, p. 542, and serious duels† were as common.

Gledhill died s. p. in 1684-5—his handwriting I possess.

John Batt, of Oakwell, Esq., married the daughter of — Metcalf, Esq., and died s. p. in 1707;—his widow married to her second husband, John Smith, Esq., of Heath, (near Wakefield) I believe. It will appear, hereafter, why I am so minute in this pedigree.

Such were the gentry with whom Major Greatehead received the sop, and made his peace, soon after the Restoration. They were certainly people of fortune—of ancient families, and of some consequence in this neighbourhood. I can only guess at their principles from circumstances; but whatever they were, and though not a blot had been seen upon their escutcheons, it must needs be owned that, by the "Job" alluded to, his laurels, at least, became tarnished, who had been the follower of Cromwell, the favourite of Fairfax, and the friend of Lambert.

It is not for his submission to the government of Charles that I blame the Major, since that, I presume, was demanded by the public voice; but for his acceptance of a mercenary office under it. Had the then parliament and people of England thought

* Assassination was a characteristic of what was called "loyalty" in the seventeenth century, as it seems to have been in much later times. Dr. Dorilaus, Envoy to the Parliament of Holland, was murdered in 1649. Anthony Ascham, Ambassador at Madrid, in 1660; and one of the villains was a servant of Lord Clarendon. Bradshaw, nephew to the President, narrowly escaped the dagger at Copenhagen. Cromwell's escapes are well known.

† Even the mild and peaceable Lord William Russell appears to have been engaged in two duels.

proper to have called to the throne a Calmuck Tartar, or a Cherokee Chieftain—nay, had they even "placed the crown upon a hedge-state," I should have said, with the Earl of Surrey, in Henry the 8th's time, that "it was his duty to defend that hedgestake;"†—but in the foregoing affair he clearly passed the limits of patient acquiescence and peaceable submission. "*Est Modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines, Quas Ultra, citraque nequit consistere rectum.*" He became, unwittingly perhaps, but in fact, the partisan of Stuart principles. He "passed the Rubicon."

Being thus circumstanced, in 1663, it is far from likely that the Major would be forward in the "Farnley Wood Plot," and his non-attendance at "the Trench," on the 12th of October, is thus easily accounted for. Perhaps he was even distrusted by the conspirators, though secretly nominated as their General in the event of an insurrection; for it is natural to suppose a person holding an office under the Government, would be viewed with some jealousy. Indeed that he was so much as though of is surprising, and can only be accounted for on the ground of his well known talents, bravery, influence, and attachments.

But that the Major was privy to this Plot, or that he wished it success, there can be no doubt; for he had more to gain than lose by that event. Acting, however, in this instance, with his characteristic wariness, he appears to have kept aloof from the inferior agents, watching, and waiting, for the critical opportunity. Finding, at length, that, by their heat and precipitancy they had thrown away the game, and had brought "an old house over their heads," he "ratted," and made good his retreat without much annoyance§ or, perhaps, loss.

According to all further information which

† "When Rich, Solicitor to Henry 8th, was sent by the tyrant to Sir Thomas More to argue with him on the Royal Supremacy, he asked, in the course of his argument, whether Sir Thomas would not own for King any person whomsoever (himself for example) who should have been declared so by Parliament. He answered—that he would. Rich then demanded why he refused to acknowledge a head of the church so appointed? Because, said Sir Thomas, a *Parliament* can make a King, and can depose him; but a subject cannot be bound in respect of the Supremacy." (Herbert.) And "Camden's Remains," p. 270:

§ That the Major at first fled or concealed himself, seems evident, as it also is that he was arrested or surrendered himself; for, besides Gower's statement, we read of "Quarter Master Patterson going to York to see what was done to Major Greatehead." See Ralph Oates's deposition in Whitaker's *Leeds*, p. 112:—probably he came off (like Capt. Hodgson) with a fine. See Hodgson's *Memoirs*. "If anything material could have been proved against them, doubtless they would not have been spared."

I can collect, it appears that the Major's connections in after life contributed little to his advantage in any way; and that his sinking fortune was saved, for the most part, by the merit of his sons, who acquired, by purchase, the greater part of his estates.¶

We are taught by this, amongst many other examples of fallen greatness, the policy, if not the duty, of adhering to virtuous and patriotic principles, and to those who cherish them. To people wholly intent upon self-interest, the contrary course is generally most alluring, but it frequently ends in mortification, and always in disgrace. Had the Major been a consistent character—had he kept that company in advanced life which was the pride of his youth, he might have added one little star to that bright constellation which his times supply—his name might have been enrolled among the illustrious dead, and recorded honours might have graced his tomb—at all events the sun of his glory, which rose fair ¶ upon the plains at Adwalton, could never have set in clouds and darkness, even in the times of the Stuarts.

Among the pictures of my family I have the good fortune to possess a miniature of the Major**—a three-quarters portrait of his son Samuel, and a full-length portrait of his grand-daughter; and, it is curious to observe, how admirably the physiognomy, in each instance, suits the tradition respecting their characters. In the Major's†† is depicted the wily, thoughtful, desperate, and undaunted soldier—in Samuel's, the plain, peaceable, ordinary, country gentleman—in Mary's, a sweetness and an innocence which is quite compatible with her well remembered character.

The next person, in the first set of trustees of Morley Old Chapel, whom I shall particularly mention is John Smith, who was a gentleman of some fortune and consideration in these parts. He lived at a fine old house, like a baronial mansion, at the entrance into Gildersome from Morley, by the foot-path. From the remarkable intimacy which existed between him and the Major, one of whose

¶ I have much reason for believing that the Major died poor. He was, certainly, somewhat embarrassed towards the close of life; and I suspect, therefore, he had been heavily fined.

¶ As hereafter will be related.

** I hope my frequent mention of Major General Greathed will be attributed to a proper motive, and considered with candour, he being a first Trustee of Morley Chapel, and probably, the very person who procured its Lease.

†† Not unlike the portrait of Murat, as given in Count Segur's Narrative. 12mo. Ed.

daughters (Alice) married his son John, and from other circumstances, I happen to know that he was a staunch Republican.

As it may not be generally known, it is allowable to mention, that amongst the many extraordinary methods of raising money adopted by Charles the 1st, one was, by summoning people up to London to be knighted, and imposing fines on such as refused attendance.* The requisition, I believe, were generally made upon such as were obnoxious to the court party, and it answered a threefold purpose. It raised supplies. It probed the principles of the suspected, and, it gratified the malevolence of the "Cavaliers." The demand, it is true, could only, with the least colour of legality, be made upon those who, like John Smith, enjoyed real estate of a certain value. Yet, even to such persons, it certainly was a most vexatious one, when the foundation of it is considered.

Military service was a tenure by which most of the land in this kingdom, as we are told, was held down to the middle of the seventeenth century; and is said to have grown out of a system of vassalage, called the "Feudal System." It was indeed such a system of degradation and extortion as could only have existed in ages of the most brutal ignorance. The luckless minor, inheriting a small patrimony, converted, perhaps, from a barren waste or a stinking bog, into good meadow, by his own wealth or the sweat of his forefathers, was then like a lamb among wolves. If his property was held by soccage tenure, of an inferior Lord, he was subjected to ignoble servitude and exorbitant demands, upon pretences the most futile; and if it amounted to what was called a Knight's fee,† or about twenty pounds per annum in the thirteenth century, and was held of the Lord Paramount, his condition was still worse; since, in addition to other feudal exactions, he was compelled to be knighted and become a soldier, or he had to pay a fine in lieu of it. Such an order of things could, of course, only continue while the minds of inferior men were as vacant as those of their vassals, the oxen and asses which they drove; and, accordingly, we find that these claims,

* See Rushworth's Collections, vol. 2, p. 70.

† At first he was compellable to be knighted, unless he possessed a Knight's fee. In 1630 it was forty pound land or rent by the year. See Rushworth, 70 and 215. However the service might be regarded at first, it had become dreadfully oppressive in the Tudor reigns.

and especially that of knight service, had long become obsolete, before they were revived by the haughty and rapacious Elizabeth, or her half-brother. What it was that induced their ministers to countenance such an arbitrary stretch of prerogative, it is needless to inquire; but what it was that prompted this Queen to exert it, may easily be conceived † on referring to her well known character. Be what it might, in the reign of her kinsman James, § and especially Charles 1st, the people were resolved to wear the yoke no longer, and he was compelled to yield up to necessity what he obstinately refused to entreaty.

But there was another consideration, besides the foregoing, which made the imposition of knight service doubly odious. The king being the head, the governor, and guardian of the state, and having various officers and servants, chosen by himself, or otherwise employed under him, is supposed to have a watchful eye upon them, for the public good, and to be the best judge of their respective deserts. The law, therefore, regarding him in this light, and as "incapable of doing wrong," had intrusted him alone with the power of conferring *dignities*, in the perfect assurance that he will bestow them properly. All degrees, therefore, of nobility or of knighthood were committed to the exercise of his discretion for a *beneficent purpose*—for the encouragement of virtue and talent, and not for the oppression of the weak.

When, therefore, Charles 1st and his ministers converted that which was intended as a stimulus to a commendable ambition, into an engine of torture.—When, in the pretended exercise of a gracious prerogative, they indulged only in the petty feelings of private resentment, they clearly became guilty of a breach of trust, and polluted the very "fountain of honour."

Such, probably, were the feelings of Mr. John Smith when, of two evils laid before him, he chose the lesser, which was the payment of a fine, and taking a receipt for the money of Lord Strafford. This receipt is still, luckily preserved, by the care of a gentleman at Gomersal, in whom is united a considerable knowledge of the law, and a

† I mean by those who have not confined themselves to reading school histories, or such a deceptive work as that of Hume; but impartial, and especially antiquarian, books.

§ James 1st who was a milkop compared with Elizabeth, told his *Parliament* that, "to dispute what a king might do in the height of his power was as seditious as it was blasphemous to dispute with God."

commendable regard for matters of curiosity. Having, in early life, been interested in the affairs of John Smith's descendants, and amused with the contents of the family papers, he knows something of his history, and agrees with me, in pronouncing him to have been a most steady and zealous Republican.

As I never saw the receipt alluded to, and am ignorant of its date, it is possible that the father of Mr. John Smith (the Trustee) may have been the person who paid the fine. He, I am persuaded, fell at the battle of Adwalton Moor; for in the Batley Register is this entry—"John Smith, of Gildersome, senior, buried August 20th, 1643," besides which, I perceive that John Copley, Esq. (probably the elder brother of Edward before-mentioned, and eldest son of Alvera Copley,) was buried the day before; and I know there was an officer of that name, on the Republican side, in the fight. ¶ Under all the circumstances, I think it almost certain that these two gentlemen, with John Smurthwaite, of Morley, hereafter to be mentioned, all died in consequence of their wounds, after lingering in pain a short time. My great, great grandfather married a descendant of this last gentleman.

There is but one other gentleman in the list of our first set of Trustees of whom I have to make mention, and that one is Mr. John Crowther. That he was an eminent merchant, and related to the Crowthers of Gildersome, is certain. With his hand-writing, occurring, as it does, very frequently in my deeds and papers, I am perfectly familiar; and having been struck with the similarity which there is between it and the fac simile of a John Crowther's writing, exhibited in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1792, p. 689, I cannot help thinking, from this and other circumstances, that the gentleman in question was not a Kentish, but a Yorkshire man.*

The document referred to seems to have been a petition to Oliver Cromwell, from certain merchants belonging to the East India Company, in 1657, praying for a convoy to protect their ships homeward bound, and in

¶ See Lord Fairfax's Narrative, in a subsequent page, bearing in mind whose daughter it was that Alvera Copley married, and the politics of the Howley family; also, that Alvera certainly lost his eldest son, as Edward, the second son, succeeded him.

* If any person should deem this fanciful, I will tell him that which is a matter of fact. I have in my possession the very hand-writing of Cromwell himself, and which has come to my family direct from his; and if I did not know it to be Oliver's hand, I could almost swear it from my acquaintance with his writing.

danger from the Spaniards; and, it is remarkable, that upon it are the very names of two or three† persons whom I know to have lived hereabouts, and been contemporary with John Crowther; and the fac simile of the signatures increases my suspicion. At all events, that of Crowther is so striking as almost to identify the writer.

It is needless to say what was the indorsement of Cromwell upon this petition, come from whom it might. It was kind, considerate, and complying—quite in character with numerous documents relating to him to which I could easily refer, and which give the lie direct to all those tales which have been propagated by ignorance, duplicity, or malevolence.‡

In a former page I have remarked that the restoration of Charles 2nd was distinguished by the persecution, pestilence,§ and fire which shortly followed it. The two latter calamities I pass over, and shall touch very slightly upon the first; merely observing that our Old Chapel was at this time once more fenced within the pale of the establishment, and the prayer book and surplice now appeared within its walls. It had been expected, by the Presbyterian party, that Charles would be improved by the lessons taught him in the school of adversity—true to his promises and declarations in favour of “tender consciences,” and mindful of his obligations (to them especially) for the recovery of a crown. It was not, however, sufficient for them to be put on an equal footing with other subjects, *as they had lately been*, but they panted for exclusive dignities and emoluments under the sway of “*the desired*.”—Credulous!—vain!—short sighted men!—little did they dream what a scourge they were preparing for their own backs!—little did they suspect that an individual would be proved to have been wiser than them all,|| and that *he* whom they then called a “Usurper,” had been their guardian angel—but the day of retribution at length came—the scales fell from their eyes,

† I mean Michael Dawson, Robert Ellis, and Richard Ford, the last of whom was probably of the family of Fords of Liversedge, hereafter mentioned under the word “Birstal.”

‡ See Letter “B” in the Appendix.

§ It is a curious fact that Charles 1st’s reign commenced also with a severe pestilence. See Strype’s Life of Aylmer, p. 184.

|| No person, I imagine, who knows any thing of the characters of Charles and James 2nd, and the history of their reigns, can doubt, for a moment, the superior sagacity of Cromwell over all the men who lived even in his age. Even Ireton, Lambert, Falkland, Fleetwood, and Vane, cut but a poor figure to Cromwell in political foresight. Thurloe, that great man, who would not accept an office under the Stuarts, was alone like him in this respect.

and they wept for that protection and peace which returned no more.

Yet not to the Presbyterians only did the persecutions of the times extend, but they reached also every other class of dissenters,—the former, however, were the greatest sufferers.¶ Numbers of these men, antecedent to the Restoration, had got into good livings, and were the most popular preachers in the nation. “They were learned, pious, orthodox. divines,” says the celebrated Locke, “who did not throw themselves out of service, but were forcibly ejected by the Act of Uniformity—they were treated,” says he, “with the greatest severity, being reduced to the necessity of begging, or starving, or getting their bread as they could—they were driven from their houses and the society of their friends, and what was still worse to them, from their usefulness, though they had merited much from the king, and had laboured indefatigably for his restoration.” “Many of the ejected ministers,” says the excellent Bishop Burnet; “were much valued and distinguished for their abilities and zeal,—they cast themselves upon the providence of God, and the charity of their friends, which had a fair appearance, as of men who were ready to suffer persecution for their consciences. This begat esteem and compassion, whereas the *old clergy*, now much enriched, were as much despised.”

To illustrate, by way of instance, these great authorities—to prove such positions as will be laid down in a subsequent page, and to shew the reader what probably occurred in our Old Chapel** after the “*happy Restoration*,” I shall now copy for him a few extracts from the Whitkirk Register, taking for granted their correctness, as given to the public by a former Vicar.††

“1667.—Given to a poore old Minister *who preached here*, June 2nd, 3s. 6d. Charges at several times upon several Ministers *who preached here*, 3s. 6d.

“1668.—Charges upon Mr. Bennington and some friends of his when *he preached here* att Christmasse, 2s. 2d.

“Bestowed in ale upon a poore Preacher that *preached here*, 6d.

¶ I perceive that some of the Rooks of our day would decry these men, but the antidote to their poison may be found in Godwin, vol. 4, p. 38.

** See the accounts of Mr. Nesse, Mr. Dawson, and others, in the subsequent pages.

†† It was the Rev. S. Smallpage who communicated these interesting particulars to the editor of the Gentleman’s Magazine. See vol. for 1811, p. 22.

"1669.—Given to a poore Minister *who preached here*, at the Church, April 25th, 5s. Bestowed on him in ale, 4d.

"Feb. 13th, 1669.—Collected then, by the Churchwardens, in the Church upon a testimoniall, and at the request of the Lord Bishop of York, for one Mr. Wilmot, a poore Minister, 8s. 4d.

"May 16th, 1675.—Collected then, in the Church, upon a letter of request, brought by Mr. Francis Fowler, of Bungay, in the County of Suffolke, a poore distressed Minister, which was given to him May 17th, 1675, 5s. 7d. ob.

"April 10th, 1670.—Given then, by the neighbours, to a poor *mendicant* Minister, one Mr. John Rhodes, *who then preached here*, and after sermon *stood in the middle ile to receive the* charity of the people*, the summe of 12s. 3d.

July 3rd, 1670.—Given then, by the neighbours, to a poore, lame, itinerary, one Mr. Walker, *who then preached here*, and, after the sermon, *stood in the middle ile to receive the people's charity*, which was 9s. 3d.

"Nov. 30th, 1670.—Given then, in the middle ile of the Church, to a poore mendicant, itinerary, lame, Priest, one Mr. Walker, who had *preached here*, the 3rd of July, 70, and *preached again* this day, the summe of 8s. 6d.

"July 30, 1671.—Given then, in the middle ile of the Church, by the neighbours, to the afore-named Mr. Walker the mendicant, itinerary, lame Minister, who had been here several times before, *and did then preach*, the summe of 6s. 3d.

As three, at least, of the ejected Ministers are interred in our burial ground, and I shall have something to relate of others who were Ministers, or preached at the Old Chapel, my reason for expatiating on these sad times, will be evident. But, independent of this consideration, where is the reader so devoid of feeling, or curiosity, as not to be interested

* For a picture of 1664, take the following from Clarkson's Richmond :—

"Given to Captain James Maxwell, with a pass for himself and children, 6d. (No doubt an old Republican officer.)

"Given to Mrs. Lacy, her three children, and maid; and to Mrs. Gerard, with five children, who had a pass, 1s.

"To Lieutenant Young, who had a pass from Oxford, 1s.

"To one Mr. Philip Musgrave, a poor gentleman, 6d." So much for the 26th of May and Oak branches.

Just by way of shewing to what extent the persecution reached, and to remove a considerable load of misrepresentation, take the following entries—

"Christopher Rudston, M.A., buried 13th July 1635.

"Charles Procter, M.A., succeeded, inducted 30th November, 1635; ejected or resigned in 1661." Whit. Reg.

in such a disclosure as this? Where is the man whose heart does not burn within him at such a narrative?

So much has been written upon the subject of the ejected Ministers, that it would be giving a dry detail to recount their troubles down to the time of William 3rd, when the Toleration Act relieved them. But there is one thing worthy of being held in "everlasting remembrance"—their pastoral fidelity, piety, and firmness, during the awful visitation of the plague.† It was at this most trying period, that the difference was seen betwixt them and the Conformists, who now deserted their pulpits, and their flocks, both in town and country, leaving them to the care of their proper Pastors. How forcibly are we reminded, in the narrative of these times, of that significant declaration—"I am the good Shepherd—the good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep—but he that is an hireling, and not the Shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf cometh and fleeth; and the wolf catcheth, and scattereth, the sheep. The hireling fleeth *because he is an hireling*, and careth not for the sheep. I am the good Shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine."

It has been invidiously remarked, that "Priests are the same in all ages and countries," and, undoubtedly, in a collective view, their courtly sycophancy and worldly-mindedness has given plausibility to the sarcasm. To the memoirs, however, of the ejected Ministers, the Layman can exultingly point, and say with one of old—"See how those Christians lived." Here we behold two thousand men giving the surest proof of sincerity in the Christian warfare. Of them it is not merely to be related that "they took joyfully the spoiling of their goods, and triumphed under cruel mockings—under bonds and imprisonment;" but that life itself was lighted, when conscience commanded. To them, indeed, death appears to have had no sting, and the grave no terrors. They looked on this world as a "sea of troubles"—they considered death as their haven of rest, and they sighed for heaven as their "native home." ‡

† We have a parallel to this in the instance of the Lollards. See Note to Vaughan's Life of Wycliffe, vol. 2, p. 96.

‡ Bunyan, one of the noble sufferers in Charles's reign (though not ejected but confined twelve years in Bedford Jail), begins his beautiful allegory of the Pilgrim's Progress with a passage, undoubtedly, referring to his own past experience, and present situation. "As I walked through the wilderness of this world," says he, "I lighted on a certain

To return again, more immediately, to the subject of the Old Chapel, I must here relate, as in the most appropriate place, a singular discovery which was made in it about fourteen years ago. A person being employed to whitewash this Chapel, and finding the walls much blistered, was proceeding to make free use of his scraper, when, lo! under several coats of whitening, some letters in an old character, began to appear, but nobody on the spot could decypher them, or even guess at their meaning. Fortunately I had returned home just in time to prevent their being for ever obliterated; and, after much labour and care, not only succeeded in making them out, but had them restored in their proper size, character and situation, with the antique scrolls also wherewith they had been encompassed. My trouble, in this concern, was amply compensated by one inscription, which confirmed some former suspicions, and threw a light upon the history of the Chapel. It is a verse out of Proverbs—"My Son, fear thou the Lord and the King, and meddle not with them that are given to change." Now, as the royal coat of arms is still remaining in its original place, with the letters "C. R." on each side of the crown, and also above the lion's head, and the date underneath the whole is 1664, who can be so stupid as not to perceive at what period, by what party, and for what purpose, this monitory text was put up? For my own part, I have no doubt that it was levelled at Major Greathead, Captain Oates, and all those who had been privy to the "Farnley Wood Plot," the year before, and it might also be intended as a rebuke to the Republicans throughout the land.

As this volume is intended to embrace, as far as his consistent, those curious and interesting notices which are only to be collected by various and extensive reading, and the mention of these inscriptions affords me opportunity, I shall here enrich my Work by the following extracts:—

"From Howe's Edition of Stowe's Chronicle," as mentioned by Mr. Brand, "it appears, that on the 17th of November, 1547, (2nd Edward 6th) was begun to be pulled down the Roode in Paul's Church, with Mary and John, and all other Images in the Church, and then the like was done in all the

Churches in London, and so throughout England; and texts of Scripture were written upon the walls of those Churches against images."

In "Nicholl's Progresses of Elizabeth," also is this passage, "The Queen caused the churchwardens and clergy to wash out of the walls, all paintings which seemed to be Romish, and in lieu thereof suitable texts out of the Holy Scriptures to be written." Before these reigns* crucifixes were generally delineated on the walls of Churches,† and, probably, before crucifixes, but, certainly, during the middle ages, figures of Saints and descriptions of their martyrdoms under the Roman Emperors were common; but to proceed with my description.

Above a little window, on the North-east side of the Chapel, is another verse—"Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God,"—a fine text, truly, to be exhibited by a party who had peace only in their mouths, and persecution only in their hearts—a violent, and unfeeling set, who, at this time especially, were oppressing the consciences and disturbing the quiet of their fellow creatures to the utmost of their power.

On the same side of the Chapel, and Westward, the inscription is—"Lord I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honour dwelleth." Next follows, on the North wall, a verse from Micah—"He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good, and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justice, to love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God." And next to this—"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth," &c. Just above this was once the Lord's Prayer, but so much had it been demolished by the underdrawing of the Chapel, that it's restoration probably was impracticable. On the other side of the king's arms it was discovered that there had formerly been the Apostles' Creed, but that also had been too much injured by the back board of the pulpit to be replaced; and over the whole it seems there once had been the Commandments,‡ fragments of which were long remaining in

* See *Archæologia* vol. 15. Appendix, p. 405. See also No. 3 in the Appendix to this volume.

† See *Lyson's Mag. Brit.* vol. 2, p. 457. *Gent's Mag.* for 1800, p. 1131. I find an instance of these texts being put up so late as 1710. See *Gent. Mag.* for 1815, p. 495. And I saw Grassmere or Bowness Church with its walls inscribed in this manner only last autumn, 1828. Aubrey, indeed, tells us that they were anciently written on painted cloths, in the halls and parlours of great houses.

‡ See *Gent's Mag.* for 1795, vol. 65, p. 905.

place where there was a den." How much meaning in a small compass! He was, at first, a soldier on the side of the parliament.

the false roof—but, leaving the Chapel for a short time, let us now resume the account of its Ministers.

From the time of Mr. Wales, of whom I have made mention, and who undoubtedly was the Pastor here in James 1st's reign, I cannot trace even the name of a Minister down to the year 1662; but about this period I find that "one Mr. Etherington, who had conformed, left Morley, and succeeded one Mr. Bovil, at Bramley."§ This is all the little that I can state respecting him, and that little, alas! is very discreditable to his memory.

The next person whom I find officiating at Morley, but whether in the Chapel or Meeting-houses it is now impossible to ascertain, was one Christopher Nesse, who being chosen by our Townsmen as their Pastor, approved and followed by them generally, and not forced upon them by the Stuart Government, I consider as the first of that long line of pious, learned, and popular Ministers, of whom we have some authentic memoirs.

"The Rev. Christopher Nesse, M.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge, was the son of Thomas Nesse, of North Cave, in the East-Riding of Yorkshire, where he was born, December 26th, 1621, and educated under one Mr. Seaman. Having spent seven years at Cambridge, he retired into the country during the Civil War, and preached for a while at Cliffe Chapel, under the inspection of his uncle Brearcliffe, an eminent divine and Vicar of North* Cave. From thence he received a call to Holderness, and after a few years, to Beverley, where he taught school and preached occasionally. Dr. Winter being elected Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, resigned to Mr. Nesse his living of Cottingham, near Hull, where he was instrumental," says Dr. Calamy, "in the conversion of many souls, particularly Thomas Raspin¶ (one of the most substantial people in the town) when grey hairs were upon him. After some years he was called to Leeds, where also many had cause to bless God for him. From the year 1656 to 1660, he was Lecturer to Mr. Styles, and upon his death, to Dr. Lake, afterwards Bishop of Chichester, with whom there was very uncomfortable clashing, and what was delivered in the

morning was confuted in the afternoon; till August, 1662, when Mr. Nesse being ejected for Nonconformity, preached in *private*. It appears from his own narrative, in a work called 'The Divine Legacy,' that the Duke of Buckingham would needs have complimented him into conformity. Upon the passing of the Five Mile Act (31st October, 1665), he retired to Clayton and from thence to Morley. When the times grew more favourable he had a house of his own at Hunslet, where he instructed youth, and preached in private till 1672, when the main Riding-house being converted to a Meeting-house, he preached publicly there to a numerous auditory. Having been three times excommunicated, upon the fourth, there was issued out a writ de excommun. cap^o. to avoid which, he removed to London in 1675, and there preached to a private congregation. He died, December 26th, 1705, aged 84, and was buried in Bunhill Fields."—So far Dr. Calamy.

In the Register of Topcliffe, near Morley, hereafter to be noticed, in this entry—"Brother Mr. Nesse of Leeds, admitted into Church Fellowship, April 21st, 1661—dismissed to Leeds."

The three last words are written in paler ink, and by another hand. I find he had a son, (Christopher) baptised at Topcliffe, July 9th, 1661;—a daughter, (Hannah) May 18th, 1663, and Elizabeth, October 17th, 1671; after whose entry is the following minute—"Hannah Rhodes, the grandchild of Brother Nesse, who owned it as his own, and sued and claimed the privilege of baptism, and undertook to bring it up as his own, as to religious care and education, was therefore baptised, 26th of December, 1671, 13th November, 71." I insert this as honourable to an old Minister.—Now for an account of him by "John, Dunton, Citizen of London," in a curious work, published a few years ago, by Nicholls.

"Mr. Nesse," says Dunton, "a man of considerable learning, but who labours under some unhappiness in his style. He has written many practical Treatises—published a Church History, in octavo,* and an Exposition on the whole Bible.—He wrote for me the life of Pope Innocent 11th, of which the whole impression sold off in two weeks. His conversation is both pleasant and informing.

§ See Dr. Calamy's Memorial, vol. 2.

¶ My grandmother, on the paternal side, was, I believe, somehow related to this gentleman; and by the influence of the family, Mr. Nesse was probably drawn to Morley.

* I possess this very scarce book, and agree with Dunton as to the style.—Of Mr. Nesse it might be truly said, that "too much learning had made him mad." See my Dedication:—ante.

He continued to preach privately in the darkest times."

The times to which Dunton here refers were, unquestionably, between 1662, when the Act of Uniformity passed, and 1672, when the first indulgences were granted. Now, since Mr. Nesse came to Morley after 1665, when the persecution was at its height, and left it about 1671 or 2, his residence here was very short. It seems very singular that he should have come to Morley at all; for, after the Five Mile or Corporation Act passed, it is natural to suppose his officiating here would be dangerous, as coming within that Act. This circumstance alone would convince me that Mr. Nesse preached here privately, and not at the Chapel, but the Meeting-houses; when, however, I recollect the Whitkirk Register I am confounded.

Upon the whole, however, the inclination of my opinion is, that Mr. Nesse did not preach at the Chapel, or, if he did, it was but occasionally.† The Chapel, evidently, was at this time in the hands of the Churchmen, whatever may have been penned in ignorance or carelessness, either by Dr. Whitaker or his Copyists, to the contrary; and if Mr. Nesse was allowed to preach here it must have been by sufferance of the Vicar of Batley, and occasioned by circumstances which are now unknown.

The next person whom I find officiating here is one Mr. Thomas Sharpe, M.A., of Clare Hall, Cambridge, cousin to Archbishop Sharpe, and a Pupil of Tillotson's. He seems to have been a very great, as well as a very good man. Indeed, the celebrity of that family for talents has been handed down to late times. Dr. Calamy (to whose work I refer the reader) says, that in 1672 he took out a license, and preached in his own house, whither great numbers resorted, and that he afterwards preached at Morley. It is not clear from this whether he was a stated Minister or a casual supply; but, whichever was the case, his ministry here was short, for we find by a tombstone in the Chapel Yard, that "on the 6th of Dec., 1675, Mr. Samuel Bailey died, who was Pastor of Morley and Topcliffe;" and, consistently with this, we are told by Calamy, that when one Mr. Stretton removed to London, (which was in 1677) Mr. Sharpe succeeded him in the con-

gregation at Leeds. From this it should seem that he supplied, only, at Morley, and had ceased to do so before the election of Mr. Baily.

There is, fortunately, preserved to us an Old Register, which once belonged to the Society of Independents, (or Congregationalists, as they were often denominated,) at Topcliffe, near Morley, and which contains an account of their baptisms, burials, church affairs, disbursements to Ministers, and various other particulars. To me it has been the most interesting document that chance has thrown in my way, as touching the Non-conformists of the seventeenth century, and from it I shall put down a few particulars, for various reasons; but more especially because, under Mr. Baily, that congregation seems, for a short time, to have united with the Presbyterian body at Morley.

It appears from this Register, that one Christopher Marshall was pastor of Topcliffe, from 1656 to 1673; and that on the 25th of March, 1674, Mr. Baily was elected Pastor, and one Gamaliel Marsden, Teacher: both having been admitted into communion with that Church, Nov. 19th, in the preceding year;—that after a lapse of only eighteen months, Mr. Baily died, and was succeeded by Mr. Marsden, who died Minister of Topcliffe (only) in May, 1681;—that from thence till 1684, that place was supplied by Mr. Josiah Holdsworth—Mr. Jolly,† and other ejected Ministers;—that down to 1709, Mr. Thos. Elston was the Pastor, upon whose removal to Chesterfield, Topcliffe was again visited by supplies down to 1714, when one Mr. Riley was Pastor, and continued so till 1727;—that, at this period, he was succeeded by a Mr. Lax, who remained here till 1736, and seem to have been the last Minister.

To avoid confusion, it will perhaps be as well, in this place, to continue my narrative of Topcliffe Society, before I return to the kindred branch at Morley.

About 1736, it appears, a Meeting-house was built upon Lee Fair, Upper Green, by the same class of Dissenters as had flourished at Topcliffe, the Chapel, at this place, being converted to a dwelling. The cause of this change seems evident. Topcliffe had been

† P.S. The fact seems to be this. The ejected Ministers being very popular, and much respected, and pitted generally, were allowed to preach in some churches and chapels, though they refused to officiate in any other part of the service.

† From an Inquisition taken at Blackburn, 25th June, 1650, and now in the Library at Lambeth, it appears that Mr. Jolly was, in 1650, settled at Altham, in the Parish of Whalley, in Lancashire, where he was receiving £10 per Annum from the Rectory, and £30 from the Commissioners. He is styled "An Able Divine." Whitaker's Whalley, vol. 1, p. 123.

resorted to considerably by our villagers, till the beginning of the last century, and probably after the passing of the Five Mile Act was the chief refuge of our Ministers, as well on account of its privacy as for escaping the penalties of that Act;—but when the storm subsided, and more especially after the second revolution, the scattered flock was collected within its ancient fold. The funds, therefore, of Topcliffe Society, arising from quarterly collections, became, as indeed the Register shews, quite inadequate for its necessary expenditure, and a removal to a more populous district was expedient.

But, besides that the weight of the Topcliffe interest now lay entirely on the side of Woodchurch, there was another motive for this removal. "Pastor Elston" had, on the 3rd of February, 1685, married Miss Mary Pickering, granddaughter of Captain Thomas Pickering, an old Republican Officer, who had lived in this neighbourhood; and his son, Mr. John Pickering, had both given the Church at Topcliffe, a handsome piece of ground, at Tingley, for a burial-place, and had wholly, or partly, built a wall around it, at his own expense. Convenience, therefore, required that the Minister's House, the Chapel, and Burial Ground, should be brought as near as possible together; and, accordingly, when the last Minister, Mr. Hesketh, was chosen, a House and Chapel was built for him on the Upper Green. He died about 1743, leaving behind him nothing but his name to the house (now a cottage) and to a lane near it, for the dissenting interest there, for want of an adequate population, and from the poverty of the neighbourhood, became extinct.

The heads of families in the Society at Topcliffe, from 1668 to 1688, may be averaged at about thirty in number, the chief of whom was "Madame Elizabeth Rokeby,* Captain John Pickering, Mrs. Spencer, Mr. Isaac Balme, Mr. John Wadsworth, and a Mr. Samuel Craister, respecting whom I find the following entry, marking the severity of the times.

"Oct. 31st, 1677. Mr. Samuel Craister, excommunicated for drunkenness, at Selby, Leeds, Pudsey.—an iniquity too frequent with him."

Now, the collections did but average, quarterly, about six pounds, and this gentleman

was a chief subscriber. I have only to add that, as his name does not afterwards appear, either he left these Congregationalists, or they marked his "iniquity" more forcibly than is usual, for worse offences, in our times.

In 1714, when the Whitakers and Dawsons were the chief families at Topcliffe, I would just note by the way, wine was per bottle, 1s. 6d.—a leg of mutton cost 1s. 3d.—and what was called a "Quishing"† for the pulpit. 11s.

For some years after the demolition of the Chapel on Lee Fair Green, those persons whose relations had worshipped here, or at Topcliffe, occasionally interred their dead in the neglected Burial Ground. Tenderly alive to those sympathies which, if they form not a part of our common nature, seem almost inseparable therefrom,—they preferred the cost and trouble of bringing them to this solitary spot, to the convenience of an easier and speedy interment.

Whatever may be the suggestions of philosophy and of reason, or the vaunt of man, while in his strength; in age, and, especially, in sickness, the impulses of nature will be felt. To a feeling mind, the anguish most keen, is that which the sting of death inflicts. To be bereft of those, whose virtues or talents, whose endearments, innocence, or beauty, have held an empire in the heart, is like the very breaking up of our existence, and often indeed occasions it. How natural then the desire of man that, when carried to the grave, he should mingle his dust with those whom he loved, admired, or revered—whose presence seemed necessary to his complete felicity, even in heaven, and whom he hopes to be severed from only for a short season. Talk of "Consecrated Ground," indeed!—but, O! what spot does man regard like that which is hallowed to him from infancy, as the Sepulchre of his Fathers?

There have been, however, in all ages, men, so destitute of sympathy, as to resemble the "very brutes that perish," and, accordingly, we find that about the middle of the last century, one of the Hesketh family sold the Burial Ground at Tingley, to an ancestor of the Rev. Mr. Wood, of Tingley House,‡ who, out of it, enlarged his plantations, and, having some fish ponds dug about the skirts of it,

† This was the ancient pronunciation of cushion:

‡ I am very lately informed, by one of the Hesketh family, that there was an express understanding that the graves should not be violated.

* Sir Gilbert Pickering, Baronet, and Colonel John Pickering, Northamptonshire, families were active partizans and staunch supporters of Cromwell. See G. M. 1822. v. 2. p. 392.

strange havoc has been made among the bones of the dead. The few tombstones remaining, some broken, and all in disorder, shew, plainly, how they have been tossed about, and just left where accident has cast them; besides which, there are none of those visible, which I have repeatedly sought with some eagerness. I mean the slabs which must have been laid over the remains of those excellent men, Christopher Marshall, Gamaliel Marsden, and Josiah Holdsworth. Should they, at some future period, be discovered at the bottom of a fish pond, or covered with rubbish, and should the owner of the property be animated with that kindly and liberal feeling which adorns the present possessor, they will certainly be restored to public view.

"The Rev. Christopher Marshall, ejected from Woodchurch in 1662, was Minister there, under the protectorate of Cromwell, in 1656. He was born in Lincolnshire, and educated, partly at Cambridge and partly at Boston, in New England. He was a Congregationalist—a good scholar, of considerable abilities, and of a serious spirit, but inclined to melancholy, meeting with many personal and domestic afflictions. After being ejected, he lived privately among his people, in a house of his own. Upon the Five Mile Act he went to live at Horbury,§ but returned again, and preached privately."

It does not appear, from the Register, what interruption he met with; but Dr. Calamy informs us, "he was imprisoned, with several of his brethren, on account of a plot, but came clear off, there being nothing found against him." This, I am confident, was the "Farnley Wood Plot," to which most of the ejected Ministers here were privy, especially Gamaliel Marsden, and his brother Jeremy. It is manifest that the former escaped to Holland on account of it, but that many of his cloth were arrested, and, amongst others, Mr. Thomas Jolly, and Mr. Root. Mr. Marshall died in February, 1673, aged 59.*

"The Rev. Gamaliel Marsden ejected from Chapel le Brears, near Halifax, and a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, was turned out of the latter upon the Restoration, and then came to England.† He had but five pounds when he landed at Liverpool, and knowing

nobody, he resolved to go to Coley, where his father had been Minister long before. Here he found friends, and was fixed, as Minister, until he was turned adrift a second time, in 1662. He afterwards fled into Holland (doubtless on account of the "Farnley Wood Plot"), and, at his return, about 1672, he taught some students, at Hague Hall, philosophy, &c." He is said to have been a good classic, and a hard student, but not a very pleasing Preacher. He was a moderate Congregationalist, and, apparently, a man of great integrity. He succeeded Mr. Marshall, at Topcliffe, as before mentioned—died May 25th, 1681, aged 47, and was buried at Tingley.

It is unnecessary for me to say more respecting the Topcliffe Ministers. Whatever I may think of their religious opinions, I can have no doubt they were good men, and true patriots. Whoever wishes to learn more as to their supplies, such as Mr. Holdsworth, Mr. Jolly, Mr. Root, Mr. Bloom, and others mentioned in the Register, may consult the second volume of Calamy's Memorial, who was misinformed as to Holdsworth's interment. That took place at Tingley, July 29, 1685.

Besides these gentlemen, however, I find that Mr. Oliver Heywood, Mr. Dawson, Mr. Izots, Mr. Whitehurst, Mr. Sharpe, Mr. Naylour, Mr. Ray, Mr. Lister, and others mentioned in the Memorial, all of them ejected Ministers, except the last, occasionally officiated at Topcliffe, and the remuneration for each Sabbath-day's services was just seven shillings, though some of them travelled a long distance. I mention this as greatly to the credit of these venerable men, who were not day labourers, beardless men, or little tradesmen, but some of them, University Scholars, and all of them well educated.

To persons acquainted with local circumstances, it will not be matter of surprise that the religious societies of Topcliffe and Lee Fair should have ceased, while that at Morley flourished. The Dissenters at the former places generally, have been a poor people, unable, of themselves, to support a Minister, and obliged, very considerably, to draw upon the bounty of those in London, who had the management of their funds, for the use of such charities. And this they did through the medium of a Mr. Stretton, receiving the monies by the hand of a Mr. Jackson. But at Morley the case was different—many people

§ This is a proof, conclusive, of my accuracy in a statement which will be hereafter seen, as respecting James Nallor, of Ardsley. * Calamy, vol. 2, p. 579.

† Vol. 2, p. 563. He was brother to Jeremiah Marsden, ejected from Ardsley Chapel, of whom an interesting account may be found in p. 552 of the same Work.

of tolerable fortune frequented the Old Chapel, about which the population increased with the increase of the woollen trade. The Ministers, also here, being (what were called) Presbyterians, were more learned, if not more popular, than the Independents;† compared with whom however (apart from their religious dogmas), they cut but a poor figure in the history of the seventeenth century. Then, however, the Presbyterians had the tide in their favour; so much so indeed, here, that there were regular hearers at the Old Chapel from Scholecroft, Birstal, Gildersome, and all the neighbouring villages. In fact, within my recollection even, several people have come to it in the good, social, old-fashioned, way of travelling -- "Darby and Joan," bumping upon one horse, like Queen Elizabeth and her Lord Chamberlain, and quite as unconscious of there being anything grotesque or ludicrous in the exhibition, as either her majesty or her lawyers. But Meeting-houses have so multiplied in these parts that the building, formerly a stable, and dining-room above it, for the distant Members of this Society, have been of late converted into a cottage for the sexton. The circumstance, however, which has most supported the interest here, is the endowment by Lord Sussex; since by means of their Parsonage-house and land, added to the quarterly collections, the Trustees were able formerly, without the aid of any other fund, to support a Pastor of respectable education, and even attach him to the village. Not in a state of haughty independence, or of abject servility, but in that middle state, in which insolence on the one hand, and indolence on the other, are best excluded. The Ministers of former times, be it here noted, were a different people, and differently circumstanced, from what they now are, very generally, amongst Dissenters. They had commonly a small private fortune of their own, and the fruits of their labours, in a pecuniary view, served only in these "*frugal*" times, as an auxiliary to a comfortable subsistence. Being gentlemen by education too, and not unfrequently by birth, and engaging in the work of the ministry from a better motive than that of avoiding the toils of trade, they came not to settle in places such as Morley, like paupers passed to their

† One of the best, and most consistent, men of the age, was the celebrated Henry Burton, who suffered a dreadful persecution with Prynne and Bastwick (both Presbyterians). Few people are aware how interesting his life would be, if well written, but few indeed could procure the materials for such a work. The copy, in the British Museum, of that written by himself is, perhaps, unique.

parishes—without furniture, a library, or a wardrobe; and, least of all, did they come without that stock of information and repute which is essentially requisite in a Christian Pastor.

In writing of these gentlemen I left off in a former page with Mr. Baily, who was not one of the ejected Ministers, and who survived his "Call" to this place only eighteen months. After his death our forefathers had supplies at their private houses, amongst whom may be numbered Mr. Thomas Sharp, Mr. Oliver Heywood, Mr. Joseph Dawson, and perhaps Mr. Hawden, who is interred at the West-end of the Chapel. All these were ejected Ministers, as was also the next resident Pastor, who came here about 1677.

The Rev. Robert Pickering, M.A., of Sidney College, Cambridge, was born at Kippax. "He was," says Dr. Calamy, "a modest, humble, pious man—a good scholar, and a useful preacher. When ejected he maintained his integrity. He was sometime Chaplain to — Dinely, Esquire, of Bramhope, whence he removed to Morley,* and continued his labours there till a few days before he died, October 11th, 1680, aged 44 years. Upon his tombstone it is stated that, 'He accounted himself the meanest servant in the work of Jesus Christ.'"

It is impossible now to determine where the Dissenters in this village assembled for religious worship during the ministry of Mr. Pickering, and, indeed, after the Restoration; but that it was at some of the houses in Charles 2nd's reign (still standing, peradventure) I have little doubt. That there was such a Meeting-house is evident from the following entry in the diary of the Rev. Oliver Heywood. Speaking of his engagements, under date of the 4th of November, 1679, he writes thus:—

"Studied in the morning, and in the afternoon Mr. Dawson and I rode to Morley, and lodged at Mr. John Brooksbank's. We had the next day a double lecture at the Meeting-house, Morley. Mr. Dawson's text was, 'There is none like the God of Jeshurun.' " Again he says, "We had a large assembly at Mr. John Butterworth's, Morley, where I spent four hours in prayer† and preaching,

* From a Deed in my possession, I have reason to think that Mr. Pickering, or some of his family, lived at Churwell; at all events, there was a Robert Pickering lived there in 1668.

† I have little doubt that, before the Restoration, or even before the reign of Charles 1st, many of the Church Clergy were eminent for their gifts in extempore prayer. See one

with great pleasure and enlargement of heart."

Although it is said by Mr. Fawcett, in his *Life of Heywood*, that "he obtained favour in the eyes of some Churchwardens and Conformist Ministers so far as to be admitted, occasionally, into their Churches and Chapels, where he spoke the word of God with boldness; that his auditors were numerous, and that an abundant blessing attended his labours, particularly at Idle, Bramley, Farnley, Morley, Pudsey, and Hunslet;" yet at one time I doubted, very much, whether, at the times alluded to, he preached in our Chapel, however he might have done so after the second Revolution. For, in the first place, the Act of Uniformity, and other Acts, were in full force against him. Secondly, it is manifest Dissenting Teachers were much persecuted even after the first Indulgences of 1672, yea, even after the year 1679. Thirdly, the calling their place of assembly a "Meeting-house" (by Mr. Heywood) formed a presumption of some weight; but, fourthly, and what staggered me the most was, the undoubted fact, that even so late as James 2nd's reign, the service and ceremonies of the Church of England were actually performed at our Old Chapel. Now this appeared to me such a mass of evidence against Mr. Fawcett's assertion,† that I really believed him to have been mistaken—but the Whit-kirk Register overcomes me, and confirms his accuracy.

That this Chapel was seized by the Churchmen, at the time of the Restoration, is manifest from two circumstances—one is the Royal Coat of Arms, still bearing date, 1664, as before mentioned—the other (and which also proves that it was retained till the second Revolution or after it) is the actual existence of the Service-book which, by good fortune, has been preserved, and which shews that the Liturgy of the Church of England was read in this Chapel in the reign of James the 2nd; for in it are prayers for "James—for Mary Catherine, the Queen Dowager—Mary—Princess of Orange, and the Princess Ann of Denmark;" and at the beginning, in an old fashioned hand, is written *Morley*

instance in *Strype's Life of Bishop Aymer*, p. 43. See also a Note (I think) to Claudius Buchanan's celebrated Sermon of "The Star in the East."

† I observe Dr. Calamy also says of Oliver Heywood, that he preached in the Chapels of these places after the Five Mile Act, so that, though they did not read the Service, they evidently preached in spite of the Acts, 13 and 14 Charles 2nd, ch. 4, sections 19th and 21st. 15th Charles 2nd, ch. 6, sec. 7.

Town's Book Common Praers. That it was not used after 1688 is probable, inasmuch as in the prayers for the Royal Family, no erasure of the word *James* and substitution of William appears; besides which, we know that not long after the *Dynasty* of the Stuarts terminated, the Chapel was restored to its rightful proprietors.

That this Chapel was not restored till some time after the second Revolution, is proved by the Parsonage-house, which was built by the Dissenters here about 1688, as appears, not only by the architecture of it, but by a curious document which I proceed to notice.—

I have in my possession a Certificate of License to perform religious worship in a house which, for near one hundred and forty years, has been called "the Parsonage." It seems to have been the license first obtained after the "Toleration Act" had passed, and the purport of it (part in Latin) is as follows:

At the General Quarter Sessions of the Peace of our Lord and Lady, the King and Queen, held at Leeds by adjournment from another place in the West-Riding, the 13th day of July, in the first year of the reign of our Lord and Lady, William and Mary, now King and Queen of England, before John Kaye, Bart., Marmaduke Wentworth, William Lowther, Knts., William Norton, John Townley, Robert Ferrand, Esqrs., and others, our Justices,—

"These are to certify whome it may concerne, that the house called the ——— built by the inhabitants of Morley, within the said West Riding,—was recorded at the Sessions abovesaid, for a Meeting-place for a Congregation or Assembly for religious worship, according to the form of the Statute in that case made and provided."

Upon the back of this Certificate, in an old hand, is written—"This is the Certificate for the Chapel or Public Meeting-place at Morley," which my grandfather, who died an aged man, in 1779, thus expounds—"Taken," says he, "for what is now the Parsonage-house, which was the Meeting-house for several years after the Revolution, and was built by the inhabitants of Morley. S. and T. S.* 1773.

One thing observable upon the face of this Certificate is, that the whole of it seems writ-

* These are the initials of Samuel and Theodosia Scatterd, whose attachment to each other was remarkable, and fatal at last to the former, as he never was himself again after her loss. "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided."

ten by the Clerk of the Court, except the words—"called the"—which are in another hand, and have been defaced by a dash of the pen; and except also the words—"built by the inhabitants of Morley"—which have been cautiously and timorously inserted, instead of the words—"Parsonage-house." These, evidently, were in the mind of this wary Instructor, as he was dictating to the Clerk a description of the premises—but he suddenly pauses and declines to say—"Parsonage-house;" probably through some dread of those harpies who had pounced upon the Chapel itself at the return of "the beloved." He, therefore, elects to have it considered as a house "built by the inhabitants of Morley," for worshipping "the God of their Fathers" after their own form.

It is manifest, therefore, from this Certificate and the Indorsement that, in 1689, the Dissenters at Morley had not, in fact, regained possession of their Chapel; for had it been then in their possession the License would, unquestionably, have been gotten for this their Meeting-place, and not for the dwelling of the Minister. Nay, it even appears that they so little expected its "restoration" as to build, about this very time, upon a part of the land which they had on lease, remote from the Chapel, not only a house for their Pastor, but a Meeting-house under the same roof. This fact is not only proved by tradition, but the very interior of the building shews it. It is a house displaying two fronts—that on the South was the dwelling, and on the West was the Chapel. Of late years this has been much altered and modernised; but, within my recollection even, its window mullions and jambs, and the slight wainscotted partition between the house and parlour, showed it to have formerly constituted but one room.

I have just stated that the Minister's house was built about the year 1688; and that it was not built much before that time, is to me evident, from a comparison of it with several other dwellings in Morley, which fortunately have dates upon their fronts. One house, for instance, near Morley hole, the property of a Mr. Cawthorne, bears date 1681. Another, which formerly was the residence of John Dawson, Esq., the father of Lady Loughborough (in 1789) bears date 1683; and another, the property of Mr. Swinden, surgeon, was built by one of the Huntington family, about the same time. At Adwalton,

Gildersome, &c., there are also several of these houses with dates upon them, and all so similar that whoever has paid attention to the domestic architecture of Charles 2nd's reign will recognise them at a glance. Under all circumstances, it is highly probable that the "Parsonage-house" was built in 1688, when Mr. Dawson was invited to settle at Morley; but that it was finished in 1689 is proved by the License, and it discovers a circumstance very material to this history—namely, that even so late as this period, our forefathers had not regained possession of their Chapel.

But here my neighbours will be ready to ask me—When, and by what means, was this event brought about?—to which question it is, with me, a matter of regret that I cannot return a satisfactory answer; for, in spite of all my inquiries, a dark shadow must ever rest on this page of my Work. It may be assumed, however, I think, that the event transpired sometime between 1693* and 1698, when many known Dissenters returned to their Chapel.

As to the other part of the question, the traditionary account is all that I can present. Of its truth, however (coming to me as it has done from the lips of truth,) I have no doubt.

It appears then, that although the Stuart Government had the cruelty to deprive our ancestors of their place of worship, it still considered, that altogether to eject the Trustees under a Lease from the Lord of the Manor, of what was, unquestionably, his freehold, would be rather too barefaced a violation of both law and equity, and it, therefore (partly) abstained from such violence. This was, certainly, wonderful in men who stuck at nothing when their will was opposed, and had even the presumption to set up themselves to tolerate the Almighty, to receive the homage of His creatures †—but so it was. Our brave forefathers, therefore true to their trust—constant in their principles, and incensed at the tyranny of their oppressors, kept a resolute hold of their land in lease, and appropriated its produce to the support of a

* Evelyn, in his Diary, under date of 1692, May 29th, has this remarkable entry:—"Though this day was set apart expressly for celebrating the birth, return, and restoration of the late King Charles 2nd., there was no notice taken of it, nor any part of the office annexed to the Common Prayer Book made use of."—Vol. 2, p. 349.

† I allude to the "Indulgencies," &c.—But "toleration" even is not the opposition to intolerance, but the counterfeit only.

pious and enlightened Ministry of their own choice. Of course it would happen that, except the pitiful trifle which arose out of baptismal or burial dues, there could be no fund for payment of a Curate's salary; and the Vicar of Batley very naturally became tired of an expense which was no less hurtful to the people of Morley than to himself.

At the time of which I write, the state of parties in the neighbourhood presented a spectacle rather singular. The Vicar's Deputy and an old Clerk, called Stainer,† with scarce a dozen people, formed all the congregation at the Chapel, while the meeting-houses at Morley and Topcliffe were crowded. Wherever the true Pastor—the ejected Minister—appeared, the flock were gathered, while the presence of a Conformist was like a signal to retreat. Common decency, therefore, at last required that an end should be put to a farce within the Chapel, which had become quite as unprofitable, and far more unpopular, than the Pantomime of St. Dunstan and his Priests in the Saxon ages. Mr. Dawson, the last of our ejected Ministers, had the honour of gathering the scattered sheep within their ancient fold.

“Mr. Joseph Dawson,”* says Dr. Calamy, “was ejected from Thornton Chapel; he lived, after his ejection, near Halifax, and preached near Birstal. He was a very pious and learned man—of great esteem for his integrity, prudence, humility, and meekness. Of a very venerable aspect—a hard student, and an affectionate preacher, who naturally cared for the good of souls, unwearied in labours—very successful in his ministry, and who had a good report of all men. Even in his advanced age he travelled to a considerable distance, at all seasons of the year, to preach to a poor people, and took as much care to serve them as though they could have given him a large salary. He was a considerable sufferer, by reason of his strait circumstances, and his having a numerous family, yet he never repented of his Nonconformity.”

“The Rev. Joseph Dawson, of Morley,” says John Dunton,† who knew him well, “is a grave and reverend Minister of Jesus Christ—an Israelite indeed, in whom there is

† The funnel through which the Brook at Morley flows is called “Stainer Brig,” from the circumstance of this old Clerk having lived near it.

* Respecting Mr. Dawson's family see *Gent. Mag.*, vol. 82, p. 28.

† See “Life and Errors of John Dunton, Citizen of London,” published a few years ago, by Nichols.

no guile—an angelical man for meekness—another Moses—a man of such a holy, exemplary, conversation, and venerable behaviour, as gains him respect and reverence from all men—a deep divine, of great ministerial parts and abilities, and of a sweet and happy delivery. Being affectionately desirous of the good of souls, he is willing to impart unto them, not the Gospel of God only, but his own soul also, because they are dear to him; exhorting and charging every one, even as a father does his children. Though he is now such another as Paul, the aged, being in the 70th year of his life, yet he is as indefatigable and diligent in his duty as if but just entered on his work; as our blessed Saviour before him, doing the work of Him that sent him while it is day, before the night cometh, when no man can work. In a word, he is a burning and shining light, a very pattern of holiness, meekness, humility, and zeal for God's glory—one whose conversation is in Heaven. He trained up four young men, all sons of a friend of mine, in academical learning; three of whom are now in the ministry, and do worthily for God and their generation.”

On the death of Mr. Dawson in June, 1709, at the age of 73, the Trustees of Morley Chapel chose the Rev. Mr. Timothy Alred to be their minister. Some of the MSS. of this gentleman, in my possession, show him to have been an able Latin scholar and Scripture critic. From those who knew him, I have heard that he was a man of uncommon information and worth. His handwriting, at the age of 80, was beautiful.

The name of Alred, Alured, or Aldred (for it is variously written) is of frequent occurrence, and famous in English History. Col. John Alured and his brother Matthew, were celebrated officers during the Civil War, and served their country under the Protectorship of Cromwell. The former was Col. of Horse under the Earl of Bedford—a member of Parliament, and one of the Commissioners and Judges appointed for trying Charles Stuart, King of England, whose death-warrant he signed. In 1657, these brothers, with another named Lancelot, were amongst the Commissioners, appointed by the Government, for raising an assessment in England for three months, and were nominated for the East Riding of Yorkshire. But Alred, which is only a contraction for Ealred or Ealdred, is a name of high antiquity, and well known as

having been borne by some of our Saxon Monarchs, as well as by that Archbishop of York, who set the crown on the head both of Harold† and the Conqueror.

It was during the ministry of Mr. Alred that the Chapel was underdrawn, the Chancel, Vestry, or Village School (whatever it was), having doubtless been laid open to it about 1693. This underdrawing seems to have been a grand effort in the estimation of our thrifty, economical, forefathers, to whom Mr. Alred preached upon this occasion from the text—“He is worthy for whom ye have done this; He hath loved our Nation, and built us a Synagogue.” Mr. Alred, undoubtedly, knew far more about the place than any one now living; and I am not sure that he does not by this text intimate, indirectly, by what religious party the Chapel was built.

Mr. Alred would certainly have shone as an author had he published, but he has left, alas! to posterity only a few MS. Sermons, Criticisms, and Latin Essays. He seems to have devoted an uncommon portion of time to his beloved Classical and Ministerial studies during the long period of fifty-four years, combating very frequently the tenets of the celebrated John Wesley upon instantaneous conversion, and Christian perfection, with a talent and temper highly creditable to him as a preacher, a gentleman, and a scholar.

Upon the resignation of Mr. Alred in 1763, the Trustees invited the Rev. Thomas Morgan to settle here, and he was every way worthy of their choice. He was a native of Caermarthen in Wales—a perfect gentleman of the old school, without any of its frivolity; a well-informed, serious, and modest man. His sermons, during the last thirty years of his ministry, like his prayers, were quite extemporaneous, yet the matter was generally sensible, well connected, and studiously adapted to the capacities of his auditory. His voice was excellent—but the greatest praise of Mr. Morgan was the warmth and animation with which he expressed his thoughts. He spoke in the pulpit as one “having authority”—as one convinced of the importance of his work, and of his responsibility for the performance of it, yet without any of that rant, or cant, or theatrical display, which is disgusting to men of sense and of liberal education. He never related fanciful stories, much less did he labour to prove self-evident propositions, as that “Sin is an Evil,” and such other

palpable truisms as prove themselves; yet I cannot bestow unqualified commendation even upon Mr. Morgan; for, with all his good sense, he would often expatiate upon topics unedifying—incapable of proof, repugnant to reason, and which no man upon earth ever did—ever will—or ever can, comprehend.

The aspect of Mr. Morgan was uncommonly fine,—his demeanour the most reverend and dignified I ever beheld—That venerable form and countenance indeed I can never forget—It stood erect—it looked upwards, as though it ever contemplated a something beyond this life. Such, in a word, it was, that if I had met with it upon the plains of Indostan I must have paid it homage.

Upon the subject of religion the sentiments of Mr. Morgan appear to have been very similar to those of the celebrated Baxter.—Upon the doctrines of the Trinity and the Atonement he was very “orthodox.”

Although, however, no man was more tenacious of his principles than Mr. Morgan, he was tolerant and liberal towards others; and he seems to have been most partial to well educated ministers of the same spirit. His connections were with the Pastors of the denomination called “Presbyterian,” comprehending the Unitarians, with whom and a few Baptists, who also had access to his pulpit, he was very cordial; but from all other sects and parties he kept aloof with a peculiar stateliness and dignified reserve.

At no period, perhaps, was the pulpit of the Old Chapel graced by ministers of such extraordinary learning and talent as it was in Mr. Morgan's time. Here, occasionally, officiated the ministers of Mill-Hill,* Call-Lane, and Stone Chapels, in Leeds;—of Westgate, in Wakefield;—of Northgate End, in Halifax;—of Chapel Fold, in Bradford; besides the pastors at Pudsey, Warley, Lidgate, Elland, &c., all of them gentlemen of extensive information, independent of their ministerial qualifications. They were such, even in a companionable† point of view, as any person might be proud to introduce to an acquaintance. When, indeed, the name only of Priestley is mentioned—that great man whose titles, conferred by the learned societies

* Dr. Priestley, I believe, did not officiate here more than once or twice.

† One or two I have heard touching the violoncello and harpsichord, and singing at their own houses, very sweetly and scientifically. And several who could attract and fix the attention of a social party for hours by their lively anecdote, innocent mirth, and charming elocution.

throughout Europe, would almost fill a page; or that of his successor, the Rev. William Wood, F.L.S.—the reader may, perhaps, form some idea of their associates.

Mr. Morgan was a contributor to the Gentleman's Magazine, upon his favourite subjects of Fossiology and Antiquities, and the author (amongst other tracts) of "An Appeal to the Common Sense of Plain and Common Christians." This "Appeal" was intended as a preservative against the supposed heresies of Dr. Priestley, then the minister at Mill-Hill, who replied to it in a strain of severity very uncommon from him, and scarcely becoming the occasion. The connection between the Societies of Mill-Hill and Morley at length was interrupted by the freedom of thought in which that great philosopher and polemic indulged; but was afterwards renewed by Mr. Wood—one of the best and brightest of his species, and whose kind attentions to his brother here, in the trying season of age and sickness, are well remembered.

Were I to state the particulars of that curious controversy in which our old Parson and Dr. Priestley engaged, the reader might as justly complain of me as James 1st did of the Cambridge Pedants, and on the same score—on the score of "*tediosity*."—I shall, therefore, only observe that the craft of the Doctor was seldom more amusingly displayed than upon this occasion. Our worthy "Taffy"—honest *simple-hearted* man—according to the fashion of the day, and the practice of controversialists, collected all the texts, and isolated passages in Scriptures, supposed to favour his tenets on the Trinitarian Subject, or that of the Atonement, and encountered his opponent with great gravity. Like most of the "Orthodox," he appears to have imagined that the victory lay on the side of him who could quote most of them. But he had to do with a man who had every species of artillery and destructive weapon at command—the most formidable knight that ever appeared in the tilts and tournaments of spiritual dispute—a champion who bearded the High Priest of the Jewish Synagogue—broke a lance with the author of "The Ruins of Empires"—defeated the formidable Volney—trampled on the Pope and his Cardinals at Rome, and set at nought the very Hierarchy of England. How ludicrous then must have been this contest in the eyes of literary men! It exhibited a scene which, doubtless, would

excite the laughter of many. It was a giant playing with a dwarf.

Of all men in the world the Doctor was the least likely to be found "arguing in a circle" with any antagonist. His acute and comprehensive mind, formed for science and enamoured with learning, delighted most in what was demonstrable or probable in solid argument, in historical evidence, in logical or philosophical deductions, in matters of fact, or of rational speculation. He was not the knight-errant who would fight with windmills, and pursue an *Ignis fatuus* over the bogs and bulrushes of rotten ground. He loved to come to a point at once, and to vanquish an opponent by the shortest course. Perceiving, therefore, that there was no chance of grappling his Orthodox Brother in the routine of quotation which he pursued, this wily and experienced champion made so masterly a feint as had well nigh drawn the other from his trenches. Suddenly changing his position, he sent forth a challenge to Mr. Morgan, calling upon him, "*as in honour bound*," to proclaim his opinions on the subject "of free will," or "the ability of man to do the will of God." It was a grand manœuvre, and conducted in the most masterly manner. Had it succeeded—had our Parson been caught in this theological trap, every bone in his skin would have been broken.

But Providence has given to its creatures a sagacity or cunning whereby the weak are often saved from the machinations of the strong; and so it was manifested in this instance, for Old Orthodox, perceiving the danger which lay before him, retreated, leaving his challenger disappointed; and who, being provoked by something which was never explained to me, let drop an expression "at parting" which was often echoed through our village. As I received it the purport was—"How dare you, Sir, contradict me, who are only known to the world by the six-penny pamphlet you have published."*

Had there been no other "bone of contention" betwixt these excellent men than such as is adverted to, it can hardly be supposed that so intemperate a reflection would have been dropped by one of so mild and benevolent a nature as was the Doctor; but politics at this period were much agitated in the nation,

* Whether this appears in an "Intelligencer" Newspaper, printed at Leeds, in 1771, or not, I am unable to say, I state the thing merely as a rumour, but I well remember from whom I heard it: and that person being adverse to the Doctor in religious sentiment, the words may be qualified.

and parties ran high. Those letters of matchless elegance, the compositions of Junius, were well nigh finished; but the ardour of controversy which they excited was still fervent, and the subsequent unfortunate† events so far increased it that every man's mind became known—neutrality, indeed, was impossible. The freedom of debate, excited by a few bold, free, and independent spirits, soon led discussion upwards, from men and measures, to "the Rights of Man," and the comparative superiority of governments. But these speculations were regarded generally as "daring flights," as dangerous in politics, as reason in religion, and our Philosopher was stigmatized, for thirty years and upwards, after this controversy, as a "Jacobin,"‡ a "Republican," and an "Infidel."

Now, though Mr. Morgan was as guarded in his speech as he was reserved in other respects, it was not difficult to discover in him a politician of the "old school," one whose maxim was, that "whatever is right." Who considered England (including Wales of course) as the grandest of all possible nations—its king as the best of all possible kings, and its government as the wisest of all governments? From the recollection which I have of this good man, I am quite satisfied that he regarded the Doctor as a restless spirit, and a visionary, whose schemes of government were quite "Utopian;" and I think it not improbable that he would, by occasional bursts of his national vehemence, do some justice to the text—"My Son fear thou the Lord and the King, and meddle not with them that are given to change."

But our Philosopher had, from infancy, been accustomed to doubt—to reason and to demonstration. He calmly contemplated effects and causes—took nothing upon trust, but looked into men, as he did into nature, with the eye of an eagle. He seems to have considered that the declining to take an active and decided part in critical times, indicated a culpable indifference to the interests of the Commonwealth; and that the season of reform, both in Church and State,§ had too long been delayed. The opinions of a "Pangloss" in politics, he put upon a level with his argu-

ment in metaphysics. If made subservient to pecuniary advantage, his contempt no doubt would be moved; but if they were the offspring of ignorance and timidity, his anger also would be roused. At all events he regarded them as less unaccountable in a Churchman than a Protestant Dissenter.

Such are my ideas of two venerable men worthy of a better age than that in which they lived, and of a better country. Though in the collision of controversy they might emit a few momentary sparks, their natures were incapable of long resentment. Their imperfections were but as spots upon the disk of the sun—transient and trivial. In after life they regarded each other as "brethren," and though separated for a short season, by sentiment, by the waters of the Atlantic ocean, and the "still—cold stream of death," they are gone, I doubt not, to that world where they see no more "as through a glass—darkly;" but "face to face."

The gentleman-like conduct, at all times displayed by Mr. Morgan, was never more conspicuous than it was upon his receiving his "call" to settle at Morley, signed by nearly all the Trustees, and approved, generally, by the congregation here. On looking over the names he perceived one to be wanting which he considered as highly respectable, and he, therefore, returned a polite answer, declining to come here on that ground. This occasioned a letter from the Trustee in question, nearly in the following words—

"Dear Sir,

"The only reason why my signature to your invitation has not been added to that of the other Trustees is briefly this. I was out upon a journey, as you know, during most of the time you were preaching as a candidate at Morley; and I, therefore, had not sufficient means of judging, either of your tenets or qualifications; but let me entreat you to come, and not be discouraged on my account. If I like your ministry I shall regularly attend upon it; but if otherwise depend upon me I will give you no cause for uneasiness on my account whatever."

This candid and liberal declaration was succeeded by a strong attachment to Mr.

† The reader may well suppose that I allude especially to the American War.

‡ It is my particular wish to have such matters as these put upon record. They will be an accompaniment, suitable to the history of the Birmingham Riots, and that of the general feeling and intelligence of the nation, in the latter part of the last century. See *Life of Wm. Hutton*, a book which every man ought to read.

§ Time, which "tries all things," has at last settled the grand question, and we now discover, pretty clearly, who were the wise men and who the foolish, at the period alluded to. Our national debt, our losses, and the general aspect of things, has brought the proudest, and most violent, party to their senses, and their language now is truly curious. But, alas! the mischief is done—and generations yet unborn will execrate this party.

Morgan, which continued till 1779, when that Trustee died. I would say more on this subject if propriety allowed it.

But different—very different was the spirit which two or three of the Trustees (not mentioned) and their partizans discovered upon this occasion. It was in fact so far from Christian, that it occasioned the following letter to Mr. Morgan, then in Saddleworth, which I give verbatim, having the original in my possession—

“Sir,

“By a letter Mr. Alred has communicated to us from Mr. Stansfeld, we are inclined to hope that some conversation you had on your return from Morley, with your friends in that part of the country had, in a great measure, dispersed those terrible* apprehensions you had formed of our factious and divided state, and your principal objections to your coming to Morley, on that account, removed. If that be the case, we dare venture to say Mr. Morgan has not much to fear from the opposition. Though the numbers may not be a few, as we believe they will leave the place unless a man of their own principles be chosen, and their leaving us will be of little consequence to the interest of the Minister; as we shall and do engage to make the salary as good as it now is. If any of them stay amongst us, and offer to disturb the repose of the congregation, or you in your ministration, we doubt not but you will have spirit enough to disregard them, in which you will be properly supported; and on such a plan we hope you may be very comfortable, useful, and happy here.

“We, on this presumption, assure you of the good opinion we have of you as a Minister proper for us. And if your sentiments and inclinations coincide with ours, we, whose names are subscribed do, unanimously, as the majority of the Trustees of the Chapel at Morley, hereby give you an invitation to officiate for us in that capacity there. Signed, John Dawson,† Jos. Asquith, Nathl. Webster, John Webster, Hen. Scatcherd, William Reyner, Thomas Reyner, Saml. Leathley, Geo. Alred,‡ John Reyner.”

The year 1663 was memorable, as before related, for the “Farnley Wood Plot;” nor

* These “terrible apprehensions” were occasioned by anonymous letters sent to Mr. Morgan, worthy of the disciples of St. Dominie, and equally remarkable for the ignorance and insolence which they discovered.

† This was the father of Lady Loughborough.

‡ Only son of Mr. Alred the Minister.

less so, I assure the the reader, was the year 1763 (just a century afterwards) for plots of another kind, which gave great uneasiness to the venerable Mr. Morgan, but fortunately did not prevent his settling at Morley. It was once my intention to have published some of the particulars to which I allude; but as they would be little interesting to the community, or ornamental to my book, I shall content myself with keeping them private by way of admonition or warning, to my descendants at least. Suffice it to observe that in this year a new sect or party sprang up at Morley, which, partly from the charm of novelty, partly from the sanctimonious professions or pretensions of its leaders, but principally from the fostering care of its promoters, at Heckmondwike and Leeds, soon grew up into what is quaintly termed an “Interest.” One of those who had a principal share in this “Interest” was an aunt of my father’s, as “strait-laced” as perhaps any one of the sect. Of her, at least, I feel at liberty to speak, and can do it very impartially; and the impression of my youth (confirmed since by mature reflection) was, that her persuasion not only contracted her mind, but her heart, and soured her temper in no ordinary degree. Though she affected, however, to scout some of the tenets of her forefathers and relatives, she paid great respect to their moral worth, and she appointed one of them sole executor to her will; nor could any entreaty on his part induce her to put her temporal concerns into other hands. She certainly, at least, understood the difference between profession and practice—between what some people call “faith,” and morality—no doubt she could “speak her experiences.”

My relation being a chief pillar in the new establishment at Morley, in 1763, and, at least, as well educated as any one in that Church, I will here relate a single circumstance, just to shew the nature of that conversion which about this period took place in her mind, the progress which she had made in Christian knowledge under her new instructors, and the kind of preaching which the seceders from the Old Chapel disapproved.

A well-bound set of Blair’s Sermons happening to strike the eye of my old kinswoman among her other books, she one day took them up, and presenting them to her executor, she exclaimed, “There W——n! you may take those books to yourself, they were given to me by S. S. and they will just suit such as

you; but, for my part, I can find very little religion in them!!!" This anecdote, which I had on the best authority, may speak volumes.

From this memorable year, 1763, Morley has been a very different village from what it was aforetime. In lieu of the learned, the dignified, and studious village Pastor, under whom all were associated in the bonds of peace and union; we have had (besides regular Ministers) Itinerants of various kinds officiating here, some from the Methodist, the Calvinist, or other sects, and among various other dogmas, the Antinomian heresies have been frequently promulgated.

In 1795 Mr. Morgan resigned his ministry to Mr. Samuel Lucas, in consequence of a paralytic stroke which affected both his speech and his limbs. His intellectual powers he was blessed with to the last; and I have reason to remember some of his affecting, heavenly thoughts in family prayer but a short time before his death, which was on the 2nd of July, 1799.*

The Rev. Samuel Lucas—the favourite and friend of Mr. Morgan—was far less orthodox than his revered predecessor. He was educated at Daventry, in Northamptonshire, under Mr. Horsey, a successor of Doddridge, had studied to good purpose, and was highly esteemed by his people. It was impossible indeed that it could be otherwise, for, independent of other considerations, he possessed a disposition so amiable, so condescending and generous, that he seemed to fascinate whomsoever he addressed.

In 1806 Mr. Lucas left Morley, and accepted the office of Chaplain or Minister to the family of Mills, of Ferry-Frystone, with whom he was going to prayer, or had been at prayer, one morning in January, 1822, when he suddenly fell from his chair and expired. His remains were deposited in Mill-Hill Chapel Yard, Leeds, where a tomb is erected to his memory.

With this excellent man terminated the Presbyterian interest at the Old Chapel, and with him shall terminate my account of its Ministers. To the future historian, if such an one shall arise, I consign the honour of recording the lives and education of the new series, requesting him to take up the subject where I leave it off, and hoping that he will

as truly, as proudly, and with as good vouchers, set forth the qualifications and usefulness of the new men as I have done of the old. Of what Morley was in my younger days, and what it is now, I shall treat in a subsequent page.

Turning again to the fabric of the Chapel I cannot but regret that the old Trustees should have allowed a gallery to be put up at the west-end of it, and still more that this should have been extended, as it was done, about the year 1798, when a small organ was introduced. The organ indeed was necessary—the Chapel being one of the worst for sound in the kingdom, and the singing miserable; but to darken the west window was to add to the gloom of the place, and cut off its chief ornament. In other respects, however, it was improved at this time by painting, whitewashing, and repairs, especially in the pillars. These having, evidently, been the props of the Tithe Barn, had undergone no further polish than what the blocker or the adze had given them, but they were now cased with deal—painted, grained, and varnished. In 1814 or 15, again some money was expended in improvements. In short every attention had been paid to propriety, except that a whimsical ornament of plaster-work for a chandelier (quite out of character with the antiquity of the place) had been put up. Every one, however, who now saw the Chapel, commended the decency of its appearance not even Dr. Whitaker excepted, the editor of Thoresby's Leeds, who paid a short visit to the village in quest (as was then thought) of topographical information. It was, therefore, with astonishment that I found in that work the following passage:—

"Morley—which denominates the hundred—had, at the time of Domesday Survey, a Parish Church. To the dependant state of a Chapel to Batley it was reduced by Robert de Lacy, founder of the latter Church, and so it seems to have continued till the *great rebellion*, when it underwent a *second degradation*, being then leased out by Saville, Earl of Sussex, to certain Presbyterian Trustees, for a term of five hundred years, in consequence of which it remains, perhaps, a solitary instance throughout England and Wales, of an ancient established place of worship which was *not* restored to the Established Church at the Restoration. Still it *retains* much of the form of a Church, having a *choir and two side aisles*, supported upon *wooden pasturns instead*

* Mr. Morgan left issue a son, the Rev. Thomas Morgan, LL.D., and a daughter. Of the former an account may be found in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1821, p. 180.

of columns, but marking the hands into which it has fallen by *Sectarian inelegance and frugality*."

When a man, closetted up in a postchaise, flies over a country direct like a swallow in April—hovering but for a moment over those villages which come within the line of his journey, and resting only on the pinnacles of "established" Churches; making little use of his eyes and none of his ears—making no inquiries where knowledge might be gained, and shewing no courtesy where assistance might be offered, it is easy to perceive how well qualified he must be for the task of topographical authorship, and how much he must have in him of the curiosity and ardour of a real Antiquary. Did old Hutton, of Birmingham, pursue this course?

Had Dr. Whitaker remained one hour in this village—had he made himself known—had he given a gentleman of my acquaintance an opportunity of shewing him "old English hospitality"—that gentleman I know would have been gratified—his son would have been honoured, and the Doctor would have done more credit to his profession, if not justice to the public.

It would be difficult to find in any topographical work, except the one alluded to, a piece of writing which, within the same compass, displays so much petulance, illiberality, superficial observation, and ignorance of positive facts. When *notes* indeed, and *inscriptions*, stare a man in the face, and he is, moreover, respectfully † referred to those who are not only willing but happy to impart information; but he yet turns away in disdain, and, dipping his pen in gall, sends forth to the world such a passage as here is extracted, he lays himself open to animadversion, and justifies the inquiry—Where must have been the eyes, and where the ears, of such a commentator?

As this volume contains an answer to Dr. Whitaker's assertion respecting the Chapel, I shall only advert here to the last clause—"Still it *retains* much of the form of a Church, having a choir and two side aisles supported upon wooden pasturns instead of columns, but marking the hands into which it has fallen by *Sectarian inelegance and frugality*."

Many years ago I remember to have seen

† This I was credibly informed took place. The Doctor was, very properly, invited by a neighbour (who procured him the keys of the Chapel) to call upon one who would be happy to see and give him all the local information in his power and was besides—himself an Antiquary.

a print published in derision of the conceits of antiquaries. It represented several of these gentry with spectacles and other glasses, poring over a stone purposely prepared for them by an arch wag, who by a curious device had contrived that it should be unintelligible to them, but, by being inverted, should be read by people in the secret. Upon it was inscribed an epitaph on an old woman, who sold earthenware, at Chester.

"Beneath this stone lies Catherine Gray,
"Chang'd to a lifeless lump of clay;
"By earth and clay she got her pelf;
"But now, she's chang'd to earth herself.
"Ye weeping friends let me advise,
"Abate your grief and dry your eyes,
"For what avails a flood of tears,
"Who knows, but in a run of years,
"In some tall pitcher or broad pan,
"She in her shop may be again."



Now the antiquaries being obliged to read it one way, and the initiated reading it another; the characters of the letters also being curious, it may well be imagined that the former are sadly at a loss for an explanation; but unable to give it, their various conjectures as to the high antiquity of this precious relic are truly ludicrous. Yet, not much more so than Dr. Whitaker's conceit in the above extract.

Nonconformist reader! if thou canst enjoy a joke, first survey the Chapel at Morley, and next the old Tithe Barn at Birstal, observing, especially, their *wooden pasturns—not columns*, and, then, if thou wouldest have the latter building to *retain* "much of the form of a Church," "having a choir and side aisles," listen to my instructions.

If thou canst purchase it, employ a few masons to remove the front and back walls of this Barn, which they will easily do, with the aid merely of a few props, and by gallowsing up the rafters, as the weight of the roof is not so much upon the walls, as on the "inelegant pasturns." Next step, for widening your Church, and getting your "side aisles," let two walls be run up about eighteen or twenty feet from your "pasturns" or line of the former fence, and lay upon your new walls some wall-plates with brackets or spurs. Then place some strong rafters with their ends resting on the pan-plate at top, and these spurs at the bottom. Throw some good "side waivers" along the full length of your building, adding such spurs as may be necessary for your laths, and the support of your new slate. Having now taken care that your windows have proper mullions, semicircular heads, and tracery, your "Job" will be

finished; and after a lapse of from 130 to 160 years, some "Big Wig" of high Church and Tory principles, surveying it through his glass, or the more fallacious medium of a distempered mind (if it be a "Conventicle"), and assuming it as indisputable, that the Church of Birstal was but the offspring of this her *aged* mother, will write thus:—"Still it *retains* much of the form of a Church, having a choir and two side aisles, supported upon wooden pasturns instead of columns, but marking the hands into which it has fallen by Sectarian inelegance and frugality."

Whenever a man writes or speaks upon a subject of which he is ignorant, but would needs have others to think him knowing, he generally adopts some artifice for that end. He either clothes it in mystery, or by loose and general expressions (reminding one of the oracular responses, as being adapted to interpretation of any kind), he shrouds himself in the ambiguity of double meanings. Like a phantom he assumes a form, but having no substance it is impossible to grasp him.

It is impossible indeed to determine from the passage in question whether Dr. Whitaker regarded our Chapel as built by Churchmen or Dissenters. From the latter being so severely censured on account of their "inelegant" wooden pasturns, which evidently are coeval with the building, it may be contended that he considered them the architects; and, indeed, if this be not the proper construction, the Doctor's sarcasm has neither sense or meaning in it. In spite of this inference, however, I am clearly of opinion that this was not his idea. My interpretation of it is as follows:—

"Although the Church of Morley has, since Domesday Survey, undergone many changes, and much degradation, by being first reduced to a Chapelry by Robert de Lacy, and that Chapelry converted into a Conventicle by the Earl of Sussex; and although the Presbyterians have made it a paltry place of worship by their meanness and want of taste, *still it retains* much of the form of a Church (that is, some of its original features) having a *choir* and *side aisles*."

But I am far from wishing others to coincide in my opinion. The Doctor's remark is a two-edged sword, which cuts his party and not the Dissenters, whichever way it be turned. In fact I would rather that these ugly brats, the "wooden pasturns," should be fathered upon them than not, as in that

case not a stone can have been laid here by any other people; and, of course, Lord Savile could have leased to them nothing more than his own land and their structure. Whichever way, therefore, we consider the subject, Dr. Whitaker's remark is (to use the mildest term) ludicrous. "Wooden pasturns" indeed!! Whoever before heard of a people being sneered at because the roof of a barn happened to be propped with pillars and braces? What Tyro in the study of our ancient architecture does not know that the roofs of such buildings were generally so supported during the seventeenth, and perhaps sixteenth centuries? Who has not repeatedly seen them in barns all the country over? And who would have thought of Sectarians being denounced as "inelegant" because they happened to case, paint, grain, and varnish these vulgar pasturns?

I cannot here resist the temptation of noticing the singular consistency of this learned gentleman, when writing upon the subject of the "*great rebellion*,"—as men of his cloth call the Civil War of the seventeenth century, and censuring the Sectarians who were such sad "Rebels" in that age. "In the Civil War of the King and Parliament," says he (p. 75), "the inclinations of the cloathing districts, in general, greatly preponderated in favour of the latter. Their '*inelegance*'—their stubborn independence, and the influence of the puritanical Clergy, who swarmed among them, all contributed to the same end."

That the manufacturers, and indeed the common people generally, of Yorkshire were highly incensed at Charles 1st and his government is certain; and it would have been wonderful indeed had they not been so, when their laws, their property, nay, even their religion was invaded by that haughty and perfidious * monarch. It is admitted also that our poor countrymen were extremely inelegant and had a high spirit of independence; but how a man's inelegance and independence should put him out of love with a government, if really good; or in love with one, if really bad, is not evident to an ordinary capacity; and it might, therefore, have been as well to have referred their displeasure to a

* In that curious collection "The King's Cabinet opened," there is a letter of Charles which marks the character of the man beyond question, and discovers his rancour, not only to Lord Sussex, but to other nobles who had espoused his cause. In lieu of this piece of imbecility I will present in the Appendix a letter of the next Ruler, commonly called "the Usurper."—See Note 2.

shrewdness in politics, for which they are still remarkable.

In one of the notes to his publication of Sir George Radcliffe's Letters, the Doctor sneers at the government of this country under the Republic, on account of its economy and trusty care of the public purse, styling it "*the frugal and unshewy period of the Commonwealth*;" and he illustrates the force of his remark by the amusing instance of a Puritan Sheriff escorting the Judges at an assize with only 140 attendants, whereas, he alledges, that under the Monarchy there was always a much larger procession. I shall not trouble myself to inquire about a matter which is so unimportant, and so varying, according to the income or ideas of individuals. The remark is at best a childish one, and worthy of those who can only be amused with the trumpets and rattles and gingerbread show of aristocracy. Could the Doctor only have shewn that justice was more impartially † or ably administered under the Monarchy than under the Commonwealth and Protectorate, he would have done something; but who that ever heard of the Star Chamber and high Commission Courts—the trial of Russell, Sidney, or Lady Lisle, and the ferocity of Jeffries, dare institute a comparison? Or who can doubt that, for the people of England at large, the two latter governments were unspeakably better in every way? Referring, however, to the comparison between the "*frugal and unshewy period of the Commonwealth, and tasteless period of the Usurpation*" on the one hand, and the Monarchy of Charles on the other, as a matter of *taste* only, how different from Dr. Whitaker's was the taste of him who sung—

"Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
"Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
"Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
"With loss of Eden!"

"One day, Sir Robert Howard, who was a friend to Milton," says Bishop Newton, "and one of his constant visitors to the last, inquired of him how he came to side with the Republicans?" Milton answered, "amongst other reasons, because *theirs was the most frugal government*; for," said he, "*the trappings of a Monarchy might almost set up an ordinary Republic*." And if such was the taste of this immortal man, in the seventeenth, what would he have said to Dr. Whitaker in the nineteenth century? It is indeed on

account of its "*frugality*"—its pacific nature—its equitable principles—its watchful care as to public men, and prudent application of public monies, that many Sages besides Milton have esteemed a Republic as the most pure and perfect form of a government which was ever yet devised by human wisdom.

One of the distinguishing characteristics of a despotic Government and a false Religion is ‡ "*shew*," or, in other words, imposture. Hence the cunning device of spectacles and pomp to keep the multitude engaged, and draw off men's thoughts from matters of moment; and accordingly we find that the most "*shewy*" periods in our annals were the very worst. Look at the mummeries—the pageantry and glitter of the Tudor reigns; or look at long subsequent times when some bubble or other has constantly been blown, some "bone of contention" constantly thrown to divert the public and postpone reform;§ and then look at the "tasteless period of the usurpation|| and unshewy period of the Commonwealth"—No "touching for the evil"—No "cramp rings"—No "red caps of velvet"—No "Maunday Thursdays"—No "assumption of divine power or divine right"—No "lords of misrule"—No "boy bishops"—No "court fools," jesters, minstrels, or favourites—No "creeping to the cross," or creeping to the court, or creeping to the church—No! no! but there was something which made "England famous," as Clarendon observed, "and terrible over the world."

The second Trust Deed of Morley Chapel premises bears date the 17th of May, 1687, and by it the surviving Trustee, Robert

† See an account of France, by Miss Plumtre, or Hone's Table Book, vol. 1, p. 502.

§ It would be very amusing if any person would publish a regular list of these dainty political devices and fallacies. To me it is a matter of regret that I have neglected to collect them. However, if I was but ten years younger, the public should have a pamphlet upon the subject, which is more wanted than many people imagine.

|| One of the fallacies in regard to Cromwell, still kept up for political purposes, is a tale about his living in perpetual dread of conspirators to the very last, and of assassination also. The same thing, for the very same purposes, was long circulated respecting Napoleon, evidently to get rid of the hateful recollection or idea of their unprecedented popularity. These crafty devices I shall expose hereafter; but to retort upon the calumniators after their own fashion (except as to fact) how did the Tudors and first Stuarts live in regard to fears of this kind? Did none of them travel attended by looksmen, by guards, by heralds, who distributed money and bribes?—by minstrels and buffoons, employed for other purposes than those private amusement? Were not their beds made by persons who tried with their daggers whether there were "any untrewth therein"? Was not every dish "tasted" by many, besides the officer of that department, before even the renowned Elizabeth durst touch it? Yes! it is a fact, studiously kept out of sight by base and venal writers, that these miscreants lived in perpetual dread and anxiety, as well they might; but the impudence of transferring their conscious guilt to a man like Cromwell is amusing indeed.

† Cromwell's principal judges were Lord Hale, Chief Justice Rolle, Atkins, and St. John; but Glyn, Thorpe, and Wyndham (very able men), were also appointed by him.

Paulden, assigns to John Snowden, of Scholecroft; Thomas Dawson, Thomas Craister, James Hanson, John Coppendall, Thomas Scatcherd, Samuel Ward, William Roebuck, and John Crowther, of Morley; Jeremy Bolton, John Dickenson, and Joshua Birkhead, of Gildersome; and Joshua Hanson and Daniel Pickering, of Churwell.

Of these Trustees I have little to relate, as they lived for the most part in times very different from their predecessors. Thomas Dawson seems to have been a son of Abraham Dawson, of Morley, who died the 19th of November, 1671, aged 61 years. At all events, Mr. Dawson, the ejected Minister, was a son of his; and it was this Abraham who lent John Fozzard (one of the Farnley Wood Conspirators) a horse as before stated.

Thomas Scatcherd (my great great grandfather) was the eldest son of Matthew Scatcherd, an opulent merchant, in the proudest days of England's glory.* On the 14th of July, 1656, this Matthew was married, at Batley, to Miss Elizabeth Hudson, who brought him two other sons—Matthew and John, and several daughters. Besides his personal property he had handsome real estates at Morley, Birstal, Heckmondwike, and Healey. He died and was interred at Batley, in 1688, the year of the second Revolution. His wife died the 25th of August, 1715, in the 84th year of her age, and was laid at Morley.

In 1687 (the year in which he was elected a Trustee) Thomas Scatcherd married Miss Jane Smurthwaite, a descendant, most likely, of that John Smurthwaite, of Morley, who died 25th of September, 1643. His tombstone shews that he died the 20th of May, 1700, his wife having previously left him a widower, on the 4th of September, 1691, when she was "cut off" (as is recorded) "in the bloom of life."

I have in my possession an instrument (purporting to be conveyance of a pew in the Chapel) to this Thomas Scatcherd, from one John Reyner, whom I guess, at this time, to have been elected clerk at the Chapel. It bears date 1698, and as I perceive from dates

of the same period, or thereabouts, cut upon the pew doors, and attached to the names of other known Dissenters, that a general turn-out, or change of ownership, took place then. I am persuaded my conjecture as to the cause of it is pretty accurate. The family next mentioned were a part of the flock which now returned to their ancient fold.

John Dickinson was related to William Dickinson, the Farnley Wood Plotter, but in what degree cannot now be discovered. Till lately his name, cut upon a pew at the North angle of the Chapel, with the date 1698, was visible, but it is now covered with green cloth and brass nails, for the gratification of a new member of the Congregation, who has put up a new seat in it. Respecting John Dickinson I have only to relate that he it was who built Gildersome "Old Hall"—that he turned Quaker at the close of life—that, with his daughter Hannah, he lies interred within the Chapel, at the West corner, and that the family long lived in Gildersome Street.

Jeremy Bolton lies near his fellow Trustee. I cannot find that any other Trustees have been buried within the Chapel.

The next Trust Deed bears date June 22nd, 1721, and the Trust Premises are thereby assigned, by Birkhead and Ianson, to Samuel Scatcherd, John Dawson, William Lister, John Crooker, Benjamin Dixon, Joseph Dixon, Nathaniel Slack, Thomas Hemsworth, Jonathan Fothergill, John Ellis, the younger, John Webster,† the younger, Samuel Greethead, William Clarke, Joshua Reyner, Isaac Crowther, Samuel Webster, and Jeremy Swift, of Morley; William Leathley, of Churwell; and Samuel Birkhead and John Milner, of Gildersome.

As the Assignments appear, generally, to have been from surviving Trustees to the relatives of those deceased, and their own sons, I shall say little respecting them, merely adverting to such Trustees as were of most consequence in their day. Among the number of these stands first and pre-eminent on the list, Samuel, the eldest son of Thomas Scatcherd, yet not so much for anything else as on account of an alliance which raised him considerably; for he had the honour to be

* "The prevalence," says Hume, "of democratical principles, engaged the country gentlemen to bind their sons apprentices to merchants, and commerce has ever since been more honourable in England than in any other European kingdom. The exclusive companies, which had formerly confined trade, were never expressly abolished by any ordinance; but as men paid no regard to the prerogative whence the charter of these companies were derived, the monopoly was gradually invaded, and commerce increased with the increase of liberty." See also Burnet's Own Times, vol. 1, p. 149.

† It may be acceptable here to note that the name of the first person whom I can discover living at Morley is Richard Webster, married in 1575 to Johan Watson—Webster, like the name of Walker, and an infinity of other names, arose from the trade or business which the first of the name followed. An instance may be found in *Archæol.* vol. 10, p. 92, taken from an old book of 1501, relating to Louth Steeple. "Received of the Websters and Walkers of their light," &c., thirty shillings. See further, p. 89 of the same volume.

accepted as husband to Miss Mary Greathead, granddaughter to the Major—a lady of whom were I to write but a part of what people have related, who knew her well, the reader, perhaps, would say that I had borrowed a character from romance, and not from real life. From this consideration I abstain. Respecting her husband, suffice it to observe that from a boisterous country gentleman he was converted, by this connection, into a decent, rational, and sober man.

Of John Dawson little can be said, more than that he was the father of a gentleman of that name, in the next set of Trustees, and owner of a handsome property in this village. His father was, probably, that Thomas Dawson before mentioned as a Trustee, and who built the house bearing date 1683, well situated—but wretchedly planned.

Samuel Greathead's pedigree is unknown to me, but I incline to think he was descended from Captain Nicholas Greathead, who appears, from a document in my possession, to have had four sons. The Captain certainly died before 1668, but probably soon after the Civil War, and some circumstances persuade me he was related to the Major. Nor is my belief weakened by the names being spelt differently, for until the early part of the seventeenth century nothing can be more uncertain and varying than was our national orthography, especially in names. Besides I do not know how the Captain wrote his own name,† but only how others spelt for him. He had a son under age, in 1668, from whom this Samuel may have sprung; and he probably did so, if dependence can be placed on such hear-say evidence as I have casually met with; but there were so many families of this name, hereabouts, in the seventeenth century, and they spelt their names so differently, that nothing certain can be discovered.

By Indenture, dated August 25th, 1763 (being the year in which the once venerable Mr. Morgan came to Morley), Samuel Scatcherd, the elder, Samuel Webster, the elder, and Jeremy Swift, assigned the Trust Premises to John Dawson, Samuel Scatcherd, the younger, Robert Dixon, Joseph Ellis, William Reyner, Nathaniel Webster, Joseph Webster, John Hemsworth, Thomas Reyner, Samuel Webster, the younger, and Joseph Webster, the elder, all of Morley; George Alred, John

† It seems to me evident that in the seventeenth century people did not always spell their own names alike, and I have somewhere read that Sir Walter Raleigh spelt his seventeen different ways.

Reyner, and Samuel Leathley, all of Churwell; Joseph Asquith and Henry Scatcherd, of Gildersome; Wm. Leathley, of New-Hall; and Samuel Dawson, of Topcliffe. And, lastly, by Deed, September 3rd, 1793, Joseph Webster and Samuel Webster, assign to Watson Scatcherd, Esq., John Gisburn, John Wetherill, John Webster, the younger, John Garnet, and Thomas Crooker, of Morley; Samuel Wetherill, of Millshaw; John Reyner, of Leeds; John Boyle, of Haigh-Moor; Miles Shirtcliffe, of Churwell; Abraham Dawson, of Topcliffe; and Joseph Asquith, Robert Ellis, John Hollings, Samuel Gaunt, John Wormald, William Asquith, Jno. Jackson, and Daniel Slack, of Morley.

John Dawson, mentioned in the former of the two last Deeds, was the father-in-law of Alexander Wedderburn, afterwards Lord Loughborough—Lord High Chancellor of England—and Lord Rosslyn. While a Barrister upon the Northern Circuit he became acquainted with Miss Dawson, of Morley, and has often visited this village. Lady Loughborough died in 1779, and lies interred at Morley, where a handsome stone, but of bad materials, and ill executed as to engraving, was erected to her memory. His Lordship married again, and survived his first wife many years. From the newspaper accounts, it should seem that he delighted to bask in the beams of Royalty, and the more so as the winter of his age advanced.

Of his Lordship's father-in-law I can say but little. He did himself some credit in resisting, with success, as a Trustee of the Chapel, a most unconscientious claim of a Vicar of Batley, to burial (if not baptismal) dues; but otherwise he did little good to the village; and, as a neighbour, I have reason to think his room, when dead, was worth quite as much as his society when living. In truth he left behind him a convincing proof of his arrogance and parsimony in the erection of a pew more like a calf's crib than the seat of a gentleman of fortune, by which he modestly deprived his townsmen of one-half of the East window in the chancel—a piece of lumber which, on my suggestion, was swept away by order of the Trustees many years ago.

But if the conduct of Mr. Dawson was meritorious in resisting aggression, much more so was that of Mr. Boyle (a succeeding Trustee) though under another form. A

desperate gang of fellows, capable of any mischief or crime, had some years ago been for a long time the scourge and terror of the neighbourhood, and it was well known that some of them were natives of Morley. To them were associated other characters of the same description from Lee-Fair; and these villains being strong in numbers, and in connections, had repeatedly derided the impotency of our laws, and the poverty of prosecutors. But Providence kindly ordered that justice should at length overtake a few of them. On the evening of July the 25th, 1824, the robbery of Mr. Boyle's house was planned by one Samuel Dixon, the chief of the band, while drinking at a public-house in Dewsbury on the fair day; and the conversation was overheard by the sister of a young man whom they had persuaded to join them. It was also evidenced by two persons on the road to Lee-Fair; who, counterfeiting intoxication and somnolency, had listened to their discourse. Three circumstances appear to have encouraged the gang upon this occasion. Mr. Boyle was above 80 years of age, very feeble, and was supposed to be (as in fact he had just been) very ill—his house was situate in a lonely spot, and a bad neighbourhood—nor had he any help but in his wife and servant girl. And, lastly, it was known that he had recently received his rents. In short, if ever villainy was likely to be triumphant it seemed so to these ruffians, who were five or six in number.

Arriving at Mr. Boyle's dwelling about one o'clock in the morning, the gang broke a pane of glass, and opened the shutter of the kitchen window, which, falling back, threw down some things behind it, and awakened Elizabeth Balmforth, the servant; who, perceiving a light in the room below, crept softly out of bed and alarmed her master; first, however, securing the door upon the garret stairs, and which opened upon the landing of the better rooms. How fortunate her presence of mind was, appeared in an instant, by the general rush which was, ineffectually, made at this door. Happily it gave time to Mr. Boyle, who otherwise had, in all probability, been overpowered and murdered, with his hapless inmates; but snatching up a carbine, which had been loaded with ball, *about two years*, and a double barrelled pistol, which he put into his pocket, this intrepid veteran, followed by his wife, with a drawn sword, marched down the

principal stairs, and seeing a fellow just within the kitchen door he fired his carbine in an instant, reserving his pistol, as he told me, for any one who should attempt to seize him. But cowardice and villany are often associated in the same individuals, and so it proved in this instance; for the report of a gun so intimidated the miscreants, who were plundering the girl's room, or trying to force the other door, that they hurried down stairs, and fled precipitately. The family, thus left, soon fastened anew their door and window, but sate up, of course, till the day began to dawn; when, peeping out of a window, they spied a knot of people on the moor, about one hundred and fifty yards off, busily engaged in removing the man whom Mr. Boyle fancied he had missed, but who now appeared to be writhing in the last agonies. He proved to be one John Scott, of Morley, and in his pockets were found silver spoons and valuables, the property of Mr. Boyle. He was brother to the girl who had overheard the conversation at Dewsbury, and would have drawn him from his confederates. He was benumbed with the night air and the cold ground, and nearly exhausted by loss of blood; yet he betrayed no remorse—he made no confession—he discovered no penitence.—Borne on a window shutter to the nearest alehouse, he maintained a fidelity to his comrades worthy of a better cause. The blood oozed from his side—he complained only of thirst. His cravings now were limited to a drop of water, which, having taken, he gave a convulsive struggle, and lay stretched in the stillness and silence of death.

It was not long before some of the other fugitives were apprehended, two of whom, namely, Samuel Dixon and William Thomas, alias Sailor Will, were committed to York Castle—tried, convicted on the clearest evidence, and sentenced to death; but, by one of those strange, mysterious casualties, which are seriously injurious to the public, this penalty was commuted to that of transportation beyond seas; so that, by way of example and reparation to society here, they have been sent to plague, and, peradventure, to corrupt and injure people in a distant colony,* at the cost of an overburthened nation, and without affording to their Peers

* No one, I presume, can imagine that I mean anything more than to say, that the transportation of capital male factors, incorrigible, abandoned, reprobates, can only be attended with some such consequences as these. And, surely, all are of this class, who can bring no evidence to character, and are old in villainy, however young in years.

that salutary lesson which reason and justice demanded.

Whilst writing upon this subject, I must be allowed to mention another case of still more heinous guilt in this neighbourhood, which, but two years before, was attended with the same results.

About four o'clock in the morning of February the 7th, 1822, the family of Thomas Hellewell, a small publican, living at Bruntcliffe, we alarmed by a cry of fire, and soon perceived their stack-garth, and one or two of their stacks to be in flames. The fire, in fact, had nearly consumed a stack of clover, had communicated to one of corn, and had reached the very threshold of a barn and mistal of theirs, in which about thirteen head of cattle were confined. The whole would, certainly, have been burned to ashes, and an industrious, poor family utterly ruined, had not a watchful, superintending Providence interposed, and their neighbours assisted at a critical moment. When I relate but a few of the circumstances which led to the detection of the incendiary, the reader, I am persuaded, will exclaim with me—"Surely the finger* of Providence was there."

It was so ordered, upon this occasion, that a slight snow had just fallen on the ground, but quite sufficient for tracing the footsteps of a man who appears to have worn remarkable shoes. One of them had been evidently spetched with a clumsy strip of leather on the sole, and both of them left the impression of their clog nails so perfect, that not only the number, but shape of them was manifest. The fellow had, clearly, come up a field on the North East side—had tried to enter the mistal, and had come into the fold by getting over the fence wall—no other footsteps on the premises appeared.

Had this calamity befallen ninety-nine men out of every hundred, it is probable that, in the bustle and confusion which ensued, the traces of the miscreant had been lost; but Hellewell is a man of singular activity, courage, and sagacity, and he displayed it at this time with no less honour to himself than advantage to the public. Roused up to energies nearly superhuman, he flew from place to place to restrain the wandering of those whom he feared might obliterate the footmarks of the incendiary, and hunting him backwards to his house, in Neepshaw-lane,

* Napoleon's expression when Moreau was killed by a cannon shot.

and thence to Morley and Beeston, with the fleetness of a bloodhound, he overtook and seized him, with the very shoes upon his feet, before eight o'clock on the same morning.

To make my story as short as possible, other evidence soon came out which placed the guilt of John Vickers beyond a doubt. Revenge, it appears, founded on the most trivial, or rather no real,* provocation, had instigated him to the perpetration of one of the blackest in the catalogue of crimes. He had long been regarded as a fellow of the vilest and most dangerous description; and his conduct both upon his trial, (which I witnessed) and even after his sentence, was quite compatible to the common opinion. He made no defence—he called no evidence to character—he flattered at the solemnities of the Court, and the dignity of the Judge;—like Guy Faux, in the reign of James, "he shewed no concern about anything but the failure of his project"—no person, or circumstance, that I know of, recommended him to mercy, and every spectator, I believe, considered him lost. Will it then be credited, that this wretch was, at an expense of, perhaps, sixty or seventy pounds, merely sent over seas to the beautiful climate and country of New South Wales, and that the rumour has been, that he is now thriving there as a malster? Well may people say, "They order these things better in France,"—to say nothing of a half-civilized country, such as Russia. But why, may we ask, should a sickly sensibility be ever allowed to stand in the path of strict justice, and the public safety? Why should a person suffer for what may be done without opportunity of reflection, and in a tumult of passion, or from something like necessity—if the cold—the deliberate, midnight incendiary† is to be spared? And why should men—in other respects—save one solitary act—the benefactors and the ornaments of their country—an Aram or a Dodd, be executed, if such infernals as I alluded to are worthy to exist?

To change the subject, and resume my account of the principal Trustees of Morley Chapel, I would willingly dwell upon the first name on the last deed, if propriety allowed it. But it would far better become any other

* Mr. Hellewell's offence was merely pointing out this fellow's dwelling to an officer who made inquiry of him, having a distress for rent, or an execution upon his goods.

† There cannot be a doubt, I think, that the able and upright judge who respited this criminal, was somehow or other grossly deceived or imposed upon.

person to speak of him than myself, and I only get the better of my reluctance to do so from an impression, that to pass him by in silence is scarcely consistent with my duty, either as an historian or a relative—besides which, there are, probably, some few who regard his memory, and may desire to know what little I shall add respecting him. Waiving then all false shame, or affected modesty,—in 1778, he married Frances, third daughter of the Rev. John Fountaine, Rector of North Tidmouth, in Wiltshire, (an intimate friend of the celebrated Handel,) who, in the fine ancient Manor-house, at Marylebone, first the property of the Crown, and, afterwards, of the Duke of Portland, kept one of the largest and most genteel seminaries in London. He was educated in the law, under Warren, an eminent special pleader. For about thirty years he practised as a Barrister, and, in very unpleasant times, served the public as a Magistrate, without any profit to himself, or inordinate benefit to his clerk. What he was to this district—to his relations—but especially to his poor neighbours, it becomes not me to say; yet, one thing, for the sake of those to whom chiefly I address myself, I will testify, which is, that from my youth, upwards, I cannot recollect him guilty of an immoral action, or even an improper expression. Of immorality, in fact, under every form, he was a severe Censor, but he never forgave the man who offended his delicacy.

Mr. Gisburn, the next upon the list, was, for many years, the only surgeon and apothecary in the neighbourhood. He was a facetious man, and skilful in his profession; whatever were his failings they hurt nobody but himself, and his loss was generally lamented.

The only other Trustee whom I shall mention is, Mr. Samuel Wetherill, who died, May 20th, 1826, aged about eighty years. To this gentlemen I was indebted for the Topcliffe Register, for some information in this volume, and for a zeal to afford me literary assistance, in which he was only equalled by another friend. He it was who presented me with a copy of Mr. Wales's sermons—the very copy which had belonged to Lady Wharton. He it was who accompanied me in my rambles to the Tingley Burial-ground, and who, more than all other person, has given me information as to the Societies of Topcliffe and Woodchurch. He

was remarkably conversant in the ecclesiastical history of the seventeenth century, and, having both a taste for antiquities, and an excellent memory, his society was always profitable; but that for which Mr. Wetherill was most distinguished, was the equality and sweetness of his temper, the propriety and consistency of his conduct. Speaking of him from the experience of my whole life, I can truly say—

“He ne'er gave me cause to complain,
“Till that fatal day when he died.”—

that I never looked on him without pleasure, that he never met me without a smile. Wherever else then they may flourish in our Chapel yard, the nettle and the briar shall never appear beside the grave of my revered comrade, for they have no business to grow there.

This subject naturally leads me to our “Chapel Yard,” whither, I hope, the reader will not fear to follow me. But, before we come to that place, I wish to commemorate one or two things of some interest to my neighbours, though of little to the public.

The first relates to the men who officiated as clerks to our old Ministers and Congregation. These from the time of old Stainer, the Church clerk, down to the commencement of this century, were there in number—namely, John Reyner, next Joseph Hague, who succeeded him, about 1727, and Nathaniel Slack, who was clerk in the times of Mr. Morgan and Mr. Lucas.

But the person of whom I am most solicitous to make mention, is old John Chappel, who lived in a house near the vestry chamber, where his mother an old school-mistress, taught me my alphabet. John was the village carrier to Leeds, a remarkably honest, sober man, but quite an original of his kind. Music to him was every thing; especially if it belonged to Handel, Boyce, Green, or Kent. He was an old bachelor; and seated in his arm chair, with a number of fine fat tabby cats, his music books, and violoncello, a king might have envied him his happiness. At a very early age, John had got so well drilled in the science of “Sol-fa-ing,” that he could catch up his distances, very correctly, when singing in parts, and attempting a new piece,

* This is a very different character from that given to Roger de Northborough, a Bishop of Lichfield, of whom it is observed by Godwyn, that, after having sat there for thirty-eight years, he had done nothing worthy of commendation, “*Nisi forte hoc recte factum dicamus quod mortuus est.*” I hope Godwyn remembered an adage—“*De mortuis nil nisi verum.*”

and he was outrageously violent with those who possessed not the same talent. Being "cock of the walk," in the gallery of the Old Chapel, he, unfortunately, so intimidated most of his pupils, that they sought harmony, less intermingled with discords, at the Calvinist Chapel, and we lost an excellent singer (Ananiah Illingworth) from this cause alone. But old John repaid, by his zeal and fidelity, the injury which he did us by his petulance; and I wish it were possible for me to present the reader with his portrait, as he frequently appeared. Year after year, and Sabbath after Sabbath, morning and afternoon, in the coldest and most inclement weather—yea up to the knees in snow, would old "Cheetham" trudge with his beloved violoncello, carrying it with all the care and tenderness that a woman does her babe. But, Oh! to see him with his bantling between his knees, the music books elevated, his spectacles mounted on a fine bowing nose, (between the Roman and the Aquiline) surrounded by John Bilbrough, with his left-handed fiddle, a man who played a wretched flute, and a set of young lads yelping about him, was a sight for a painter. On the other hand, to have heard him, on his return from Leeds, with his heavy cart and old black horse, singing one of Dr. Boyce's airs—"Softly rise, O southern breeze," with a voice between a tenor and counter-tenor, would have delighted even the Doctor himself. Ah! those days, when modest worth, rural innocence, and unostentatious piety, were seen in the village, in many a living example, I can scarcely think on without a tear. First on a Sunday morning came the excellent "Natty," as humble, pious, and moral a man, as I ever knew; then followed old John, with his regiment, and next, the venerable Pastor, in his clerical hat, and large cauliflower or fullbottomed wig—tall, erect, dignified, and serious; with an appearance which would have suited the Cathedral at York, and a countenance which might have stood in the place of a sermon. But I must not indulge myself upon this subject, so I turn to one of a very different nature.

The most ancient stone in our Burial-ground is over one William Tompson, who died in July, 1667. Stephen Tompson, his son I believe, and who died the 8th July, 1675, is interred beside him. In an old MS. I find them members of the Congregation at Morley.

Near to these slabs is the tomb of "Dorothy, daughter of the celebrated Edmund Waller, of Beaconsfield, in the County of Bucks, who died January 18th, 1717, in the 61st year of her age."

History, I believe, makes no further mention of this lady than that "she was a dwarf, and was sent down into the North for her health." She lived in this village some years—at first in a house on Banks-hill, call the "Yew Tree House," built by a family called Huntington, and purchased by her from them; but latterly, in lodgings nearer to the "Parsonage-house." In fact she had become, or was, constitutionally, a cripple; and was carried in a sedan-chair to, and from, the Chapel. By the villagers she was called "Madame* Waller,"—was treated with a deserved respect, and left behind her a "good name."

The Gentleman who directed the inscription above mentioned has called this Lady's father "the celebrated Edmund Waller." That excellent Prelate, Hough, Bishop of Worcester, also calls him "the famous Mr. Waller." It will relieve the dullness of topographical detail, and ornament my volume considerably, to shew the propriety of this epithet.

Edmund Waller was born on the 3rd of March, 1605, at Coleshill, in Hertfordshire; but his parents lived at Agmondesham, or (by contraction) Amersham, in Buckinghamshire, for which place, after leaving King's College, Cambridge, he was chosen Member, and sate in the last Parliament of James 1st, at the early age of seventeen years. He was brought up at Eton School, and must, indeed, have been an apt scholar to be considered fit for College and the Senate at such an age. His mother was the sister of the Patriot Hampden, and had the still higher honour of being related to Cromwell; but she was, evidently, a woman of narrow mind, and of as abject, if not versatile a spirit as was her son. In 1640, Waller was again returned Member for Amersham, and in 1643 engaged in a plot against the Government (then Republican) which, with the duplicity and

* The term "Madame" was, formerly, only applied to a lady of a superior order, and "Mistress" to a single lady in general. The word "Miss" only began to be used in the reign of Charles 2nd, and was at first applied only to a prostitute, as we find that Mademoiselle Querouaille, sent, by the court of France, to corrupt his "sacred Majesty," and afterwards Duchess of Portsmouth, was "made a Miss" by that "Merry Monarch." See Memoirs of Evelyn.

cowardice which, on his detection, he displayed, must ever be a blot on his escutcheon. Being mercifully spared under an administration little addicted to blood, but fined in the penalty of ten thousand pounds, and banished the country; to raise this sum he sold his estates, and went to France. Here he remained until Cromwell came into power, who, with his usual clemency and greatness of soul, not only permitted the return of Waller, but forgave his delinquency. Such benevolence would have affected a worse heart than Waller's, and accordingly we find that he not only wrote an admirable panegyric upon Oliver, in 1654, but followed it up by another poem, which ends thus—

"His conquering head has no more room for bays—
Then let it be, as a glad nation prays;
Let the rich ore* forthwith be melted down,
And the State fix by making him a crown."

But Cromwell, who neither had occasion for, or wanted, people to commend him, most evidently saw into the Poet's drift, and understood his character; for he took no notice of him at all. When, therefore, he composed his fine poem "Upon the death of the Protector," one may well believe it flowed from the genuine emotions of the heart.—

"We must resign!—Heaven his great soul does claim,
In storms as loud as his immortal fame."

"'Tis an ill Poet, however, that knows not how to trim," as Waller's biographer remarks, and accordingly we find that he congratulated Charles 2nd, in "a poem upon his Majesty's happy return in 1660," and became the courtier—the buffoon, and 'bottle companion of the "*Merry Monarch*." He sat also in Parliament during this and the succeeding reign—not as Member, however, for Amersham, but for some rotten Cornish Borough, which his venality procured him. With James the 2nd also, Waller was a favourite; yet, it is said, he was "in the secret of the Revolution, and would often predict that the King would be left like a whale upon the strand;" but he charged some about him not to meddle till they should see the Prince of Orange "*actually*" landed, at which time his son and heir, Edmund Waller, "*actually*" went over to that Prince.

* This gold was the rich prize taken from the Spaniards by Cromwell's immortal Admiral Blake, equally distinguished for patriotism and virtue, as for bravery and talent.

† Here we have an exact picture of a "loyal life-and-fortune" gentleman. Could we know the contents of Richard Cromwell's "Old Box," or of "The Stuart Papers," there would be abundant edification for us upon such subjects. Since writing the above I see it stated in the Newspapers that these documents, the Stuart Papers, are intrusted to Walter Scott to bring forth. A very fit person, indeed, judging of him from his life of Napoleon.

So much for the political character of a man whose "celebrity" must ever rest upon his lineage—his connections with the great,—but, above all, on his poetic and literary qualifications; for illustrating which, I turn to the most pleasing part of my sketch, and will give the reader a specimen of both. But, before I do so, I must mention one thing by way of preliminary.

After the death of his first wife, Anne, the daughter and heiress of Edward Banks, Esq., Waller became enamoured with the Lady Dorothy Sidney, who was the "Saccharissa" of his muse, in the sweet twenty-fifth year of his age. She was the daughter of Lord Leicester, and wife, at length, to the first Earl of Sunderland.* To this lady, among other poems, the following exquisite trifle appears to have been addressed:—

"Go, lovely Rose—
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.
Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.
Small is the worth
Of beauty, from the light retir'd,—
Bid her come forth!
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.
Then die, that she
(The common fate of all things rare,)
May read in thee—
How small a part of time they share—
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!"

After the marriage of Lady Dorothy, Waller, it seems, addressed a letter of congratulation to her sister, Lady Lucy Sidney, which, being the best specimen of his prose that I have seen, shall be here united to that of his poetry.

"Madame,

"In this common joy, at Penshurst, I know none to whom complaints may come less unseasonable than to your Ladyship, the loss of a bedfellow being almost equal to that of a mistress; and, therefore, you ought to pardon, if you consent not to the imprecations of 'the deserted,'† which just heaven no doubt will hear.

"May my Lady Dorothy, if yet we may call her so, suffer as much, and have the like passion for this young Lord, whom she hath preferred to the rest of mankind, as others have had for her; and may this love, before

* This was the third Lord Spencer, first Earl of Sunderland, by name Henry ———. Diddin's *Edes Althorpiana*.

† One would imagine from this expression that the addresses of Waller to the Lady Dorothy had been encouraged.

the year goes out, make her taste the first curse of womankind—the pains of becoming a mother.—May her first-born be none of her own sex, nor so like her, but he may resemble her Lord as much as herself.—May she, that hath always affected silence and retiredness, have the house filled with the noise and number of her children, and hereafter, of her grandchildren; and then may she arrive at that great curse so much declined by fair Ladies—old age.—May she live to be very old, yet seem young, be told so by her glass, and have no aches to inform her of the truth, ‘*And when she shall appear to be mortal*’* may her Lord not mourn for her, but go hand in hand with her to that place, where, we are told, ‘there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage,’ that, being there divorced, we may all have an interest in her again. My revenge being immortal, I wish all this may befall their posterity to the world’s end, and afterwards.

“To you, Madame, I wish all good things, and that this loss may be happily supplied by a more constant bedfellow of the other sex.

“Madame, I humbly kiss your hands, and beg pardon for this trouble, from your Ladyship’s most humble servant,

“E. WALLER.”

It is not unlikely that Miss Waller, of Morley, was called “Dorothy,” after the Poet’s “*Saccharissa*,” at all events there is a plaintive tenderness, and a beauty of expression in this letter, which makes it worthy of regard.

Near the sepulchre of Miss Waller, is one of a personage who, though of superior rank and form to the Poet’s daughter, was by no means her equal in other respects, if the tradition handed down to me be correct. As the slab containing her memorial is a soft blue stone, and may in a few years be illegible, in spite of *my cost and trouble* to preserve it, I must here, reluctantly, fall into the book-making practice of giving the epitaph at length.

“Within this Tomb lie the Remains of the Right Honourable Lady Loughborough, Wife of Alexander Lord Loughborough, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. She was the

* This, in my opinion, is a most delicate and beautiful compliment, and I pity the taste of that man, who is not as much enraptured with it, in another way, as Waller was with his Dorothy.

† He apostatized from the cause of freedom, and, in about three years from this time, he fell at the battle of Newbury (in 1643), aged twenty-three. See Dibdin, p. 26; and Hume, vol. 6, p. 535.

only Daughter of John Dawson, Esq., and his Wife Elizabeth. Her Ladyship died the 14th of February, 1781, aged 36.”

But there are tombs in this Burial-ground far more interesting than this. I mean the tombs of the ejected Ministers. Through my solicitude, and at my expense, they also have been preserved, and will, I hope, at least be cared for by my posterity, should succeeding generations have no better taste and sentiments than our villagers have at present.

The first, and my favourite stone, is that over “Robert Pickering, Master* of Arts, of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, and Preacher of the Gospel at Morley; who accounted himself the meanest servant in the work of Jesus Christ,” and departed this life October 11th, 1680.

That the ejected Ministers did, unfeignedly, account themselves as servants, and accountable servants too, is manifest from the history of their lives; and that such was the real sentiment of Robert Pickering, though a Master† of Arts, and a man of talent, there can be no doubt. Humility is, in fact, one of the first fruits of religion, and this venerable man had long passed through the elements of a Christian education. His principles and his “taste” were different—very different from that of those who talk about the “*tasteless period of the Usurpation*,” and “*unshevy period of the Commonwealth*.” The high sounding titles of “*Dominus Deus noster Papa—alter Deus in terra—Rex Regum—Dominus Dominorum*; or of William, by divine permission, Lord Archbishop, Primate of all England, and Metropolitan,” with their equipages, attendants, and other good things, are peculiarly enchanting to some people; but Robert Pickering, educated in another school, had long sat at the feet of his beloved master, “whose kingdom is not of this world,” and there had received those edifying lessons which qualified him for his office. What wonder then, if he preferred to the foregoing, the artless, modest, and

* This was a very appropriate description as applied to, and used by, the graduated Clergy (in the Middle Ages especially). See Stowe’s Annals, p. 469.—For in fact, every other order of men (the Lawyers only excepted) were ignorant and barbarous beyond description. The Priests were the chief Legislators, Officers, Architects, Schoolmasters, and Historians.

† Learning was but meanly thought of in the reign of Henry 8th, as appears from the following among other authorities:—

Mr. Pace, one of Henry’s Secretaries, was told by one of the Nobles about the Court, that “it was enough for Noblemen’s sons to wind their horn and carry their hawk fair, and to leave study and learning to the children of mean men.” See Camden’s Rems. (last Edn.) p. 273.

captivating address of an *unshewy*, but great, apostle—"Peter, a servant of Jesus Christ."

The tombs of Mr. Pickering and Mr. Baily, have, evidently, been put up about the same period, which I take to be about 1689, or a little after; for their very appearance, and the state of the times, antecedently, convince me that they could not have been erected according to their dates.

The sepulchre of the next ejected Minister is, for William Hawden, who died, as is there stated, 26th of August, 1699, in the eighty-eighth year of his age. The text which his friends have inscribed over him is—"The righteous hath hope in his death." I can gather no particulars of this gentleman beyond what Dr. Calamy relates.

"Mr. William Hawden," says he, "born near Leeds. Upon the Five Mile Act, he went to Sherborn, and afterwards removed to Wakefield. He preached both at home and abroad, as opportunity offered, and as long as his sight continued, but for the last eight or nine years of his life it failed him. He was a sound, orthodox Divine, a great enemy to all vice—a zealous promoter of what was good—of great magnanimity and resolution. In 1685, when the Duke of Monmouth was landed, he was sent prisoner to Hull, and thence conveyed to York Castle, where the Commissioners required he should be bound to his good behaviour, which he peremptorily refused, knowing no occasion for it; but the matter was compromised, upon a friend's passing his word for him. He was ejected from the Vicarage of Broads-worth." This gentleman, I believe, officiated as a supply for the Dissenters at Morley. He probably was not elected their Minister on account of his age, as he would be near seventy at Mr. Pickering's decease.

Upon the tomb of the last of our ejected Ministers, is this inscription:—"Here resteth the body of Abraham Dawson, of Morley, who departed this life, the 19th of November, 1671, 'aged 61.'" "Here also, was interred the body of the Rev. Mr. Joseph Dawson, Minister of the gospel at Morley, and son of the above-said, who finished his labours and entered on his rest June 26th, aged 78, 1809." This interesting memorial—so closely connected with our history—was, for twenty years at least, buried about two feet under ground, to make way for the slab of a person of no consequence, and of a different

character. It is unnecessary to say, by whom it was replaced and restored.

Here let me pause for the sake of those Dissenters who love consistency, and not only know their own sentiments but those of their forefathers: in the seventeenth century especially.

On the sepulchres of two of the ejected Ministers, though University scholars, and episcopally ordained, as well as on one who was, at least, their contemporary, it is written thus—"Mr. Samuel Baily"—"Robert Pickering, Preacher of the Gospel"—"Mr. William Hawden"—and so forth; but when we come to 1709—and the Stone of the next gentleman, it is "*The Rev.** Mr. Joseph Dawson." Now, although I am quite sure Mr. Dawson was (like these other Ministers) as much worthy of the appellation "Reverend" as any person of his times, and much more so than a multitude of people in ours; yet I must own its introduction here is not, in my judgment, in good "*taste*." This remark naturally draws me to relate a few particulars which are not known to every one.

In the early ages of the Church, to say nothing of the highest orders of the Clergy, but to confine the remark to the generality, we find them little assuming in regard to titles.—They generally bore the Christian name, as "Augustine"—"James the Deacon"—"Laurentius," and so forth. Afterwards, when they were designated by local residence, the same simplicity continued. It was in these times "Robert de Rupibus"—"Henry de Vallibus"—"John de Veteriponte"—"Thomas de Capella," &c.; or it was William de Terringham, Clerk, or William, of Wyckham. At length these Priests began to be called "Sir," if not graduated—if otherwise, "Master;" and the former appellation I find common, from Sir Richd. Wich, Vicar of Hermetsworth, in 1440, and burnt for heresy on Tower Hill, to Sir Thomas † Newman, Priest, who "bore the faggot for singing Mass *with good ale*," in 1537. The title of Doctor, was also assumed about the same times, and was certainly not inappropriate to the office. But the Clergy, not content with titles sufficient for Knights and Baronets, and the principal Gentry in the

* It is my belief that the title "Reverend" sprang up in the reign of his Catholic Majesty, Charles the 2nd, though I can only prove it by inference. It was certainly adopted before 1668. See Evelyn's *Memoirs*.

† Stowe's *Annals*, p. 622.

land, must needs rise higher yet, and accordingly we read of other appellations such as "Reverend"—"Honourable and Reverend," &c. in after times. Titles, however, of all kinds, seem wonderfully to have increased from the rise of the Tudors to the fall of the Stuarts; or, to be more particular, from the time of his Highness the "Defender of the Faith," to the decline of his "most sacred Majesty"—the *most religious* † and *gracious King*—Charles the 2nd. During the *tasteless period of the Usurpation* indeed, and *unshewy period of the Commonwealth*, these concerns were in low repute, and the difference may be well accounted for, when we contrast with the others the men of these times—men whose ambition was altogether of a different kind, and who sought the admiration of their country by deeds rather than by words. Cromwell, especially, who knew mankind, detested clerical pride, and despised the fooleries of the Romish Church as much as any man that ever lived, appears to have applied his stupendous mind to the restoring of Christianity to its primitive simplicity and purity; and in spite of the cant and quaint phraseology which disgraces the age rather than the men, we must needs admire the unostentatious deportment of his Ministers. But, when the "Catholic" Charles was restored—when the Peerage was swelled in a most unprecedented and ludicrous* degree—when, among all sorts of titles and nicknames, the word "Reverend" was introduced; the apostates of Liberty and the cavaliers appear to have adopted it very nearly together. It was no longer Mr. Richard Baxter, Mr. Edward Bowles, or Mr. Jno. Flavel; but the Rev. Richard Baxter, the Rev. Edwd. Bowles, and the Rev. John Flavel. And if some of the other "Trimmers," such as Calamy, Bates, and Owen, did not assume it, their title of Doctor alone prevented. From this time the appellation has been so far extended, that it is now often applied to tradesmen, farmers, and mechanics.

As the love of eminence and shew is a passion ever restless and importunate, so when it is encouraged, new demands will continually arise; and accordingly, with titles

† These epithets were first bestowed in this reign—with what propriety, may be discovered by turning only to Evelyn's *Memoirs*, p. 549, &c. I quote Evelyn, as he was loyal even to the Stuarts. See also, "Ellis's Letters, vol. 3, p. 324.

* So ludicrous indeed was it, that a Lady remarked "one could scarcely spit out of a window without spitting on a Lord"—on observation which may be extended to the Reverends of the present day.

has grown up a fondness for clerical dress—finery and pomp.† Fine gowns,‡ organs, and pews, all proclaim our degeneracy and gradual approach to that pageantry which was derived from Pagan Rome, in the early ages of the Church. It will be well, I sometimes think, if matters go no further: but when one beholds among one class of Dissenters a Liturgy—with another, Confessions of Faith—and over a third a conclave of Priests as absolute and arbitrary as is seen at Rome, there is certainly some cause of apprehension.§

To return to our Burial-ground, the stone next to that of Mr. Pickering is over one John Halliday, who died in 1677; the next is for Mr. Baily "Minister of Morley and Topcliffe," who died December 8th, 1675; and the next that of Alice his wife, who on the 22nd of June, 1674, left him a widower. A little further North is a stone for Nehemiah Wood, of Gildersome, who married Hannah, one of the daughters of Major Greatheed, and died the 26th of October, 1707, his wife following him February 29th, 1752, aged eighty-three years.

Passing near the Mausoleum of my family, I find that Henry Greatheed, of Gildersome, a son of the Major, died the 5th of July, 1718, aged 80; that Martha his wife, died the 15th of August, 1722; that Elizabeth the wife of Matthew Scatcherd, of Morley, died August the 25th, 1715, aged 84; that Jane the wife of Thomas Scatcherd their son, died September 4th, 1691, and that Thomas died May 20th, 1700.

Near this spot are the graves of the

† I take leave to record it here, that under the Presbyterian Ministry the gown and bands never appeared once at the Old Chapel. When Dr. Priestly preached here, he appeared in the most unostentatious garb, and from eyewitnesses I know that his demeanour was plain, artless, lowly, and apostolic.

‡ The gown as well as surplice was particularly declaimed against by the Independents of the seventeenth century. See appendix to the Life of Archbishop Sancroft.

§ It is a curious question what will be the general religion in England, a century or two hence. Some considerations indicate that the two largest bodies of Dissenters will at length merge in the Establishment. One of them (the nearest related to Alma Mater) seems already repentant; and the tenets of the other so nearly correspond with the Athanasian Creed and the Articles, and their departure from the usages and principles of their forefathers is so manifest, that their return is far from improbable. As to the Moravians, they seem to be between Catholic and Protestant, and as little on the increase as the Quakers, who are as little likely to flourish here, as Jews or Mahomedans. On the other hand, there is a tenet directly opposed to all people, and which, like the little cloud, appears to be spreading on all sides. We now have "Unitarian" Churchmen—Methodists—Baptists—Quakers, &c., besides the denomination so called. In the New World too, as well as in the Old, this sentiment is prevailing; the result, I hope, will be glorious, and for mankind, happy.

Reyner family, but the stones being of recent date, I pass them by—one of John Scurr, of Holbeck, who died May the 10th, 1684, is worth notice. He was related to that Leonard Scurr mentioned by Calamy, and of whose murder and robbery in 1680, by Holroyd, Littlewood, and others, a particular account may be found in Whitaker's Leeds. In what degree they were related, the present head of the Scurr family, now residing at Liverpool, could not inform me; but only that the tradition is, respecting our John, that he was killed by a fall from his horse.

In this Burial-ground I find a stone for Susannah, wife of John Bainbridge, of "Rownes" (Roomes) who died the 8th of February, 1687, and which I mention just to shew that there were families thereabouts 140 years ago. It is manifest indeed from the ancient barns and cottages which we see skirting the borders of Farnley Wood, or at no great distance therefrom, that from Gildersome, Roomes, Snittles, Cottingley, and Beeston, there were dwellings long anterior to the Conspiracy.

We next come to the tombs of the Dawsons. On one side the Minister lies John Dawson, Esq., the father of Lady Loughborough, who died December 10th, 1769, aged 56. On the other side, lies his father, who died September 2nd, 1741, aged 65; and his sister, Mrs. Lydia Dawson, who died September 2nd, 1764, aged 57. On the South side of this stone, and inclosed with palisadoes like his daughter's tomb, lie the remains of Mrs. Elizabeth Dawson, wife of the first-mentioned John Dawson, who died November 5th, 1788, aged 77; and just by it, is a stone for Esther Crowther, wife of Joshua Crowther, and mother-in-law of Thomas Dawson. Who this Thomas was I am unable to make out, but he seems to have been a Trustee of the Chapel. On the side of Elizabeth's tomb, is a marble slab for "Ann, relict of John Dawson, gentleman, who died July 2nd, 1767, aged 89.—Lastly, there is a stone for "the Rev. Joseph Dawson, of Rochdale, in Lancashire, who seems to have lived at Morley, before his removal thither, and to have had two sons—namely, Samuel—who, died here, "July 23rd, 1696, aged 20 years and 9 months;" and Thomas, born December 13th, 1702, and deceased November 3rd, 1706.

This account of the Dawsons is involved in an obscurity which I cannot dispel. It is

certain that Abraham was the father of Joseph, our Minister, and my belief is that Joseph, the Minister at Rochdale, was one of the sons of our Joseph; who, according to Dr. Calamy, "brought up four sons to the Ministry." Indeed I have been credibly informed that this is the fact. John Dawson, the grandfather of Lady Loughborough, was, more probably, a son of Thomas Dawson, than of our old Minister; but somehow or other they were all related, and if I may be allowed to guess at their common ancestor, judging of them from their principles, I should say they were all descended from * "Abraham, the father of the faithful."

Near these tombs lie the remains of that once learned and truly excellent man, Timothy Alred, of whom it is recorded that he was Pastor of the congregation at Morley, fifty-four years, and died August the 21st, 1772, aged 88. In his latter days he resided with his son George, at an ancient farm-house, near Churwell, at present occupied by Mr. Morris.

At some distance N.E. of the last stone is a handsome one, curiously carved, "in memory of Mr. Thomas Craister, who died May 13th, 1681, and of his son Thomas, the Trustee in 1687, who died March 6th, 1702, aged 48. There is a stone also for the Rev. Nathaniel Booth, of Gildersome, who died April 3rd, 1755, aged 75. Of this Mr. Booth, an Anabaptist Minister, I shall have occasion to speak hereafter. His grandson, the late Nathaniel Booth, grocer, &c., in Gildersome, it was believed, was the proper heir to the title "Delamere," and peradventure, might have preferred his claims, had not the ordinary accompaniment been wanting, and his own education not less so.

The next stone informs us that "William Robuck, of Morley (the Trustee in 1687), died September 17th, 1720, aged 63; and that Rachael, his wife, who died June 12th, 1725, aged 67; and Sarah, wife of John Dawson, of Topcliffe, who died February 8th, 1763, aged 79," were there interred.

Near the ashes of the Robuck family are flat slabs, for one Thomas Metcalf, of Morley, who died in 1717;—another is for Mercy, wife of John Margerisson, of Drighlington, who died April 12th, 1704, aged 63. Of this family I shall write a subsequent page.

* I mean Abraham, the Parliamentarian, who lent John Fossard a horse, in 1663, and was father to Joseph, our Minister.

The last tomb which I shall notice, but not the least sacred in my esteem, is that of the truly Reverend Thomas Morgan, of whom it is recorded that he died July 2nd, 1799, aged 80 years, "after having faithfully discharged the office of Pastor here, from October 23rd, 1763, to September 28th, 1794, when it pleased God to suffer his powers of speech and active usefulness, to be destroyed by a paralytic stroke."

Having now got through the only unpleasant part of my task—the irksome drudgery of commemorating the principal interments in the Burial-ground, and having, with studied care, abridged the inscriptions on the oldest and most memorable stones, the reader will, perhaps, have the good nature to indulge me in making a few remarks.

It was once my wish to redeem, according to my ability, and the extent of my influence, a national disgrace, by making this Chapel-yard fit for the eye of a stranger, and not unpleasant to our villagers—and, for this purpose, I have expended money in planting trees, and fixing palisadoes at the Northern and Western skirts. The small extent of our Burial-ground forbids the thought of further improvement, and a still greater obstacle is, the circumstance of Morley being a manufacturing village. Were it otherwise, something beyond a mere approach to decency might be attempted.

It is impossible to hear or read of the Burial-grounds in France, especially that of Pere la Chaise, near Paris, without feeling that we are, as a nation, some centuries behindhand with our neighbours, in exhibiting a tasteful and proper respect for the memory of departed friends. There the weeping willow or the laurel, the laburnum or the bay, commixed with vernal and perennial flowers, not only decorate the graves† of the deceased, and denote, partially, their quality, sex, and character, but are beautifully emblematic of a "perpetual spring," and an unfading immortality. Compared with spots like these how cold, and desolate, and horrid, is the aspect of our Church-yards in England! presenting little to the view beyond the lumber and disorder of a stone quarry. Without verdure to relieve the eye—without beauty to captivate the fancy—and, often, without a sentiment to affect the heart.

† In Glamorganshire to this day the graves are annually dressed by surviving relatives with flowers. *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. 97, part 2, p. 292.

Judge, then, reader, of the regret with which I view a place, consecrated by many recollections, yet for which no regard, even as it respects decency, is preserved. Often have I suggested the propriety of stopping up of footpaths—of preventing the demolition of graves by cows and horses, and of the walls and tombs by animals more brutish still than these.—Often have I not only remonstrated, but have caused to be removed, the nuisances whereby the walls and tombs are blackened and defiled, but all in vain! Every thought of the departed being absorbed in a regard for trade—in a mercenary calculation of "profit and loss." I have in this, as in more useful endeavours, been unsupported. Henceforth, therefore, I shall remain passive—for "what can an individual do against a camp?"

On the South side of Morley Chapel, and nearly in the centre of the Burial-ground, is the base of a column, with part of the shaft in its socket, of what our oldest people have, from my boyish days, assured me was formerly a sun-dial. In spite, however, of this their united assurance, as none of them pretended to have seen this dial, or anything more than a part of the shaft, I am compelled to believe that an ancient Church-yard Cross once appeared upon this base. My reasons are as follows:—

It seems very doubtful whether any person in Mr. Alred's time (and he came here in 1709) ever saw this Dial. So that the account of there having been one is quite traditionary. Supposing, however, that there *was* a Dial belonging to the Chapel, this must have been erected nearly a century and a half ago.

Now a real antiquary only allows traditionary rumour to incline his belief where better evidence is wanting.—Where the subject engages his fancy, he will "pink" at it and pry into it with the curiosity, ardour, and perseverance which characterized the venerable Hutton, of Birmingham.

Dials are said to have been constructed in 558, and the first* to have been erected in Rome three hundred and eight years before Christ. Unless a captious and foolish objection be admitted in respect of huge pillars, which were an horologium of the ancients,

* Luckombe's *Tablet of Memory*, p. 140. Mr. Barrington mentions A. U. 471. And Mr. Gough tells us "Scipio Nasica contrived and placed the first Hour Glass, A. U. 595, whereby the hours both of day and night were equally divided."—*Archæologia*, vol. 5, p. 417. See also p. 425.

vertical dials, and these only, appear to have been in use down to, comparatively, modern times—such, at least according to the extent of my reading and observation, appears the fact; for, from the curious Saxon Dial at Kirkdale, in Rydale, down to those ordinary vertical Dials on our neighbouring Churches, I have not met with one instance of a very ancient horizontal one in our Church-yards. Nay, in all that voluminous and valuable work—the *Gentleman's Magazine*—I can find nothing but *vertical* dials upon our Churches.† I am not therefore, to be told that if a Dial were put up here in the seventeenth century it would be *an horizontal one*, when all our Church-yards declare the contrary.

Such is the evidence against the traditional account of a Dial. Now then for the evidence in favour of a Cross—preparatory to which, however, I beg to be indulged with a few preliminaries.

After the introduction of Christianity in our Island, although Churches were not immediately erected on the site of memorable events, Crosses *were*, as Dr. Whitaker observes, “of this,” says he, “we have a memorable instance in the case of King Oswald, and where there were Crosses, we have authority for saying, the Clergy and people assembled for purposes of devotion, and even celebration of the Holy Communion.”

There seems to be no doubt that the Christian Clergy preached at these Crosses before Churches were erected, and afterwards, upon the consecration of a Church, it seems to have been a custom to erect a Cross in the *centre* of the Church-yard, or to plant a Yew Tree, or, perhaps, to do both. Indeed, it was by seeing an ancient Yew Tree in the Burial-ground of Old White Chapel, that Archbishop Sharp knew it to be consecrated ground, and refused, of course, to consecrate it afresh.‡

These Crosses in Church-yards, in after-times were so multiplied, that we often find them, or traces of them, in various parts of the Burial-grounds.§—Yes! even on the North and North East sides of our Churches||—(a curious fact, and one which I must beg the reader to bear in memory)—generally,

however, we find them at the West or South sides.

These later Crosses, no doubt, from their very position, were “principally designed to inspire reverence”—“to put the mind into a proper frame, preparatory to entering the sacred Edifice.” According to all that I can learn on this amusing subject they were larger, higher, and more highly finished than the more ancient central Cross; indeed, it is natural to believe that they would be so, when we consider the different times and different motives which gave them birth.

Although every class of Crosses is of high antiquity, I am inclined to think, that among those which pertain to our ecclesiastical structures, the Cross in the centre of the Church-yard is most ancient. They seem to have been far more rude, plain, and low, than those beautiful Crosses which sprang up in times when architecture had attained its meridian, and sculpture was advanced. We have seldom given us the height of these Crosses, but from what I have gathered, they seem to have varied from eight to ten ¶ or twelve feet above the surface. Unquestionably we should have known much more about them but for those infamous orders which issued soon after the “Reformation,” commanding that all images of the Trinity, in glass windows and other places of the Church, should be put out and extinguished, *together with the “Stone Crosse in the Church-yard,”*—enough, however, remains to satisfy me, that at Morley there was once a Cross, though, probably, of the plainest kind.**

The base of this structure is nearly four feet square—the shaft has been about nine inches in diameter, and the stone remaining is of a kind widely different from any in the neighbourhood, or, as I imagine, any place nearer than Bramley. It is a kind of sandstone grit, similar to that of the coffin lately found at Middleton (of which hereafter); this is another circumstance which argues against the supposition of a Dial, and in favour of a Cross.

These, and other beautiful Church-yard Crosses, of which, alas! there are but few remaining, were principally demolished, as all

† Nichols's *Leicestershire*—Saltby and Godeby Churches. *Archæologia*, vol. 1, page 150.

‡ Whitaker's *Leeds*, vol. 2, p. 249.

§ Craven, p. 204. Stowe's *Annals*, p. 83, &c.

|| Lyson's *Cornwall*, in *M. B.* vol. 3, p. 221, &c. *Archæol.* vol. 14, p. 52. *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1799, p. 837. The reader will see how this fact supports an opinion of my own in a following page, and disproves an hypothesis in the *Archæologia*.

¶ See Lyson's *M. B.* vol. 3, p. 221. Borlace's *Cornwall*, pl. 35, &c. *Archæol.* v. 14, p. 199. *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1805, p. 1201. Do 1815, p. 394. Do 1816, p. 577.

** Sometimes we find the central Crosses reconstructed. See *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1795, p. 632. Do 1816, p. 9. Do. for 1815, p. 129.

antiquaries know, during the Tudor* reigns. Not many were destroyed, as I believe, during the Civil War, and by those who were the most opposed to Papal superstitions; I mean by the Republican party, whose moderation and forbearance in this, as in other respects, deserves more commendation than it has met with.

Yet, not only under the Stuarts and the Tudors, have all kinds of Crosses disappeared, but even recent times afford instances of what ignorance and brutality, as well as fanaticism, can accomplish in this respect. "The tall and shapely Cross," says Dr. Whitaker, "which stood in the Church-yard, at Burnley, with a crucifix in relief upon it, was destroyed by a drunken rabble, hired for the purpose a few years ago."† What further havoc has been made, many antiquarian works testify; indeed no longer since than last autumn, on a short excursion to the Lakes, I myself observed a new shaft and Dial erected on the base of one ancient Cross, and a lamp-iron upon another.‡

As innumerable instances might be adduced to shew that Crosses as well as Fonts and other ecclesiastical appurtenances have been put to uses very different to their original one; so, it is possible that when horizontal Dials became common, the Head of the Cross might give way to the Gnomon and Dial plate;§ but if so, the substitution must have been made for the purpose of regulating our Chapel clock. But here again I find a circumstance of some, though not great weight in the argument against a Dial; for the clock is undoubtedly very old—a century and a half at least—on which account there was the less necessity for any other chronometer, especially in a village so near to Leeds; besides, I again question whether the horizontal Dial would be then constructed.

There is one thing observable in our Chapel-yard, in common with most other places of sepulture which has engaged my attention, and excited my curiosity, from my very childhood; but neither from any book, or from any person, have I been able to acquire such

information as would give me satisfaction respecting it;—I mean the non-interment, or unfrequent interment, on the *North* sides of our sacred structures.

The only suggestion upon this subject, which has ever reached me, and is worth notice,|| may be found in the fourteenth volume of the *Archæologia*, page 52; but, in my opinion, it only accounts in part for a superstition, or a prejudice, which seems wrapt in impenetrable mystery;—however, I will give his solution in the very words of the writer:—

"The pottrions of Church-yards," says this Gentleman, "lying towards the South, East, and West, are by the inhabitants of these neighbourhoods, and by those, I believe, of other places, held in superior veneration, being still emphatically and exclusively called '*the sanctuary*.'¶ Opinions are, perhaps, never generally established without some basis.—Whencesoever this prejudice arose it is now become traditionary among the lower ranks of people, and it is indeed so strong, that if, in my contiguous parish of Winterton, I were, on any occasion, to urge a parishioner to inter a deceased relative on the *North* side of the Church, he would answer me with some expression of surprise, if not of offence—'*No, Sir, it is not in the sanctuary*.' Hence happens it that there are scarcely any graves visible in that portion of most of our Church-yards, except in towns, or in some very populous villages, where necessity may have overcome choice, or the sanctuary, for obvious reasons, has been extended quite round the Church; ** or where, from peculiarity of situation, the principal approach and entrance into it have always been on that side."

Now, before I endeavour to elucidate the subject, I have a few remarks to make upon this statement, and in the face of it, and although I am well aware that it is expressly declared "Ecclesiarum Sanctuaria quæ populariter Cæmeteria Nominantur;" yet, I am clearly of opinion, the North sides of these Church-yards *were* sanctuary ground, whether they were buried in or not.

When our Burial-grounds were formed in

|| Except one which appears in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. 81, part 2, page 218.

¶ In vol. 9th, 14th, or 17th of the *Archæologia*, or else in Stowe, an authority is given for the assertion that Ina, King of Wessex, about 690, enacted that Churches be made Asylæ in this our Island; but the privilege of sanctuary was granted by Sebert, King of the East Saxons. *Archæologia*, vol. 1, p. 43.

** Here is seen an evident struggle to get over a difficulty.

* See Wharton's *Life of Pope*, 358, or *Gentleman's Magazine*, for 1799, p. 837, note. Nicholls's *Leicestershire*, vol. 1, part 2, p. 574, &c. See, especially, Nicholls's *Leicestershire*, vol. 1, p. 574.

† Whitaker's *Whalley*, v. 2, p. 302. *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1799, p. 383.—Stowe, 1167.

‡ At Bowness, Ambleside, and Grassmere. Anno, 1828.

§ An instance of a vertical Dial upon an ancient Cross, and which was put thereon so recently as 1712, may be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1765, page 124.

early times, their boundaries were fixed—the rite of consecration took place. A Cross, or a Yew Tree, as before-mentioned, was planted in the centre, and then, or in after times, a Church was built upon the spot.†† But the whole of the ground was consecrated, and, *being so, it was sanctuary*. Nor could it make any difference if the consecration took place after the building of the Church—the whole of the inclosure, Church and all, would be considered, as it is now-a-days, consecrated, and, being consecrated, it became as a necessary consequence, sanctuary, the right to which, as Dr. Pegge states, was confined to “such Churches as were consecrated.”

But to shew, more clearly, that the idea is erroneous of the ground on the North sides of Churches being not sanctuary—or in other words, unconsecrated ground, I shall adduce the following proofs:—First, “The house, and even the court-yard of the Priest were places of sanctuary,†† provided, that they stood upon the demesnes of the Church.” And, secondly, it is laid down, that “within the walls of the Church-yard the fugitive was protected, because it was consecrated ground.” Now, will it be believed, that the North side of the Church-yard was not sanctuary, when even the house and court-yard of the Priest, being part demesnes, *were* sanctuary?

Another clear and convincing circumstance is this—a Cross, or the remains of one, is not unfrequently found on the North sides of our Churches—as I mentioned in a preceding page—they were sometimes called “pardon Crosses,” and an ancient MS. informs us with reference to this class—“*Quersoever a Cross standith. ther is forgiveness of payne.*”* If then, the sanctuary-man, flying from the grasp of justice, had reached a monument so situated, the reader will, perhaps, believe with me, that a Priest upon the spot might, with perfect consistency, have addressed the pursuer in some such language as this—“*Take thy shoe from off thy foot, for behold! the place on which thou standest, is holy ground.*”

Having now, as briefly as possible, shewn that the popular notion upon this subject is founded in error, in some counties; I proceed to remark, that it does not account for the prejudices, or rather the dislike, still remaining amongst Dissenters.

Whatever foolish and superstitious notions the first Separatists from Rome—the self-styled Reformers—might retain as to consecrated ground, or other things, the early Puritans, and, more especially, their successors utterly discarded them. So little had they † to do indeed with sanctuary, and so little cared they about sanctuary ground, that, had there been no other reason for their not burying on the North side of our Chapel, than the one before-mentioned, I am persuaded we should have found the greatest number of graves on this very side.

Let us try then, whether a more consistent hypothesis than the one adverted to, may not be substituted. One, which shall account for the common feeling and usage amongst Catholics, Protestants, and Protestant Dissenters. This, however, will require a short history, as amusing, I trust, as it is curious, and which will shew every one, but the true antiquary, what absurd notions are generally prevailing, as to the manners, habits, and feelings of our ancestors, in remote ages.

At the first erection of Churches, no places, either in or about them, were allotted for the interment of the dead, but were appointed for that purpose, apart.‡ In the seventh century, it began to be a custom to bury in Churches. In cities, however, we are told by Stowe,§ “the Englishmen buried not until the time of Cuthbert, Archbishop of Canterbury, who procured of the Pope, that in them, should be appointed Church-yards; for Honorius, when he divided his province into parishes, appointed not to them, Church-yards for burial.” But, for many years after this time, burial was only allowed in the atrium and porticos, or entrance into Churches—from them, it came into the body of the Church—next into the chancel, and lastly, under the altar. When it took place in the Church-yard, it was, I apprehend, chiefly on the South and East sides, and not at all on the North, for reasons which will be seen presently. Now, so far were people, generally, from entertaining those fine sentiments and feelings about Consecrated-ground—“Sanctuary-ground,” or Burial-ground, which is commonly inculcated and believed, that as far as I can see, they profaned and polluted it in

†† See Stowe's Annals, p. 74, 84, 166, 189. I allude to the times, of course, when they were annexed to our Churches.

†† These were the laws of Edward, the Confessor. See Rapin, p. 307. Archæol. vol. 2, p. 232: Stowe, p. 704, 799.

* See Archæologia, vol. 13, p. 216; vol. 6, p. 144.

‡ By St. 1, Jac. 1, C. 25, S. 34, the ancient usage of sanctuary was abolished.

‡ Archæol. vol. 14, p. 62; vol. 13, p. 299.

§ Stowe's Annals, p. 98: (black letter.)

every kind of way,* and this too, was done by all classes.

As to the Church, the choir only, was at first set apart for divine service, and for ages, was considered the only part of the structure particularly sacred—the nave or body, as Mr. Fosbroke tells us, was the “Exchange† of the parish.” Here people assembled to perform their fooleries, or to practise their rogueries, very frequently. Even, in the Metropolitan Church, in Richard the 2nd’s days, “filth was suffered to accumulate about the doors and in the cemeteries—the beautiful windows and images were injured by stones and arrows, aimed at the daws and pigeons that made their nests or roosted about the building, and they played at fives, both within and without the Church.** From Ellis’s Letters, also, it appears that in this part of the Church, people bought, and sold, and trafficked, and played at ball.

Such enormities as these, and worse, undoubtedly, were committed, in the Church of St. Paul’s at least as early as 1371; for in that year we find Edward the 3rd complaining to the Bishop of the many abuses practised in his Cathedral, “with his connivance.” “He tells him that the refectory of the canons was become the eating-place and office of mechanics, and the lurking-place and receptacle of whoremongers; and he alludes to other indecencies which royal delicacy,” as he says, “forbade him to particularize.”

To how late a period such improprieties extended, may be imagined from what Mr. Carter tells us of an ancient picture, who remarks that, when it was drawn, the interior of the Church must have been “the common resort for idlers††—a convenient place for assignments, and a kind of mart wherein commercial transactions were carried on.” I conclude with briefly remarking further upon the Churches, that we are assured their porches were often “Books-shops after the Reformation.”

Now then, as to Church-yards, so early as

|| “Adhuc prohibemus ne Choreæ vel turpes et inhonesti Ludi qui at lasciviam invitent fiant Cemeteriis,” &c. See notes to Archæol. vol. 12, p. 20.

¶ See Gentleman’s Magazine, 1817, p. 15.

** For these offences, Braybrook, Bishop of London, threatens the offenders with pain of the greater excommunication, by bell ringing—candle lighting, and elevation of the Cross. See Ellis’s Letters. Till very lately, fives were played in the Burial-ground of East Harptree, Somersetshire. See also, Lyson’s M. B. vol. 3, p. 86, and note.

†† See Dugdale’s History of St. Paul’s Cathedral, p. about 106, where he gives an extract from a rare Tract, entitled, “Westminster’s Speech to London, 4to, 1697.” Strype’s Annals of the Reformation, vol. 1, p. 261.

Edward the 1st’s reign, in consequence of the robberies, homicides, and fornications there committed, St. Paul’s Church-yard was “walled round with fitting gates and posterns;” and, as to other Church-yards, I find them used for the commonest and vilest purposes before, and long after the Reformation.—Here people met on more occasions than can now be mentioned.—Here fairs were held* on the day of the dedication of the Church.—Here people feasted, and sported, and revelled after service. In these “Burial-grounds,” stages were erected, “Miracle Plays” were acted, the ornaments of the Church were borrowed to decorate the theatre—the women thronged from all quarters, and the day was concluded by wrestling, tilting, and dances.—Here, lastly, malefactors were punished,† and not unfrequently executed;‡ and here too, lotteries were drawn, and that not on the North only, but on the South side of the Church.

Having picked up with some industry, and not, as the antiquary will believe, without much reading, these and such other “curiosities” (as the present volume will discover,) I feel myself competent, with such data, to give an opinion upon a difficult question like the one proposed, but shall be very grateful to be set right if I am in error.

My conjecture then is, that our rude ancestors, in the Plantagenet and Tudor reigns, did not abstain from interring the dead on the North sides of our Churches from any thoughts about consecrated ground, but because this ground was wanted, and was used, for very different purposes—for fairs§ or wakes, till they were removed hence by virtue of the Statute of Winchester, 13th Edward 1st; and for sports, plays, feasting and other things, probably to the end of the sixteenth century. Such being the case, when these were discontinued in the rigid days of the Puritans—population being comparatively small—Burial-grounds being comparatively extensive, and land of little value—families

* Fosbroke, vol. 1, p. 389. Archæol. vol. 13, p. 238.

† Stowe, 971, 1180, 1271, 1649. Lyson’s Bedfordshire, p. 76.

‡ Stowe, 1203. Lyson’s, vol. 1, p. 243.

§ On very respectable authority I can state that down to the present times, a large fair has been held on the North side of St. James’ Church, Bristol, and actually in the Church-yard. See also, Bibl. Topog. 9, p. 1386.

Since this part of my book was written, I have met with the following extract, said to be found in Coster’s Reading, p. 214:—

“Recept—Item Rec. at the fayer for a stonyng in the Church Porch, Hild.”—Gentleman’s Magazine, vol. 97, part 2, p. 293.

too, having all their kindred interred on the other sides of the Church, and no room being wanted for, perhaps, a century; what wonder if erroneous and superstitious notions grew up? What wonder if a people—visionary, fanciful, and credulous, and unable to account for existing appearances, should, on that very account, be averse to burial on the *North side*?

I shall conclude the subject with a few corroborating facts, leaving it to the reader to multiply them by such as may occur to his recollection.

The inhabitants of Walton, near Wakefield, commonly inter their dead at the neighbouring Church of Sandal. The road which, for this purpose, has been travelled from time immemorial, and which is most direct to that Church, lies over a field of Sir William Pilkington's, at present farmed by a Mr. Scholefield; but the best road is the highway, round a corner of this field, and but a few yards about. Will it be believed these good people will not (perhaps cannot) be induced to carry the dead along this road, but insist on going through grass, or peradventure, a corn crop, merely because the way through the field is the "*corpse gate*"—the safer road, peradventure, to heaven!!! I mention this as a curious relic of ancient superstitions, which has survived the eighteenth century.

Fifty years ago there was not one grave on the North side of Lightcliffe Chapel, near Halifax, and the first person buried there was a woman who destroyed herself. The same thing may be said, with truth, as to Morley and many other places||—the ground was never opened but for such persons; in fact, on the West side there were but few interments here, until of late years.

The fields on the North East side of our Burial-ground are called the "Chapel flats," like those of St. Lawrence, in the Manor of Twiston, mentioned by Dr. Whitaker.¶ Some coins of Charles the 1st (in my possession) have been found in their banks; and I have little doubt that here, and on the North side of the Chapel, the village wake, sports, and pastimes were enjoyed down to the times of the Commonwealth, or of James the 1st.

Before I conclude my account of the Old Chapel, I am desirous, for the honour of my subject, just to mention, that in 1815, or

thereabouts, we were favoured by a visit from the late Mr. Hey, of Leeds—the most celebrated surgeon and anatomist, in this part of the kingdom at least; who, in that true spirit of Christian charity which marked his course, especially in the decline of life, presided at a Bible Society Meeting, at the Chapel, and addressed a crowded auditory. The sight of a venerable gentleman, of his professional eminence, and in whom there was such a rare and splendid union of all those virtues and attainments which ennoble the man—are a blessing to society, and reflect lustre upon the country**—advocating the cause of religion, and expatiating on the duty of brotherly love (which was his theme) has left an indelible impression upon my mind.—His voice, indeed, was feeble, and there was little of animation in his delivery; but the defects were amply compensated by the warmth, the solidity, and elegance of his remarks—by the modesty, the mildness, and unaffected form of his address. The loss of such a man to society cannot fail to be regarded by every reflecting mind as a real calamity, in more respects than *one*.

Morley contains within its township two thousand three hundred acres of freehold land, of which about one thousand six hundred belong to the Earl of Dartmouth, the Lord of the Manor. It is happy for the population, generally, that they do so belong. I shall only add that for his munificence to our poor, in 1819 especially, it behoves us all to be peculiarly grateful.

For the sake of my readers of the more inquisitive, if not intelligent class, I think proper, in this place, to enter into a dissertation of a rather extraordinary kind. Should any one be disposed to censure it, as fanciful, let him remember that what pleases our own fancies we naturally imagine may please others.

The reader will recollect the extract from Domesday, in a former page. "*In Morley, Dunstan held six carrucates of land, subject to taxes; and other six carrucates may be there, which Ilbert has, but they are waste. There is a CHURCH—A NATIVE WOOD, one mile long and one broad—in the time of Edward the*

** This is no unmeaning compliment to departed excellence. The Gentlemen of Leeds have done *themselves* honour in erecting a monument to Mr. Hey. How few monuments are half so well deserved!

In the Life of Dr. Priestley, written by himself, there is a passage which will stand for a monument to Mr. Hey when the other has perished.

¶ See Nichols's *Leicestershire*, vol. 3, part 2, page 904.

¶ *History of Whalley*, vol. 2, p. 296.

Confessor, valued at forty shillings." Now, some people may be a little curious to discover the site of this wood, and may thank me for giving them some insight as to this particular.

As to being able accurately to define the boundaries of this wood, after a lapse of seven centuries, it would be preposterous to think of such a thing; but if I do not deceive myself, we have some data for determining its extent on the South and East sides.

To set forth this matter as I should wish, I must once more present an extract of importance. When quoted heretofore, it was only presented in part.

"In the Coucher book of Nostel," says Dr. Whitaker, fo. 344, "is a perambulation of this Parish (*i. e.* Batley). The Village of Courlewel, says this Book, is situated within the limits of the Church of Bateley. Secondly, the boundary of the Parishes of Leeds and Batley is described to be a certain *River*, descending between the Wood of Farnley and the Wood of Gilders, as far as the Hospital of Beston. Item, another *River on the South*, descending between the Wood of Middleton and the *Essart of Morley*, as far as the aforesaid Hospital of Beston, is also the Boundary of the aforesaid Parishes."

Here then, we have express mention made of three distinct and separate woods being in this vicinity four centuries ago, besides an *Essart*; and here, by the mention made of the hospital of Beeston, we are enabled to discover that the river on the South, is not, in fact, the one above Morley, of which Hollingshed writes, and which is really on the South, but "that which cometh from 'Domingley'" (*Dunningley*). Now it is very material to be correct in this, as will presently appear.

An "*Assart*" is a piece of wood land broken up and cultivated. "The word '*Assartum*,'" says Jacob in his Law Dictionary, "is, by Spelman, derived from *exertum*, to pull up by the roots, for sometimes 'tis written *Essert*; and Fleta tells us '*Assartum est quod redactum est ad culturam*.'" The best dissertation, however, upon this word is in the fifth volume of the *Archæologia*, p. 215. "Newland," says Watson, in his History of Halifax, "is mentioned by the name of an *Assart*, 34th Edward 3rd. And again," says he, "I have a copy of a Deed whereby William de Ossete (Ossett) grants an *Assart* in Linley, to Henry de Sacrafonte, of Stainland."

Four or five centuries ago, therefore, it seems, there was land in cultivation (arable, meadow, and pasture, probably) where, then-tofore, there had been a *wood*; and this ground, so cultivated, or, in one word, this "*Assart*," was situate between Morley and the rivulet running at the bottom of Middleton Wood, down to the skirts of the hospital of Beeston. Now, then, let us come to Domesday admeasurement—"There is a Church—a native wood, *one mile long and one broad*." Let us also remember that the Church (situate where it now is) is described as being in *Morley Wood*, in another part of Domesday book; and then let us consider the distance between the Church and the rivulet on the Middleton side (as *near a mile as may be*). When we have so far advanced, methinks there will be little difficulty in solving a curious problem pretty accurately. At all events my conjecture, founded on the premises, on the aspect of the country, and nature of the climate is, that although the Church, and perhaps village of Morley, were within its wood, yet, that this wood chiefly laid at the North and North East sides of them both.

Hollingshed, in his description of the course of the River Aire and its tributary streams, proceeds thus:—"Hence," says he, "the Aire goeth to Rishforth Hall, and so on to Bungley, where it taketh a ryll from Denholme Park to Shipley, and there crossing another from Thorneton, Leventhorpe, and Bradford, it goeth to Calverley, to Christall, and so to Leedes; where one water runneth thereinto by North from Mettlewood," (Meanwood or Weetwood side, I presume) "and two other by South, in one chanell; whereof the first hath two armes, of which the one cometh by Pudsey Chapell, the other from Adwalton, their confluence being made above Farneley Hall. The other likewise hath two heades, whereof one is *above Morley*, and the other cometh *from Domingley*, and meeting with the first, not far South of Leeds, they both fall into the Aire."

It is not easy to determine which of the two becks, rills, or rivulets, is here spoken of by Hollingshead—whether that which flows through the present village of Morley, having in its line the "*Gore* Wells*,"—or that which is really "*above*," or on the South side of the

* *Gore* signifies "the lowest part" of a place. "This," says a writer in the *Archæologia*, vol. 17, p. 148, "is one of those words which occur in every country from the Ganges to the Shannon."

village;—the high antiquity and generality of the word “Gore,” and this also being the stronger stream, would decide the question were there not stronger evidence on the other side.

In the earliest times lands were divided (according to the mode in which they were estimated or measured) into “terra bovata” (oxgang land) and “terra rodata” (rode land). The first of these was ancient inclosure, which having been from time immemorial under the plough, was measured by the quantity which one ox (of which there were eight in a caruca) could plough in one season. The second was land lately reclaimed or thrown into cultivation, and which may be proved to have been synonymous with “Assart.”*

To apply this to the subject before us, there is, on the South side of this latter rivulet, extending along the road across our Upper Common (newly inclosed) and on the East side thereof, extending towards Topcliffe Moor, a large tract of land called “*the Rods*”—*evidently rodes or roods*; which, till very lately, was almost surrounded by ancient waste. There is also, in this tract, stretching from Morley towards Middleton Wood, some land lately called “the Royds.” Now, here we have, in my opinion, skirting all along the bottom of Topcliffe Moor, the Southern side of our Ancient Wood.

Such are the thoughts which strike my mind very forcibly, and for suggesting which, now that our Upper Common is gone, and Topcliffe Moor inclosing, the antiquary of future days will respect my name. If, however, any one should question the etymology last-mentioned, it will perhaps strike him that in all probability the rods or rodes were so called from two or more ancient Crosses having anciently stood at the entrance of the village on the South side, which is somewhat countenanced by the fact of “Stump Cross” being very near the spot. If these Crosses were of the same class as that, they unquestionably were boundary Crosses, and were set up to define the limits of our township, and those of West Ardsley or Woodkirk; but they were, more probably, of the class which I would denominate sanctuary—highway, or procession Crosses. Of Stump Cross I shall write hereafter.

* “One Essart, called Swainey Rode.” “Martin’s Essart, or Martin Rode.” “One Essart, called Martin Rode.” See Burton’s Mon Ebor Article Kirkstall. Again, Ridding is synonymous with Assart, thus “One Essart, called Todhill Ridding.” “One Essart, called Tullin Ridings,” &c. Ib. cir. 1258.

I cannot conclude the curious subject of our ancient Native Wood, “l leng long, et l late,” without shewing to the reader what a district of forests this must formerly have been. The very name of a wood, about half a mile North West of us, partly proves this. It is called “Dean” Wood, and the smaller copses now called “Clubbed Oaks,” “Clark Springs,” and “Daffil Wood,” which, no doubt, were a part of it when it stretched itself West and East down to the hospital of Beeston, may well convince any one, that on the North side of the Leeds and Elland road, and beyond Morley, there was a continued chain of forests in the “Olden times.” *Dean* is a word which comes from arden or ardean—a word which the Gauls and Britons used for a wood,* and accordingly we find one in Gloucestershire, called “Dean forest,” mostly destroyed now, but once so dark, thick, and dangerous, and its inhabitants so barbarous and terrible, that an act of parliament was become necessary, in Henry the 6th’s reign, to restrain their outrages. And here, by the way, to complete the picture, I would just state that the road from Leeds to Manchester in these times, was as follows:—First, through Beeston to “Morley Hole,” and up *Neepshaw-lane* to the “Street,” or Roman road (extending from about Bradford to Castleford, as hereafter will be mentioned); next, along this road, till it reached Adwalton. It then was left, and the way was over Adwalton-moor, down “Warren’s-lane,” past “Oakwell,” and up to Gomersal.† This also, was one of the ways, perhaps the only one, to Halifax.

In my progress over these fragments of our local history, I have laboured under one extraordinary disadvantage, in the want of our former registers of births and burials. By some unaccountable accident these registers have been lost, and the present one extends only seventy or eighty years. Much information also has been lost, owing to the liberties which have been taken with the papers once belonging to the Church of Batley, perhaps still in private hands; but whether so or destroyed, it is difficult to discover. The West Ardsley or Woodkirk papers, I am credibly informed, were with the family to which I allude, and recovered, I believe, by the late Mr. Mason, the Curate of Woodchurch.

* “Dean” or “Den,” also meant a valley.

† “Gomersal” is mentioned, I believe, in Domesday Book—Birstal is not. It is but the offspring of Gomersal, although it now gives its name to the Church. From Gomersal, the old road went to Scholes or Wyke, or nearly so.

At the commencement of this work I hinted at the extent and consequence of Morley, in Saxon times,—the Church of the Hundred being here situate—a considerable army having here wintered, and the place having given its name to the Wapentake. I noticed its decline, in the time of Rufus or Henry the first—its ultimate ruin (probably) under Edward the 2nd, and its new birth under the Commonwealth of England. Would to heaven it were in my power to clothe this skeleton of a history in flesh and give it animation, by a circumstantial account of the old natives during these periods—the last of them especially. What little I have gathered of their patriotism and bravery has been told; but it is the picture of them in private life—all their customs, habits, visionary fancies, and domestic manners, that I allude to.

It is evident to me that, both from what I have seen and gathered respecting our old townsmen, that they were a plain, thrifty, serious, and provident people, who cared so little for the elegances, that they scarcely thought of the comforts and conveniences of life. Their "*frugality*" however, arose more from parental affection, a commendable pride, and humble fortune, than from a poverty of spirit; for, until the last spark of right feeling was extinguished by the debasing and demoralizing efficacy of the "poor laws," no people were more independent, industrious, provident, and civil, than our working classes; or more contented than their wealthier neighbours. Even so late as about the middle of last century, there were many families who preferred starving, to the disgrace of throwing themselves upon the town; but every sense of shame in this respect is now so completely extinct (although we have "Savings' Banks" and other Institutions for the benefit of the poor exclusively,) that the healthy and the strong—people whose earnings when in work, are from twenty to thirty shillings per week, now boldly demand relief upon the slightest pressure, having long been taught to consider themselves as legitimate mortgagees, and not as burthensome paupers.

The diet of our villagers, even in my early days, was very different from what it is now. United in groups of three or four together, at Leeds winter fair, they would purchase an ox, and having made partition of it, they salted and hung the pieces for their winter food. The broth and "rashers" which these afforded, with "browies,"* oat cakes, or hard wheaten

bread, were a perpetual repast. It was then, not without difficulty that three butchers could gain a livelihood here; at present we have nine or ten, although the population has not proportionably increased. Furmenty also, in the winter time was much eaten, though it is scarcely known, except amongst the principal people. I mention this, that our posterity may know the uses of those old stone troughs which sometimes are seen inverted, broken, or used for the meanest purposes. In these, the wheat was bruised preparatory to being "*creed*." If I don't mention these things, such appears to be the progress of refinement among our lower orders, that as little, shortly, will be known about the "furmenty trough," as is remembered of the "noggin;" which, with the "caudle cup," of "two handles" and "tea pot spout," is now as complete a puzzle to our ladies, as the Celt is to our antiquaries.

But if the contrast between the former and present natives of this village be striking as it respects diet, much more so is it as it regards dress. With me it is a matter of doubt whether Lady Anna Villiers, wife of Thomas Lord Viscount Savile, Earl of Sussex, in her noble mansion of Howley Hall, dressed half so fine as many females among our working classes; pinked out, as they are, in their lute-strings, lustres, and Norwich crapes—their mantles, pelisses, and spencers—their flounces, epaulettes, and trimmings. Miss Dawson, the wife of the Chancellor of England, did not (here at least) appear half so gay as some of these ladies; and as to the granddaughter of Major General Greatheed—a personage of whom generations yet unborn may speak, she would certainly be lost amidst the blaze of their splendour.

Another great and material change which

* "*Browies*," I find, was a dish served up at the royal table of Henry 7th. See Pennant's London, p. 380—the receipt, unfortunately, is unknown; but I suspect, as in the case of our "*hastias*," it varied from the present only in the *seasoning*. See the note succeeding.

† We are told by Mr. Lysons, in his London, and by Mr. Blount, in his Tenures, that the Manor of Addington was held by the service of making "*hastias*" in the King's kitchen, on the day of his coronation. They say, "it was called the *Mess of Gyron*, or if '*Seyme*' be added to it, *Maunpygernon*."—Blount and Aubrey call it "*Dilligrout*," but all these antiquaries, finding fault with each other, want the receipt. "*Seyme*," they make out to be "*Unguentum*," i. e. ointment of some kind. It would almost make a dog (in Yorkshire) laugh, to read their sage remarks. For their edification, however, as to the receipt, I refer them to the people of Holmfirth, for at Morley two dishes of the kind are now perhaps unknown. When we used them, butter was the substitute for *seyme*—flour or oatmeal was the chief ingredient—no herbs or spices, but treacle or sugar was employed; and the "*hastias*" was made in a "*postenet*," very common in Edward 1st's days. See his Expenses at Rhuddlan Castle, in *Archæologia*, vol. 16th, p. 71.

has taken place in this village, respects the amusements of its natives. Formerly our youths delighted in youthful pastimes—in marbles or “taws”—in kites—knor and spell—trapball—gells—pennystones—bows and arrows, and other sports which are now nearly forgotten. The men too, engaged in manly exercises—in quoits (the discus of the Romans)—in races—in bowls—cricket matches—or music meetings. They sung their catches, glees, or Christmas carols—cracked their jokes in friendly intercourse—burnt their “yule clog”—played their little rubbers at whist, and buried all their differences in the festivity of the “wassail cup.” But the scene is changed! and the principal relish now is, for the alehouse,† by one class of our villagers; and the meeting house, by another.

But the most lamentable change is that which is observable in the morals of the people in these parts. The old natives, though “*elegant*,” were a considerate race of men, whose general, leading maxim was “to do to others, as they would have others do to them.” They seldom gave any unnecessary provocation to their neighbours; and if their children or apprentices did so, it was sure to be visited with their displeasure and correction. With a strictness bordering on severity, they compelled them to keep good hours, and more especially, to keep holy the Sabbath-day. In their times, prostitution was uncommon—debauchery (in females) an indelible disgrace, and private injuries were rarely heard of.

It would be well, in a comparative sense, if the contrast I am making terminated here; but those who have had the experience of forty years, or more, know very well that it does not. Our former villagers were not only a decent, but a well-disposed people. They neither envied a neighbour's prosperity, nor rejoiced in his misfortunes. While there was union of religious sentiment, there was something like a union of interest; and well knowing that the more there was of wealth and consequence in the village, the better it was for all of them, they felt more inclined to exalt a neighbour than to injure him. At all events they paid no court to a low popularity.

As to the demeanour of our villagers, in the time alluded to, as respecting religion, it was natural, unaffected, and lowly. Their's was a religion without cant, ostentation, and grimace. It interfered not with social and

family duties on the one hand, nor with innocent recreations and healthy sports on the other. It fostered no pride—it excited no disgust—it encouraged no presumption—it excluded none of the kindest feelings of humanity. In a word, it had far less to do with those visionary flights and fancies, called “experience,” and other fanatical vagaries of the head, than with the grateful and generous emotions of the heart.

Such were the people of Morley, for the most part, under the tuition of the “Presbyterian” Ministry, and such were their descendants. But when the “wolves in sheep's clothing” came here, “compassing land and sea to make proselytes,”—when the apple of discord was thrown, by the artful introduction of the “five* points,”—when a shorter road to heaven was proclaimed than our Puritan Pastors ever knew,—when a substitute was found for Christian tempers and moral habits, a gloomy, morose, ascetic, and intolerant fanaticism arose, by which morals were displaced, reason was contemned, gaiety banished, learning undervalued, character laid low, and even the attributes of Deity impugned.

It was at this period, as I consider it, that the common bond of village union became broken. Henceforth, Sects and Meeting-houses multiplied, each having its little confined pale around it; a neighbourly and social intercourse was superseded by disputatious wrangling,—and morality and patriotism, by polemical controversy.

Before the middle of the last century our natives had a remarkable predilection for Ministers of talent and education, and towards such, though of different opinions, they displayed a liberality truly charming. Many excellent men of the Anabaptist persuasion, in those days of peace and union, officiated here. There were three things only to which our Old Pastors and their people were particularly averse—ignorance—(its usual concomitant) intolerance, and immorality. Hundreds of those itinerant people who are followed now a-days,† might have excited their laughter, but could never have engaged their attention.

It is unfortunate for society; and often for the individual himself, whenever a person

* These are predestination—original sin—particular redemption—irresistible grace—and the perseverance of the saints.

† Forty years ago, there were but about two *habitual* and *notorious* drunkards in Morley, whom I well recollect.

† I allude chiefly to the itinerant Preachers, who swarmed here but a few years ago.

mistakes his qualifications, and assumes an office of responsibility and difficulty without education, study, and experience. If a lazy, or a crazy pedlar, for instance, takes up the calling of a Minister of religion—a bailiff, that of a lawyer—or a farrier and cow doctor that of a surgeon and apothecary, these men not only make themselves ridiculous, but do incredible mischief to society. With our sensible forefathers it was a common maxim—“Let every cobbler stick to his last.” The people I allude to, they might perhaps have employed to mend their clothes, their kettles, or their shoes—to sell their cloth or to weave it; but had any one asked permission for them to enter their pulpit, they would have set him down for a lunatic, a fool, or a jester. Little did they imagine that a man who could scarcely read and write, would ever have the assurance to aspire to such an eminence, or that their posterity would be such simpletons as to allow it.

As the morals and manners of a people will ever depend, in some measure, upon the description of Ministers who officiate among them; it is easy to account in part for the present state of our population in the general. The Old Pastors of this village, Mr. Nesse, Mr. Pickering, Mr. Dawson, Mr. Alred, and Mr. Morgan, possessing that which displayed the scholar, the Christian, and the gentlemen, were eminently qualified to excite admiration, to inspire reverence, and to promote piety—to make men wiser in fact, as well as better. Yet, although in them the advantages of a liberal education and good abilities were united, they still felt it incumbent upon them to be prepared for their labours upon the Sabbath-day. Their preaching, as far as can be collected, was not an unpremeditated rhapsody—a mere jingle of scripture phrases, devoid of connection and proper application,—a visionary exposition of internal feelings, called “experiences;” about which, alas! we are so little instructed by the experience of the wisest and best of men. Much less did they degrade their ministry, by a contemptible “tittle tattle” about ordinary or fanciful occurrences, which might even disgust an old woman, in a parish workhouse. No! Whatever difference there might be in the tenets of these admirable men on immaterial points, there was no controversy on the importance of social duties—the value of learning—the advantages of application—the absolute

necessity of a good life, and the proper qualifications of a Christian Pastor.

It was not, however, in 1763, but many years before it, that the village was first visited by an illiterate and itinerant Ministry. The Methodists, who sprang up about 1729, and became considerable by Whitfield’s party in 1735, soon found their way to Morley; and assisted by the celebrated Miss Bosanquet, who then lived at Cross Hall, built a Meeting-house, in 1756. Now, the schemes of the Founder, or Master-builder of this sect were deep laid in policy, and evince a thorough knowledge of human nature. Few men, indeed, have shewn themselves better acquainted with mankind than John Wesley. He saw clearly the absurdity of those who dream of making converts by argument, or indeed by any other means than those by which the passions are addressed.* He had the craft to perceive what that was which constituted the strength, but he saw also into the weakness of two great systems of ecclesiastical policy. In addition, therefore, to the sweets of melody and display, he enlisted thousands by the fascinations of the marvellous, and the charms of novelty.—The foundation-stone, indeed, of his mighty edifice appears to me to be laid in the power of novelty; and so long as that remains, and the mass of mankind are illiterate, the building which he has reared will stand.

But the thing of which I write, however captivating to “the many,” has little in it to engage the man of learning and reflection. It presents gratification to the eye, and partly to the ear, but less than either to the mind. It exhibits an ever varying succession of faces and of shews; but it affords little variety of the contemplative kind. It is better qualified to excite the ebullition of the passions, than to inform the understanding, or discipline the affections.†

This system of perpetual change and variety is still, however, admirably adapted to catch the multitude. The mass of mankind, like children, having no resources within themselves, require continual excitement from

* Mr. Fosbroke, in that admirable work, his “British Monachism,” gives us this very just sentiment:—“Fanaticism,” says he, “will ever have success. It treats upon a subject where there is a general feeling and interest, and acts by operating upon passion, which is always contagious and intelligible; because the sensations of all mankind are similar, though their understandings may differ.”

† Mr. Vaughan, in his *Life of Wycliffe*, has this very sensible remark,—“To inform the understanding, and discipline the affection, may have been found a more laborious enterprise than to impress the senses, and to raise indefinite emotion in the place of principle.” Vol. 2, p. 350.

without. They soon tire of the same person or the same thing, however excellent, and pant for novelty under every form. In country places, especially, their ennui must be banished—their curiosity must be fed, and nothing succeeds with them like a bold assurance, theatrical display, stentorian lungs, and matter of the marvellous and mysterious kind. The contrivance, therefore, which by the selection of fit agents and dexterous shifting of the scenes, provides for requisites like these, must needs be admired for its cunning, if not applauded for its effects.

It may well enough be imagined, that a scheme planned with uncommon shrewdness, and attended with a corresponding success, would not be lost upon the party opposed most directly to Arminianism, and burning with a kindred zeal to make proselytes. To me it seems evident that they have improved upon the plan even of Wesley, by providing for the excitement and relief which his system supplies, and yet retaining the resident Pastor, in every place advantageous to a people, but more especially in villages. At all events, between the two parties, there have been exhibited here a Ministry, in the general, very different to that of Mr. Wales, Mr. Nesse, Mr. Sharpe, Mr. Pickering, Mr. Dawson, Mr. Alred, or Mr. Morgan.

In days of yore, there was scarcely in the kingdom a more useful, respectable, and lovely character than the Presbyterian village Pastor. He was not the only shepherd of the flock, but commonly the superintendent of education, or at least, had private pupils under his own roof. And possessing a fund of general information, with a small fortune, whatever distress arose amongst them, he was the common refuge of his people—in medical and other concerns he assisted them gratuitously, and with affection; and he seldom forgot them upon a bed of death—but he sought not those who valued not him—he contracted not the “familiarity” which “begets contempt”—he lent himself not a pander to the passions of the base—he courted not the fame of a contemptible popularity.

Such, generally, were our old Ministers to the people of these districts—to the destitute or distressed—a help in trouble—to the classes above them, an invaluable treasure—their faithful “intimates”—their enlightened “guides”—their delightful “acquaintance.” Their houses were the seats of comfort, of

hospitality, and of learning. A gentleman might in those times point his finger at the venerable man, and exclaim with exultation to a friend—“There—Sir—is the Pastor of the village.”

I have before hinted at the love of “the many” for matter of the mysterious and unintelligible kind, and I take leave here to advert again to a source from whence is derived the popularity of illiterate and itinerant preachers. It may seem strange to say of any people that they are most partial to that which they can least comprehend, but it is nevertheless, too evident to be disputed. The remark, indeed, is not to be confined to the present day, but may be extended to other ages and countries. Diogenes Laertius, for instance, tells us that Heraclitus, the Grecian philosopher, wrote a book “which gained an extraordinary reputation, *because nobody understood it.*” Now I am well convinced that Heraclitus chose his subject with a single eye to this very popularity, and that, to make “assurance doubly sure,” he involved it in the darkness of a turgid, verbose, metaphysical, or inflated phraseology.* His object was not to enlighten, to demonstrate and to convince, but to cajole—to astonish, and to confound. Had he lived in our times and country, he would certainly have been called (according to the usual slang) “a fine man,” or “a polished shaft;” but, at all events, his ambition and his craft would have kept him aloof from a small philosophic sect or party which is “*every where spoken against,*” either for their religious or political tenets.

In matter of the incomprehensible kind there is that which is naturally imposing—its pretensions are lofty and assuming. Somewhat “a kin” to infallibility, it equally demands the surrender of knowledge, and the prostration of reason. It is a mist which magnifies the object in an amazing degree, and invests it with a solemn grandeur—appearing to emanate from superior authority or intelligence, it excites veneration and wonder.

This species of “*fallacy,*” powerful enough in itself, acquires, however, additional strength when by means of it a sort of substitute is proposed for Christian tempers and social duties. There is nothing to which fanatics and enthusiasts are generally more averse,

* Just like many sermons which I have heard and seen, respecting which, it is difficult to say whether the dictionary or the night cap was the more necessary accompaniment.

than that a Christian spirit, and moral habits, should be at all set up as the criterion of character. They present, as is well known, a standard† of excellence hardly to be attained without many a struggle, many sacrifices, and some discipline, as appointed to man in this probationary state. They afford a test by which man may be estimated and contrasted with man, with considerable accuracy. Here fraud, hypocrisy, and malevolence are detected and unmasked—the hand writing appears upon the wall, and it says to the pharisaical professor, however orthodox, “Thou art weighed in the balance and art found wanting.”

It has often been remarked, and with great justice, that substitutions for virtues have, in all ages been attempted, and have been successful. The Heathens with their festivals, processions, and rites;—the Jews with their pompous and costly ceremonials;—the Papists with their austerities, their pageantry, and penances;—the Reformers with their absolutions, their formalities, and creeds;—and alas! most Dissenters with their dogmas, their professions, and “experiences,” have all strewn poppies over the guilty conscience—but, however popular or acceptable any scheme of religion may be, the devices of man can never affect the nature of holiness or immutability of truth.

It would be very easy to pursue the subject, and account for certain changes which have happened at Morley, since the early part of the last century—to show how perfectly natural it is that any persuasion should be acceptable, which appears,* at least, to release people from the trouble of acquiring moral habits, and cultivating Christian tempers; and no less easy would it be to shew that, when morality is “preached out of doors,” when character and conduct are of small account, the inhabitants of any place will become brutal.

But, although it is evident that the demoralization of our people is partly occasioned by the circumstances alluded to, yet the chief cause of it may well be attributed to the change which has taken place in the

manufacturing system. A change by virtue of which, *the tie between parent and child has been broken.*

“Factories,” as Dr. Whitaker has well remarked, “are the hot-beds of early immorality, premature marriage, and unnatural population.” If one could wonder at anything now-a-days, it would be that such establishments and their appurtenances have not long since been a subject for legislative interference. One thing is certain, that they have polluted our land in various ways—impoverished thousands, and plagued millions. They have polluted our waters, not a minnow can now live in those brooks, where in my early days I have found both trout and eels. They have polluted our atmosphere and vegetation, for scarce anything can flourish in their vicinity; and they have polluted our youth, as I shall show hereafter.

Before the introduction of this new and complicated machinery, which has filled our warehouses with cloth, and glutted the markets;‡ and while manual labour was the chief requisite, our manufactures advanced progressively; so that, towards the close of the last century, we had many respectable, substantial, happy clothiers at Morley, who kept their apprentices, servants, and children in some subordination. The village, in these times, wore a cheerful aspect—for industry and content appeared in their dwellings. The loom was heard in almost every house, and the beat of the swinging-rods, or the song of joy, resounded through our valleys, from hill to hill. The young people, generally working for their parents, or as servants in the best families, were taught civility, obedience, and domestic management—especially the females, who thus received such lessons of economy as fitted them for the duties of maturer age, or the marriage state. Oh! what a revolution have I seen! how altered are the times!

The great mischief of the present system is, that it has completely broken the tie (as I before observed) between parent and child. Our youth, huddled altogether (males and females) in those pest houses—the factories, exposed to the contagion of bad example, and immoral intercourse, soon display a correspond-

† A religion merely notional, or consisting in profession only—that is to say, “Faith,” of whatever kind, without morals, affords no standard at all.

* I cannot help here observing, that to propagate any thing which tends to weaken all moral obligation—to encourage people who are false, fraudulent, hypocritical, and malignant, (as are a large proportion of the lower orders) to believe themselves religious, and the favourites of heaven, is as pernicious a practice, and as complete an imposture, as was ever practised by Catholic Priests, in the darkest ages of Popery.

‡ From the best information which I can obtain, the quantity of cloth exported is very small, compared to what is consumed at home, or among British subjects. Perhaps not more than one-tenth of our manufactures are really purchased by Foreigners. One would think that the inference was manifest. The words “Foreign Trade,” like “Constitution” and other high sounding words, seem all a fallacy—a humbug, when closely examined.

ing deportment. The boy receiving his weekly wages, is now a man at about sixteen years of age, perfectly aware of his independence, and, of course, under no sort of control. He pays his parents, or others, something for his board—gets his clothes out of part, and spends the remainder of his earnings as he pleases. His forefathers, when they thought of marriage, first got a house—then a wife—and then a child; but the clever fellow of the present day first gets *the child*, then the *wife*, and, last of all, the *house*. The factory girl too receives her earnings herself, and what she pays not to her parents for necessities, is expended in extravagance and dress. It may, well enough, be imagined, therefore, how frequently such “independent people” consult their friends in the affair of marriage, and are influenced by their advice or commands in any respect. It is generally thought, I believe, pretty clever if, between the two purses, there can be “raised” a bed, a few chairs, and a table.

The tie of authority thus broken—the tie of duty and affection is of small account. The servant is now the master—the child is now the lodger only. He follows not his parents, as in days of yore, to the house of God; nor, peradventure, if he did, would he hear much of those precepts which were ever on the lips of our Old Pastors—“Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.” “The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it.” No! no! we are grown too wise, hereabouts, to approve anything but “doctrinal preaching”—the speaking of “experiences” *—and discussion of “the points.”

It needs no proving that the promiscuous intercourse of the sexes, of all ages, must be very baneful to society. It encourages all the bad passions and propensities, and none of the good ones. It banishes all modesty and self esteem—respect to superiors, and civility to neighbours. It is the nurse of ignorance, impudence, and presumption. It begets pauperism and poverty—most serious incumbrances upon small freeholds, and most serious mischiefs elsewhere. In short, however severe

Dr. Whitaker may be thought in some of his strictures on the factory system, we are often reminded of the truth of them, by woeful experience in these districts.

Respecting Morley, in a local and picturesque view, I cannot but observe (detesting as I do a flat country) it excels any village hereabouts; and much more any village that I have noticed in the dull, uniform, scenery of the Midland Counties. Perhaps I may be thought partial to the place, but I assure the reader I have no extraordinary reason to be so;—or my taste may be questioned—but that I cannot help. There is, certainly, nothing so various as taste;* and there may be people, for anything that I know, who prefer the views in Cambridgeshire, for instance, to those of Windermere and the Vale of Keswick; or the Desarts of Africa to the Vale of Arno. At all events, I am not very singular in my opinion, for many of our visitors from the South, and some settlers from flat countries, are much pleased with the picturesque, if not romantic, beauties of Morley—its hills and valleys—its woods and waters—its fine prospects and diversified walks—its pure air and excellent springs—the fine country around it, and convenient distance of the market towns.

Morley is four miles from Leeds; six and a half from Wakefield; five from Dewsbury; eleven from Huddersfield and Halifax; and seven from Bradford; it is situate, therefore, near the centre of perhaps the most populous district in the kingdom, save one, taking twelve miles as the radius of the circle. It is in the very heart of a country abounding in coal of every kind, and in quarries of excellent stone. Its inhabitants, generally, are very healthy, and many attain to a considerable age. One Mary Hartley, who died not long ago, at the age of one hundred and four or five, has related to me many particulars of what passed here during the Scotch Rebellion, and I have known several who nearly reached one hundred years.

Knowing that to many it will be of interest to note the waxing and waning of some denominations in the Christian World within our parish during the last and present century, I here present an extract from a survey taken by the Vicar of Batley, Mr. Scott, in 1764.

* Upon this point, to do the men of the present day some justice, they are, I believe, pretty consistent—for in 1649, I find the same class of Dissenters “admitted none as members of their church who could not give a sufficient assurance to the whole congregation that they were in a state of grace!!” See Appendix to the Life of Archbishop Sancroft, p. 440.

* A curious instance may be seen in Forster's Perennial Calendar, relating to Dr. Johnson, and which is confirmed in a Paper in the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. 93, part 2nd, p. 389.

For its accuracy I cannot vouch. Indeed I believe it to be erroneous in some respects.

	No. of Families.	Com.	Chh.	Fams.	Presbs.	Inds.	Me.	An.
Batley	326	811	224	1	51	49	0	
Morley	259	619	72	129	9	39	4	
Gildersome	166	393	65	6	0	23	60	
Churwell ...	68	140	40	22	0	4	1	

Besides these there were, it seems, six Moravian families in Morley,* and one Quaker family in Gildersome.

In 1811, a census of population was taken, when it appeared there were in Batley, 2975;—in Morley, 2457;—Churwell, 666;—Gildersome, 1409. In May (4th,) 1821, the population of Morley township stands thus:—Inhabited Houses, 603;—Families, 634;—Houses building, 2;—Empty ditto, 37;—Farmers, 56;—Traders, 144;—Others, 2839; Males, 1557;—Females, 1482;—Total, 3039.

Upon a few of the ancient houses in this and the neighbouring villages, are found dates, which shew them to have been built, from 1680 to 1707, and these appear to have been once inhabited by people in good circumstances. To the increasing prosperity of the woollen trade, these are doubtless, to be attributed. One house of this kind, near Morley Hole, formerly the property of a Mr. Halstead, the village surgeon, has upon it the date, 1681, and another, formerly the residence of John Dawson, Esq., has 1683. There is another house of the same reign (Charles 2nd) but without date, belonging to my much valued friend, Mr. Swinden, surgeon, &c. It was purchased by Miss Waller, of one Richard Huntington, and, as appears from the Title Deeds, was called "Yew Tree House." This Lady was much attached to Mr. Alred, the old Minister, and perhaps might have married him, if some disparity in age—her deformity, and his disinclinations, had not hindered. She left him, however, by her will some property, especially this dwelling, which his devisees sold to the Rayners, a family in which it remained for three or four generations. Now it appears, from a grave stone in the Chapel-yard, that Richard the son of Richard Huntington, was here interred, in September, 1679, and from a comparison of buildings, I infer it was built by this person.

But there is a class of houses still more

* There were in 1826, about 10 Church people:—Independents, 860;—Methodists, 579;—Ranters of the Methodist Class, 60;—Anabaptists, perhaps, 40;—Presbyterians, number unknown;—Moravians, none;—Quakers, none;—Catholics, 1.

ancient, and all without dates, which appear to have been built during the Commonwealth times. One of them on the left side of the way on entering the village from Leeds, has upon his gateway the inscription*—"Porta patens esto, Nulli claudaris honesto." Tradition says, that Mr. Pickering, the Minister, once lived here; after him, and probably till 1695, when he died, one "Wyther," an attorney, who lies buried at Batley. Next, probably, one Rothwell, a schoolmaster, and at length some of the Rayner family. There is another house on Banks-hills, which it is not unlikely was built during the "Oliver days," when it is compared with a known house of the Protectorate, at Ardsley. Another house at the town end, now the "Boot and Shoe" Alehouse, I refer to James the 1st's reign—if not before it. The most curious dwelling, however, in this vicinity, is "Slack's Cottage"—an ancient farm-house, the property of the Earl of Dartmouth. I infer it to have been once occupied by a substantial farmer, from what Drake tells us in his Illustrations of Shakspeare.

"The cottages of the peasantry," says he, "usually consisted of but two rooms on the ground floor—the outer for the servants, and the inner for the master and his family, and they were thatched with straw or sedge, while the dwelling of the substantial farmer was distributed into several rooms above and beneath, was coated with white lime or cement, and was neatly roofed with reed." Now this cottage of Slack's does not correspond exactly with either description, but, appearing to have been chamber height, I refer it to the latter class.

This singular building, which has undergone so many alterations both within and without, as to mock antiquarian observation, is an ancient lath and plaster, or "post and pan" cottage, of exactly the same construction as the Chapel, as to its roof especially. The shaft of the chimney, immensely large and formed of lath and plaster, with a top of sticks and bindings, being doubtless a funnel for the smoke, constructed at an after period, displays the antiquity of the dwelling.—But the fire-place is the most surprising—it is eleven feet ten inches wide; five feet two inches deep; and five feet five inches high. In the centre of this space, no doubt, in ancient times, was the reredosse or the skeleton of a rude range; and here, around a

* Pulled down, February 24th, 1830, but rebuilt as before;

fire, partly perhaps of coal, but principally of wood, did the ancestors of Slack sit plaiting their straw hats by the light of the chimney in the day time. These interesting glimpses at the occupations and habits of our old natives, I have delighted from boyhood to catch from the oldest people. If they seem strange at the present day, how much more will they amuse our posterity?

In this place it may not be amiss to notice the Wapentake or Weapontake to which the town of Morley gave its name in the Saxon times.

A learned writer observes upon this word that, "anciently '*musters*' were taken of the armour and weapons of the several inhabitants of every Hundred; and from such as could not find sufficient pledges of their good abearing, their weapons were taken and delivered to others."

Another writer says the word comes from the Saxon "*Waepen*" and "*Taccan*"—to deliver by reason that the tenants anciently delivered their weapons to every new Lord as a token of homage.

Other accounts or rather conjectures as to the meaning of this word, and the nature of these assemblages, have been given by other authors; with which, as they neither amuse me, nor probably would the reader, I abstain from inserting here, especially as I doubt not that these *musters* are referable to the tenures under which great part of the land in this kingdom were once holden. Our great Lords, anciently, as is well known, had their inferiors, who held land under them by military service; and these again had their servants or rather vassals, who, upon every summons, were brought into the field at the call of their superior. The Weapontake, therefore, or inspection of arms, was perhaps held on the summons of this great Lord, and the continuation of tenure would be determined upon review at the *muster*.

I own it once struck me that these assemblages of the Hundred here were anciently convened upon our Low Common; for, until our Inclosure in 1817, there were two small mounds or hillocks, about four or five feet high, and situate from each other about ten or twelve yards. These, from time to time, were supplied with fresh turf. Perhaps they had once been of larger size than as I saw them, but that it had been obligatory upon our townsmen to support them, is manifest from an inquiry made of our Constable,

by the Stewards of the Court Baron, at Bradford,—"*Do you keep up your butts?*"—the origin of which inquiry and usage I certainly then misunderstood—the cause of my error will appear presently.

"Butts," says Mr. Nicolas, "were mounds of earth erected for the purpose of a target, against which arrows were shot, &c. They were called '*rounds*,' no doubt, from their form. In the fifth year of Edward the 4th, an Act passed that every Englishman and Irishman dwelling with Englishmen, should have an English bow of his own height, which was to be of yew, wych, hazel, ash, or awborne, &c.; and that '*butts*' should be made in every Township, at which the inhabitants should shoot up and down every feast-day, under the penalty of a halfpenny, when they should omit this exercise."

Henry the 8th also, in the third year of his reign, ordered that every father was to provide a bow and two arrows for his son, when he should arrive at seven years old; and by an Act (sixth of his reign) compelled every one but the Clergy and Judges to shoot at "*butts*."* Now I had long suspected that our butts might have been for purposes of archery, but not being able to connect this subject with the ordinary inquiry in the Court Baron, at Bradford, and finding the mounds or "*rounds*" so very near together (whereas in early times they were one hundred, one hundred and forty-eight, or even one hundred and sixty yards asunder) I naturally abandoned an idea which I now believe to be correct, and vainly supposed that our Weapontake had been held at this place. What principally convinces me, however, of my mistake is, that I have actually discovered the place where the inspection of arms was taken—at least such is my firm conviction.

We have a place at the Town's-end known to all our villagers by the name of "*the Ratten-Row*" or "*Rotten-Row*,"—a name of very high antiquity. The learned Camden deduces it from the German Freebooters or hireling auxiliaries, formerly brought into this country. "*Rotten* or *Rotturen*," says he, "*signifies 'to muster'*"—hence *Rotmeister*—a Corporal," &c.—This appellation, as we are

* The inhabitants of the Parish of Norton, in Derbyshire, were obliged so lately as the year 1599 to keep two butts to shoot at, and to keep them in repair under certain penalties, and to provide their sons and men-servants with bows and arrows. See Lyson's *M. B.* vol. 5, p. 120. See an instance of amercement for not keeping butts in repair. *Nich's Leicester-shire*, vol. 3, p. 1189.

assured by a writer in the *Archæologia*,* occurs also at York, Nottingham, Sedburg, and Darlington. "At three of these places," says he, "we likewise meet with 'Hungate,' the Etymon of which has not a little perplexed the late Dr. Drake, who observes, in his *Eboracon*, p. 312, that 'Hungrygate is but a poor conjecture,' and afterwards remarks 'that the place was formerly inhabited by many eminent merchants.' If it would not be thought pedantry in me to give my opinion," says he, "I should, decisively, derive it from the Huns or Easterling merchants, who had staples or marts at the most considerable towns in the kingdom."

Now it is delightful to me to have to inform the reader that we not only have a "Ratten-Row" at Morley, as there is also at Leeds, Wakefield, Halifax, Hunslet, and perhaps Brighouse; but we have "*the Hungrill*" very near it. Another evidence of the ancient greatness of Morley. "*Ratten-Row*," however, on the best authority, is "*Muster-Row*," and this is the very word applied to the Weapontake as before quoted.—And thus (as I fancy) I have solved a very curious question.

Not far from the "Ratten-Row" there was, in my younger days, a pond, with even the bucket of the ancient Ducking Stool remaining; but some new houses belonging to Mr. Isaac Crowther are now built upon the spot. I have only to add, for the gratification of antiquaries, that the Rods or Rodes, and a place formerly called "Weaver-hill," is not far distant.

As to the butts upon, what was called, the Low Common, they stood upon ground now the property of the late Mr. Joseph Dixon's family, and were swept away upon our late Inclosure. At some ancient period there had, perhaps, been corresponding butts at the usual distances within the old inclosures, or rather encroachments; for, that such had been made, the very appearance of the "Chapel Flatts," or rather the "Flatt-end," testified some years ago. At all events this ground, the North side of the Chapel-yard, and the Low Common were certainly the village play-ground, and that, in my opinion, as lately as the reign of Charles the 1st; for some of his coins, now in my possession, were found in the hedges' banks, and the village sports were on the Common till 1816.

* Vol. 10, p. 61.

The next thing deserving of notice in Morley is our Stone Quarries. They were first opened, or began to be noted, very early in the last century, and through the liberality of the Earls of Dartmouth have supported many delvers and masons, as well as improved the village. The stone, to be sure, is rather perishable, but then it is handsome—easy to work, and better than most brick. My mention of these Quarries, however, is principally on account of the organic remains found within them. These are chiefly fossil stems of plants which, for ages have been unknown in this kingdom, and probably in Europe; especially the bamboo, reed, or cane, which, I suppose, is now a native of the Indies or of Africa only. "This fossil," says Mr. Parkinson, "is frequently found where strata of sandstone are found nigh strata of coal.* 'Mr. Martin,' says he, 'has seen single joints of it in ironstone. This species—very numerous, can now only obtain the name of *fossalia incognita*—Botanists having not yet been able to discover any existing analogous plants.'" Merely observing in confirmation of Mr. Parkinson's remark that this fossil is commonly met with in all our neighbouring stratas of stone, especially at Dewsbury, I proceed to relate what was discovered here in 1824, as it is far more curious.

Sometime in the summer of this year, in a solid block of stone, and at a depth of twenty-five feet from the surface of the earth, there were found eight or ten fossil nuts or acorns, supposed by the workmen to have been oak acorns. I quickly heard of them—made them my own, and have examined them carefully. Some are imbedded in the sand stone, others have fallen out, leaving their impressions, and what was once their husk, or shell. The nuts are "*ovate*" and "*angular*," which proves them not to have been oak acorns, besides which, they do not seem to have been fixed in a calix or cup, but like † stone fruit (*e. g.*) cherries to have hung suspended by a stalk. That these were the nuts of the "*Carpinus Betulus*," (the larger hornbeam) rather than of the beech, as I at first suspected, there can be little doubt; however, that the learned reader may have a specimen whereby to judge for himself, I refer him to the Museum, at Leeds, where he may find it with this classical description "*Phytolithus Accutulinum*,"

* "*Organic Remains*," p. 433.

† If my memory does not fail me I have seen such things called "*Droops*," either in Linnaeus or some other eminent Writer.

—Martin — “Flagstone — Chapel-Allerton.” Whether the learned gentleman who wrote this knew what the nuts were, does not appear—if he did, he should have told the public, as scarcely one person in ten thousand would prefer two hard words to three or four intelligible ones; although the mass of mankind think far best of that of which they understand the least. I have only to add, that my nuts are larger and much better defined than those at Leeds.

In the same block of stone in which these nuts were discovered, there were also fossil remains of the cane or reed just mentioned; and, what is most curious, a piece of iron of the wedge form, two or three inches long. This iron, which was found by a stone mason, at Leeds, was sent up to London, to be sold, so that I can give but an imperfect account of it; but I have a stone with various impressions from our Quarries, evidently made in most remote ages, by what appears to have been the handycraft work of man.

There is one peculiarity in my specimen of these organic remains which, as it sensibly operates upon my mind, so I am in hopes it may amuse others. Some of my nuts have assuredly not arrived at maturity when they fell from the tree and were overwhelmed by that awful catastrophe whereby the “foundations of the great deep were broken up.” Now in whatever month this took place, every record and tradition seems to refer it to sometime in summer or the beginning of autumn. But as the inclination of the Earth’s axis is said to have varied, and the seasons have certainly done so, not only within the course of a few centuries, but perceptibly within the memory of man, there can be no reliance upon the point with reference to our months. I am satisfied, however, from the foregoing, that in England the larger hornbeam is indigenous—that it grew to its full size, and brought its nuts to maturity in what is now Yorkshire; and possibly near the spot where are now our Quarries, before the *last** General Deluge or *great Convulsion of Nature*. And it seems far more reasonable to believe that those other productions of hot countries just mentioned, were grown here when the climate was different, than that they should have been wafted by the ocean thousands of miles, and deposited in Britain.

* I say the last General Deluge, because it appears to me that one Deluge will not account for appearances in various parts of the Earth. See especially the Discoveries of Cuvier.

As much has been said about deposits made by the overflow of rivers of various things, which in the course of ages have become fossil, I will just state that our Quarries are situate near the Turnpike-road from Wakefield to Bradford, almost the highest tract in the county, and are situate also at about an equal distance from the “Aire” and the “Calder;” so that any hypothesis of this kind as to these hornbeam nuts is precluded; and although there is no record or tradition, or appearance of this Quarry ground being other than waste, yet it is far from unlikely that hornbeams once flourished upon the soil which, borne down by the general Deluge along with other wood, were all converted to other substances, while their fruit, intermingled with canes, and lighter woods, have floated further, got imbedded among the sea sand (now stone) and become fossils.

I have stated that these Quarries were not opened before the early part of the last century, and this I believe, from inquiry, to have been the fact. Whence then, it may be asked, was the stone gotten whereby the ancient stone houses hereabouts have been built? This is a perplexing question.* It was not gotten at the Pinfold Quarry, for a very aged man, one Thomas Westerman, could well remember its being opened for materials wherewith to mend the roads; nor were they ever fit for any other use,—and as to any other stone, there is scarcely any fit for building purposes. It seems, therefore, likely that the stone in question was brought from a distance. That with which the Mausoleum of my family is constructed, certainly came from Westerton.

Whoever visits our village will perceive much stone of an ornamental kind—such as round balls—trellice or open work, such as is seen crowning our ancient baronial mansions—wrought toppings, &c. It may be proper to mention that much of this came from Howley-Hall, purchased as it was by Mr. Scatcherd, Mr. Dawson, and others, when that noble edifice was demolished. Much of it also went to Birstal; and, in short, few of its surrounding villages are without a large portion of the ruins.

There is one thing to be told of our old villagers, which may perhaps excite a smile. I mean their anxiety to keep up the good old usage of the “*Ducking-Stool*.” Originally it

* Sometimes I have thought they have been built out of the ruins of the ancient Chapel.

stood somewhere about where the "Pinfold" or Common Pound now is, and was removed to Morley Hole, upon the opening of the Quarry for repairs of the roads. Its final remove, according to tradition, was to the "Flush Pond," at the other end of the town, and near "Ratten-Row," as before mentioned.

A certain writer, whose name I forget, observes merrily, "that the Puritans were particularly careful to keep up these instruments of punishment for brawling women;" but why they should be so particularly anxious upon such a subject it would be difficult to discover. For my own part, I have as often observed them near Churches as elsewhere, and have often thought that if with the stocks, for brawling people of the other sex, they were more in use it would be no worse for society.

This punishment of the Ducking-Stool is very ancient, and its history so amusing, that I shall here again resort to my commonplace-book.

The Saxons called the Ducking-Stool the "Scealging Stole"† or "Scolding Stool." We find it an instrument of punishment, in the time of Henry 3rd, under the name of "Tomberell"§ or "Tumbrill." Afterwards called the "Trebucket" or "Cucking-Stool;" and in one of the books of the Exchequer for Cornwall, we are told by Mr. Lyson,|| that the following curious entry may be found:—"Man de Colford Farlo, &c. temp. Henr. 3rd. Quia per oburgationes et meretrices multa mala in manerium oriuntur, et lites, pugnae, defamationes, et aliae multae inquietationes per earum hutesias et clamores; igitur utimur de eisdem, quod, cum captæ fuerint, habeant iudicium de la *Coking-Stole*, et ibi stabunt, nudis pedibus, et suis Crinibus pendentibus, et dispersis, tanto tempore ut aspicere possint ab omnibus per Viam transeuntibus, secundum voluntatem Baliavorum nostrorum capitalium."¶ Perhaps our ladies of the present day would think this rather harsh usage—perhaps some gallant may tell me they never deserve it. Be that as it may, the flitch of bacon has not been claimed at

Dunmow, in Essex, since 1751—a fact which rather looks suspicious.

Riding the Stang upon a fight between husband and wife was in common use at Morley during the last century, but is now discontinued. "Staung," says Hicks, "Eboracensis est Lignum Oblongum—Contus bajulorum. A person," he adds, "is made to ride on a pole for his neighbour's wife's fault;" by which, I suppose, he meant, when she beat her husband: this, however, is an imperfect account, for the stang was often ridden when *he* beat *her*. But whatever might be the event of the battle, the wife had always one consolation, which was that of enjoying the honours of the victory. A wanton wag, upon these occasions, was carried on a stang or pole—he was followed by a number of such mischievous dogs as himself, and was set down or mounted on a wall when the "Nomine" was to be repeated. Beating a pan at such places, he pronounced aloud some doggerel lines, varying according to the talents of the cryer, but always beginning thus—

"Ranty tan—tan—tan,
You may hear by the sound of my frying pan
That Mistress ——— has beat her good man."

The rest was, generally, such sad trash that I cannot venture to give a specimen.

I cannot help remarking, in this place, how jealous our forefathers were of their domestic consequence, and how fearful they generally appeared of "petticoat Government."—With these "Lords of the Creation," it was a maxim that "all toll should come into the right toll dish;" by which they meant to tell us that tribute of every kind was to be paid to the head, or master of every family, as its proper sovereign.—They tell us that "the same thing may be said of *wives* as of *money*, or of *fire*—that they are as they are used—*helpers* or *hurters*—good servants but bad masters"—that "for the most* part it falleth out that where wives will rule all, they mar all"—maxims which a certain writer gravely says he heard spoken by wise Lords of the Star Chamber, in the cases of the Lady Lake and Countess of Suffolk. And, finally, we are presented with their thoughts in verse—

"Concerning wives take this a certain rule—
That if, at first, you let them have the rule,
Yourself with them, at last, shall bear no rule,
Except you let them evermore to rule."

* There is a most amusing Letter upon this subject in Lodge's Illustrations of English History. The Bishop of Lichfield interfering in a dispute between the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury, tells his Lordship that it is "a common jest, yet true in some sense, that there is but one Shrew in all the world, and every man hath her." Lyson's Mag. Brit. vol. 5, p. 115.

† Blount's Tenures by Beckwith, p. 510.

§ Stowe's Annals, p. 290. || Mag. Brit. vol. 3, p. 324

¶ See Clarkson's Richmond, p. 250; also, Hone's Everyday Book, vol. 2, p. 300. Another instrument formerly used for the correction of scolds in various parts of the kingdom, was the "Bridle" or "Branks." See Plot's History of Staffordshire, p. 389. Lyson's Mag. Brit. v. 2, p. 491—735. Brand, v. 2, p. 491—735. Brand, v. 2, p. 142. By Statute 61st. of Henry 3rd.—Brewers and Bakers, committing frauds, were to be ducked in stinking water.

Nor were the Laity only tenacious of these points in the good old days of the Commonwealth, and Protectorate especially, but their Pastors* (who could quote higher authorities than that of "Lords of the Star Chamber,") occasionally supported their authority. They not only maintained, with St. Paul, that women should keep silence in the churches, but they commanded them to be reverential and obedient to their husbands at home. How wonderfully have women got up in society since their days!!!—How altered, for the most part, are the usages of the times! Could one of our manly, unpretending, forefathers return to us, he would at once exclaim in the language of the poet—

"This is not the world in which I was born."

Another curious custom of our village, now little known, is that of "Trashing" or pelting common people with old shoes on their return from Church upon the wedding-day.† There were originally certain offences which subjected the parties to this unpleasant liability, such as refusing to contribute to scholars' "Potations" or other convivialities; but in process of time the reason of the thing was forgotten, and trashing was universal among the lower orders. Turf or "Sods" being substituted for old shoes, and thrown in jest and good humour, not in anger or illwill.

Although it is true that to this day an old shoe is called "a Trash," as is every thing, indeed, of no value; yet this, certainly, did not give the nuisance its name. To "Trash" signifies to clog, incumber, or impede,‡ and accordingly we find the rope tied by sportsmen round the necks of fleet pointers, to tire them well and check their speed, is hereabouts called a "Dog Trash." But why old shoes in particular were selected as missiles most proper for impeding the progress of new married persons, it is difficult to discover.§ The following passage, however, may perhaps have some bearing on the subject.

* The good old Puritans insisted on the woman's inferiority and submission:—first, because she was *second* in order of creation; and next, because she was *first* in the transgression!!!

In the Statutes of St. Paul's Cathedral, the Vergere are ordered to be unmarried men, for this amusing reason—"Because a man cannot serve two masters—his wife and his official duty." *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1823, part 2, p. 234. I hope none of my acquaintance will believe that I mean anything offensive by these extracts.

† Mr. Hone has done me the honour to insert an account transmitted to him of this usage, in his amusing "Table Book, vol. 2, p. 348.

‡ This is abundantly proved by Nares in his Glossary. See article. Shoes or kemp shoes.

§ Since writing the above I have discovered that to throw an old shoe after a person was considered as lucky in former times.

Leobard, the celebrated Saint of Tours, in the sixth century, being persuaded in his youth to marry, gave his betrothed a ring*—a kiss—and a pair of shoes. This ceremony has been explained very much to the dishonour of the Ladies, as referring to the absolute servitude of the parties, who in this instance, were symbolically tied (to use an expressive phrase) "*Neck and heels.*"**

It is by no means my intention to notice all the fooleries of our ancient villagers, but merely such as are least noticed in antiquarian works, and appear most humorous. Like other people of their times, they were full of whimsies and superstitious fears. Their talk, of course, would run upon witches, wizards, omens, and preternatural appearances, especially on winter evenings. Even yet one may see, occasionally, the horse shoe behind the door of the house, or the branch of a "Wiggin"† in the stable, while the balk of the former will, peradventure, bear marks of the redhot poker from one extremity to the other.

From attentive observation and from reading, I incline to think not only that our ancient English pronunciation and words, but expressions also, are better preserved in our West-Riding (especially about Morley), than in any other part of the United Kingdom, and this I hope to prove by a glossary‡ of our words accompanied by authorities. For the present I shall confine myself to a few phrases—one of them is, "*Woe worth thee*"—a malediction taken from Ezekiel, 30th, v. 2, and often used by our common people.

When the widow of Edward the 4th, hearing of the imprisonment of her brother, Lord Rivers, and other friends, by the Duke of Gloucester, took sanctuary in Westminster; Rotherham, Archbishop of York, and Chancellor, repaired to her, for her comfort, with the great seal, and with a friendly message from the Lord Hastings.—"*A woe worth him,*" quoth the Queen, for it is he that goeth to destroy me "and my blood." "Fair fall thee," is the opposite wish at Morley, and denotes a blessing.

* This was probably not the "Gimmel Ring," but the "Sponsalium Annulus."

** See *Archæol.* vol. 17, p. 127.

† The Yorkshire word for the mountain ash. Hone's Table Book, 6, p. 674. This, if I mistake not, is the "*Rantry*"—*Sorbus aucuparia* or mountain ash, a noted charm against witchcraft. Collars of the mountain ash were anciently put upon the necks of cattle to keep off witches. This is a pure Celtic custom. See *Popr. Antiqs.*

‡ My Glossary must, I fear, be omitted.

"Marry come up," and "No marry,"* are often found in our Monkish writers, and often heard here—Marry is evidently put for Mary. See *Accedens of Armorie*, fo. 120. "Wילו shalto," or "Will you nil you." Stowe's *Annals*, p. 174—350. "By't Mess," or "By the Mass," is certainly older than Elizabeth's reign, but was common in the early part of James's. The solemn asseveration of a Priest, and, as I believe, the oath very common in parlance among the Laity, was swearing "by the Sacrament of the body and blood of Christ." So that this kind of swearing was very little thought of, even in the middle ages—

"By the Mass I'll box you."

"By Cocke I'll foxe you."—*Old Pl.* 1, 216.

Much less were the Popish elements considered, when Major Greatehead swore "By't Mess, he would take Sir John Armitage's house with twenty men."†

Another phrase which seems peculiar now to these parts, is one often applied to a notoriously idle fellow. Of such an one it is said, "He has gotten t' fever lurdan," which means the lazy fever.

Doctor Andrew Boorde, a celebrated physician and scholar, of Henry 8th's reign, in a treatise on fevers, makes a few remarks upon this head, which are so humorous as to merit particular notice, and shall be substituted for a tedious account of the etymology of the word "lurdan."

"This fever," says he, "doth come naturally, or els by evyll and slouthful brynging up. If it do come by nature, then the fever is incurable, for it can never be out of the fleshe that is bred in the bone: Yf it come by slouthful brynging up, it may be holpen by diligent labour."

("A Remedy,")—"There is nothing so good for the fever lurdan as unguentum baculinum; that is to say,—Take a sticke, or wan, of a yarde of length or more, and let it be as great as a man's finger, and with it anoynt the back and the shoulders well, mornyng and evenyng, and do this twenty-one dayes; and if this fever will not be holpen

* See also Speed, 849.

† See Note in a preceding page, to which may be added, that Charles the 2nd's common oath was "God's Fish," (evidently a corruption of God's flesh.) See Note to Life of Lord Russell, p. 62,—or Calamy's Memorial, vol. 1, p. 414.

In the middle ages solemn oaths were often taken after mass, upon the sacrament or consecrated elements which were believed to be, as they still are by the Catholics, the very flesh, or body and blood of Christ. Hence the expression "Corporal Oath," and the name of the sacramental cloth—the "Corporale."

in that tyme, let them beware of waggyng on the galowes; and whyles they do take theyr medicine, put no lubberwort into theyr potage."

Another curious custom among the lower orders now disused, is that of "Ranneling," which indeed seems peculiar to this district. When a boy is rannelled, he is seized by his comrades, and his hair is by them so ruffled that the head appears like a mop. Rannel is, I have no doubt, a corruption of raddle—to twist or interweave.

There is, perhaps, scarcely one word which better displays the antiquity of our provincial expressions than that of "Laikins"—i. e.—playthings. "Laikan," says Dr. Pegge, "originally signified ludere—exultare. It is somewhat remarkable," says he, "that this word laccan, to play, though we find no traces of it in the Saxon, is still prevalent in a certain district. In some parts of Yorkshire, to lake is to play, and laikans are playthings."*

A very common expression with us at Morley is to say—"I could not find in my heart,"†—instead of—I could not bear to do such and such a thing. Every person conversant with our old writers knows very well how generally they used it.

Nothing is more common also in this district than to hear a person abused by the word "Bastard." I do not believe that any part of England but ours employs it as our lower orders do. In history we read of "Bastard Falconbridge,"‡ "Bastard Heron," "Bastard Dacres," "The Bastard of Salisbury," and "Bastard of Exeter," and I know not how many others, all of them, doubtless, royal bastards. Even William the Conqueror was familiarly called "The Bastard," and probably not without cause; for without advertng to the numerous Fitxses in our annals, we may reasonably conclude from the habits of the great, that however "legitimate" they might be in one sense of the word, they were, mostly, illegitimate in another. Bastard is not now, however, an appellation of honour—at least at Morley, nor indeed do I know that it ever was.

* One of our children's games, called "Tig," is very curious, and being worthy of illustration, as to its origin, I purpose to attempt it in some Periodical Work.

† Speed, 543.

‡ Stowe's *Annals*. Temp. H. 6, and H. 8, page 823, &c.

§ Page 884. Speed, 794, &c. See also, Rapin, vol. 1, p. 360. In Speed we have p. 434, & the word "Nothus," which often appears in the *Batley Register*.

The kindred word "Cuckold" also, with the very comfortable adjunct of "old," (*i. e.* old cuckold) is not unfrequently heard hereabouts, however little ground there may be for the application. It is the "dernier resort" among our lower classes as a mode of provocation; and a Yorkshireman assures himself that when every other epithet of abuse and degradation is exhausted, there is still one by the sound of which his antagonist will be called to battle—"May the curse of the crows light on you," is the dreadful and dreaded malediction of the Irish. And it seems not improbable that both people consider the same thing as the greatest calamity and disgrace which can happen to a man.*

Of the same species with the forementioned is the ludicrous appellation "Riggald," or as it should be spelt Righold, which is ubi testiculus unus in dorso retinetur. From some cause, for which I cannot account, we hear but seldom of these kind of people now, which seems a pity, as it would be as well for society if the species were multiplied.

Newts or askerds, a very common Yorkshire word, is also of high antiquity. They are a species of lizard, found commonly in old banks and near water.—

"Ye spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs be not seen—
Newts and blindworms do no wrong,
Come not near the fairy queen."

For the antiquity of "asker," I must briefly refer the reader to the Gentleman's Magazine for 1754, p. 359.

It would be easy to prove many other of our words to be ancient English, or Saxon, but I shall only mention one more, though common with us and our more Northern neighbours, viz.:—"Barns," or as the Scots write it, "Bairns,"—(children). A writer as old as Henry 3rd's reign, says—

"Mercie for Mary's love of heav'n,
"Who bore the blissful BARNE, that bought us on the rode."

One word or two now as to pronunciation. We call a plough—a plew, or a pleuf—and thus Piers' Ploughman—

"God save the King, and speed the ploughe,
And send the Prelats care ynough."

The rest of such words as just now occur to me I will insert, with references to authority which proves my point. Let these few, however, suffice—"Kuss"—to kiss;—"kist"—a chest;—"keel"—to cool;—"lig"—to lay with;—"muck"—dirt;—"mouldewarp"—a

* One common phrase is, "Its Dicky with him," which has, I doubt not, been retained since Richard the 3rd's days at least, if not Richard the 2nd's. The meaning is, that it's over with such a one, or he is ruined.

mole;—"stee"—a stile or ladder;—"theik"—to thatch;—"wark"—work;—"watter"—water;—"girn"—to grin;—"quishin" or wishin"—a cushion;—"yearth"—earth;†—"heng"—for hang—anciently spelled henge.

There is one word which we use in a singular sense, yet exactly as it was used at Court, in Henry the 7th's time at least, and and that is the word "feel," which not only means to touch, but to smell. Whoever would wish to peruse a most curious document, taken from the Harleian MSS., and enjoy a laugh at the oddity of Court instructions in days of yore, may find a copy in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1787, vol. 57, p. 21; suffice it here to observe that our English Ambassadors who were deputed to treat for a marriage between Prince Arthur and the young Queen of Naples (Catherine of Arragon) are enjoined amongst innumerable other things, "to approach as near to her mouth as they honestly may, to th' entent they may 'feel' the condition of her breath, &c., and if they 'feel' any savour of spices—rose water, or muske, by the 'breath of her mouth,' to 'marke the same at every tyme.'" The whole of this most singular paper discovers to us from what source that monster, Henry 8th, acquired his mighty fastidious taste in regard to the Ladies, and pretty well justifies the refusal of a foreigner of rank‡ to marry him, "not being (as she sent him word) distinguished by Providence with the capital advantage of *two necks*."

It is time, however, to close the subject, and I shall, therefore, only add my hopes that from the foregoing instances the reader will perceive the ignorance of those who talk about our provincial dialect; or, at least, that they are people little conversant with our old historians and poets, and not much in the habit of noting the curiosities of literature. That our ancient English has been long and gradually retiring from the Metropolis, is my firm conviction, as also that, from some unknown cause, we have more of it retained in this vicinity than even in our most Northern parts. The traces of ancient sports or superstitions I can often observe in our children's games, and one of the most remarkable I have communicated to the public.§

† So also we say, "Myche" for much; "Shu" for she; "Porage" for pottage, &c. Now see Ellis's Letters, vol. 2, p. 29—31—92.

‡ I think it was a Duchess or Countess of Milan, but I can not recollect my authority for the anecdote.

§ See Hone's "Table Book," vol. 2, p. 303.

Not far from our Stone Quarries is "Stump Cross,"—the present stone does not seem ancient. It stands by the side of the line of road called the "Street," a Roman military way, and just at the spot where our road from Morley meets it—and here we have some curious particulars to notice. Stump Cross is an expression applied for those stones, which for ages have been merely boundary stones.¶ "Many of these Crosses," says Astle, "were anciently demolished by the Christians, being, by them, supposed to have been dedicated to idolatrous purposes, and their ancient names were soon forgotten; which may be the reason why so many broken stones are called 'Stump Crosses.'"

As to the "Street" having anciently been a military road, it is proved in various ways. "The Saxon word," says Drake, "apparently comes from *stratum*, which in Pliny signifies a street or paved highway." "Wherever," he adds, "we meet with a road called 'Street,' or any town or village said to lie upon the street, for instance, *Arthwick-on-the-Street* (*Adwick-le-Street*), by Doncaster, we may easily judge that a Roman road was at or near it." It is some confirmation of this remark that the known Roman Road from *Calcaria* (*Tadcaster*) to *Eboracum* (*York*) goes in part by the name of "Street-Houses."

But besides the etymology of the word "Street," the very names of villages upon it, and the Roman coins, dies, and other remains, found at *Lingwell-Nook*, and near *Black-*

Gates, Adwalton, &c., clearly sets the question at rest.** Here, however, be it observed, that the Roman road did not go to Wakefield, but passing along the present line to near *Ardley*, it left that spot a little on the right, and took its course past *Lingwell-Nook*, direct to *Castleford*.

"In this neighbourhood," says Dr. Whitaker, "are other monuments of Danish times, as particularly *Tingley*, or more truly *Tinglaw* or *low*, as it is in the best map that ever was made for this country, by Mr. Christopher Saxton, who lived at or very near that place, which in the language of that age, imports a Danish Court of Judicature, called '*Tinge*,' as a most excellent guide instructs us. *Thing* *Comitia vel Convocatus Populi*. *Thinglawe* *applausus ille forensis cum strepitu armorum quo diurnabatur ratum et comprobatum est.*" I give this extract as the construction of a learned man, whose opinions, however, I am frequently compelled to dissent from, and who seems to me to have pressed into his service in this overstrained etymology a person far more conversant with the Northern languages than either of us. For my own part, I much prefer the termination "*ley*" in this instance, as the names of most of our neighbouring places end thus; and in my judgment, owe their origin to their having been the possessions of Saxons or of Danes—the particular spots where they fell in battle—or the state of cultivation in which they were seen in very early periods. *Tingley*, however, there can be no doubt, is of high antiquity.

¶ There is a Stump Cross on the road from Ferrybridge to Pontefract, the Boundary-Stone between the latter Township and Ferryfrystone. See Boothroyd's *Pontefract*, 441.

** See an instance of another Roman road passing over a waste called "*Morley Moor*," in Derbyshire. Lyson's, vol. 5, p. 210. This is a very curious coincidence.

ARDSLEY.

VERY near to, if not upon the line of the "Street," is Ardsley (Eardesley) at a distance of about a mile from Dunningley, and more than a mile from Tingley. Its Church, having been roughcasted and modernised, deceives the passenger; but whoever will take the trouble to examine its architecture, especially its porch, and the Saxon or early Norman zigzag arch concealed by it, will agree with me as to the probable former consequence of the village.

There is nothing in the interior of this Church especially remarkable. The font bears date, 1663, and many of the seats are lettered as belonging to the Copleys, now of Doncaster. The oldest stone is for one Ellen Dymond, who died the "*fift* day of January, 1653." The Procters, the Shaws, and the Nettletons, next to the Copleys, appear to have been the chief families in the Commonwealth times.

The oldest houses at Ardsley are the Manor and Vicarage houses, at the opposite extremities of the village. The former, once a seat of the Copleys, is now occupied by a labouring farmer, called Rollinson. It appears to have had formerly fine gardens, and spacious outbuildings; upon a stone just under the pinnacle of the West wing, or gable end, is the date, 1622, and the Christian name of the Copley who built it—"Robart." The motto is, "*In Domine confido*, 1652," in another part; and the armorial bearing or crest which seems a griffin or dragon, is still perfect.

It appears from a pedigree of this branch of the family preserved, among others, in MSS., in the Leeds Library, that it came from Richard Copley, of Batley, who bore for arms, a cross moline sable, and that one Robert Copley married Ann Savile. It is known also, that Alvera Copley, of Batley, married Elizabeth, a daughter of Sir John Savile. By these intermarriages, no doubt, the property of which I write, was brought under one ownership in the seventeenth century.

The Vicarage-House of former times is near the Church. I call it a fine old mansion of the Protectorate, for by his date of 1653, it was built in that memorable year in which the "tutelary Genius" of England became Protector of its Commonwealth. It displays upon its front also the crest of the Savile family—the owl, and upon the ceiling of a bed chamber is a moulding, in fine relief, of a Savile, or, at least, a hunter with his spear and cup, surrounded by an ornamented circle. I have taken the precaution to get a correct drawing of this interesting house, for which the patriot, if not antiquary, of future days will thank me, and have only to observe that, except as to the porch in front, it presents a nearly similar appearance on all its four sides.*

Lord Fairfax, or Sir Thomas, in one of his letters, makes mention of "a Mr. Headcot, of Ardsley, a Minister of religion," but, with all my endeavours, I have not been able to make out who he was, and whether stationed here as Vicar or not. My idea is, that the name should have been Heathcott or Hesketh, and that he was, perchance, an ancestor of the last Minister at Lee-Fair Chapel.

Ardsley was the native village of a man of whom it has not been thought beneath the dignity of our national histories to make mention; but as many things are omitted and unknown, which have fallen in my way, I shall present the reader with a biographical sketch of a singular character. And here I must be allowed a digression of some length for the sake of my credulous countrymen, living in an age in which old women have conceived themselves pregnant by the Holy Ghost, in which Shiloh is expected, and the emphatic warning is by a wretched sect forgotten. "If any man shall say unto you—Lo! here is Christ—or there—believe it not, for there shall arise false Christs and false Prophets who shall shew great signs and wonders.—Behold! I have told you before.—

* The small room and landing over the porch was the smoking place, and perhaps, study.

Wherefore, if they shall say unto you—Behold! he is in the desert—go not forth;—Behold! he is in the secret chamber—believe it not—for as the lightning cometh out of the East and shineth even unto the West, so also shall the coming of the Son of man be.”

James Nayler, the subject of this memoir, was born, as before stated, at Ardsley, where he lived twenty-two years and upwards, until he married “*according to the world*,” as he expressed himself. He dwelt afterwards in the parish of Wakefield, till some time in the Civil War, when he served his country under various offices on the side of the Parliament, and rose to be Quarter-Master under General Lambert. In this service he continued till disabled by illness in Scotland, when he returned home. About this time he was member of an Independent Church at Horbury,* of which Christopher Marshall (heretofore mentioned as Minister of Topcliffe), was Pastor. By this Society being cast out, on charges of blasphemy and incontinence with a Mrs. Roper (a married woman), he turned Quaker. Travelling soon after to visit his quaking brethren in Cornwall, he was arrested by one Major Saunders, and committed as a vagrant; but being released by an order from the Council of State, he bent his course through Chewstoke, in Somersetshire, to Bristol, and here those extraordinary scenes were contemplated which I have to relate.

By way of preliminary, however, I ought to observe that notwithstanding the irregularities in Nayler’s life, there were many things in the man, which, with low and ignorant people, exceedingly favoured his pretensions to the Messiahship. He appeared, both as to form and feature, the perfect likeness to Jesus Christ, according to the best descriptions.† His face was of the oval shape—his forehead broad—his hair auburn and long, and parted on the brow—his beard flowing—his eyes beaming with a benignant lustre—his nose of the Grecian or Circassian order—his figure erect and majestic—his aspect sedate—his speech sententious, deliberate, and grave, and his manner authoritative. In addition also to these advantages, his studies had been devoted to Scripture history, and by some means he had caught up the Gnostic heresy

and the doctrine of Æons; so that, like many of the “experimental” folk (the Gnostics of our day), he could bewilder and confound others, without being detected or abashed himself.

The usual posture of Nayler was sitting in a chair, while his company of men and women knelt before him. These, it appears, were very numerous and constant for whole days together. At the commencement of the service a female stepped forth and sung,—

“This is the joyful day,
Behold! the king of righteousness is come!”

Another taking him by the hand exclaimed—

“Rise up, my love—my dove—and come away,
Why sittest thou among the pots?”

Then, putting his hand upon her mouth, she sunk upon the ground before him, the auditory vociferating—

“Holy, holy, holy, to the Almighty!”

The procession of this lunatic and impostor (for lunatic he evidently was), especially in passing through Chepstow, was extensive and singular. Mounted on the back of a horse or mule;—one, Woodcock, preceded him bare-headed, and on foot;—a female, on each side of Nayler, held his bridle;—many spread garments in his way, while the ladies sung—“Hosannah to the Son of David—blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord—Hosannah in the highest!”

But this was only a portion of the incense which was offered as homage to this messiah, for the letters of the fair sex addressed to him were of the warmest and most flattering description—They called him “Jesus”—“the Prophet of the most high”—“the King of Israel, and the Prince of peace.”—It needs scarcely to be added, but the fact is, they paid him, frequently, a tribute equally acceptable to prophets, priests, and kings.

I know not what sort of a prophet James Nayler was, but I am sure he could not be a worse one than Richard Brothers, Johanna Southcott, and all other such pretenders as have since arisen;—he wrought, however, according to the allegation of Dorcas Erbury, a capital miracle upon her; for he raised her from the dead, in Exeter Gaol, after she had departed this life full two days; and that is more than all the Towsers, Mousers, and Carousers of Johanna, or the Prophetess herself ever did, as they would perhaps acknowledge. It is highly probable, however, that the miracles of James Nayler did not end here, since to a messiah so highly gifted as

* See my Note in a former page.

† The best likeness of Nayler is, I believe, that in Caulfield’s Portraits. There is a three-quarters painting of the Prophet (but in whose possession I know not) from which, of late, there have been engravings.

he was, it would be much easier, and more natural, to produce a Shiloh with the concurrence of Dorcas Erbury, than to bring back her departed spirit to the world it left. Be this as it may, the House of Commons, in 1656, was so sceptical—so irreligious—and so insensible to the merits of this Quaker Christ, that on Wednesday, the 17th of December, in that year, after a patient investigation of ten days, it was resolved,—“That James Naylor be set on the pillory, with his head in the pillory, in the Palace-yard, Westminster, during the space of two hours, on Thursday following, and should be whipped by the hangman through the streets from Westminster to the Old Exchange, London, and there likewise be set with his head in the pillory for the space of two hours, between the hours of eleven and one on Saturday after, in each place, wearing a paper containing an inscription of his crimes; and that, at the Old Exchange, his tongue be bored through with a hot iron, and that he be there stigmatised also with the letter ‘B.’ in the forehead; and he be afterwards sent to Bristol, and be conveyed into and through the said city on horseback bare ridged, with his face backward, and there also publicly whipped the next market day after he comes thither; and that, from thence, he be committed to prison, to Bridewell, London, and there restrained from the society of all people, and there to labour hard till he be released by Parliament, and during that time to be debarred the used of pen, ink, and paper, and have no relief but what he earned by his daily labour.”

“This sentence was, for the most part, executed upon Naylor, when some of his followers were so infatuated as to lick his wounds—kiss his feet, and lean upon his bosom. He was, however, allowed pen, ink, and paper, and wrote several books during his confinement.”

“When lodged in Bridewell, in order to carry on his impostures, he fasted three days, but flesh and blood being able to hold out no longer, he fell to work to earn himself some food. Upon the next change* of Government he obtained his liberty, but died soon after without any signs of repentance.”

This narrative is chiefly taken from the State Trials, but a curious MS. now before me states that he retracted his errors, was

discharged from prison the 8th of September, 1659, and was again received by the Quakers, who had disowned him during his extravagances. It further states that he set out from London the latter end of October, 1660, in order to return to his wife and children at Wakefield, but was taken ill on the road, some miles beyond Huntingdon, being robbed by the way and left bound, in which condition he was found in a field, by a countryman, towards evening, and carried to a friend's house, at Holme, near King's Repton, but soon expired, in November, 1660.

The Topcliffe Register, under the head of “Church Members, 1655,” has this remarkable entry in the margin:—

“Besides Bro Elyard, Bro Legine, Bro Carver, *Jaimes Naylor*, Bro Bines, Bro Richardson, Sister Oxeley, Sister Hannah Cassley, Sister Easter Cassley. These departed from us, and *some under Church censures.*”

There is some ambiguity in the wording of this passage, but which ever way it be construed, I am confident that this was “Jaimes Naylor,” the prophet, and that he left Topcliffe, as he did Horbury, under “Church censures;” for, in the first place, he is not styled brother like the rest, having undoubtedly at this time turned Quaker;—secondly, he had been dismissed from Horbury, or, in other words, excommunicated;—and lastly, the Pastor of these same “Independent” Churches was Christopher Marshall.

The Register at Ardsley goes no further back than 1662, and is an exceedingly defective, slovenly document; so that, to make out anything like a pedigree of those who have descended from this “Stem of Jesse,” is impossible; but I have the authority of a gentleman of the name of Naylor, for saying that he is somehow related to the Nailors of Ardsley; and that he is from the same stock as the prophet there is no doubt. Be this as it may, he is equally distinguished, as was his namesake, though in a very different way, being pre-eminent for his great abilities, extensive information, astonishing memory, and unostentatious demeanour.

The publications of James Naylor are as follows:—1st “An Exhortation to the Rulers—the Preachers and Lawyers, 1653.” 2nd “Milk for Babes and Meat for strong Men—A Feast of fat things, Wine well refined on the Leas, &c.—being the breathings of the

* That is, when the tolerant Cromwell came into power.

Spirit through his Servant James Nayler, written by him during the confinement of his *outward man* in prison, London, 1661." 3rd "Nayler's Salutation to the Seed of God, 1656," 8vo. 4th "An Answer to Blome's Fanatic History."

The character of Nayler, when in the army, as described by the amiable and excellent Lambert, may be seen in Burton's Diary. With a discrimination and benevolence characteristic of the man, this great General addressed the House of Commons, and voted in mitigation of punishment. Cromwell also, as in the case of Biddle and others, was exceedingly averse to the severity of the sentence; but the national impression and feeling seems to have been too strong to be resisted.

It must not be supposed that James Nayler was the first person who illustrated in our land the verity of our Saviour's prediction. Many "false Christs," and innumerable false Prophets had, ages before his day, appeared. As it may not be without its use, and as it will, certainly, enrich my volume to shew up a few of the former class, I shall resort to my minutes accordingly.

The first false Christ of whom I have any certain account in our English history, appears to have arisen in Henry the 3rd's reign.† "There was then brought before a provincial Council at Oxford, 'a young man and two women—The young man would not go to any Church, nor be a partaker in the sacraments, but had suffered himself to be crucified, in whom the scars of all the wounds were to be seen in his hands, head, side, and feet, and he rejoiced to be called 'Jesus' of these women and others. One of the women being old was accused of bewitching the young man unto such madness, and also (altering her own name) procuring herself to be called 'Mary' the mother of Christ. They, being convicted of these crimes and others, were adjudged to be closed up between two walls of stone,‡ where they ended their lives in misery."

The next false Christ we find in the second year of Elizabeth, when one John Moore asserted that he was Christ, and one William Jeffrey worshipped him as such. "Divines," says Burton, "had him under consideration, and could not convince him, but he still stood

to it that he was Christ." Stowe also, on the authority of Hollingshed, tells us, "that for this offence the latter had a paper set on his head whereon was written 'William Gefferie, a most blasphemous heretick, denying Christ our Saviour in heaven;' and that he was whipped till he confessed Christ to be in heaven. And the said John Moore," says he, "being examined and answering overthwartlie, was commanded to pull of his cote, doublet, and shirt, which he seemed to do very willingly, and after being whipped an arrowshot from Bedlam, at the last he also confessed Christ to be in heaven, and himself a sinful man."

The next Messiah appeared in the person of one William Hacket, in 1591—the account of him is so ludicrous, so truly diverting, that I cannot forbear an abridgement.

"The 16th daie of July in the morning, Edmond Coppinger and Henry Arthington, gentlemen, repaired to one Walker's house, near unto Broken Wharf of London, where conferring with one of their sect, named William Hackett, of Owndale, in the County of Northampton, yeoman, they offered to anoint him King, but Hackett taking Coppinger by the hand said, 'you shall not neede to anoint mee, for I have been already anointed in heaven, by the holie Ghost himself.' Then Coppinger asked him what his pleasure was to be done? 'Go your way both,' said he, 'and tell them in the city that Christ Jesus is come with his Fan in his hand to judge the Earth; and if any man ask you where he is, say, He lies at Walker's house, by Broken Wharfe! And if they will not believe it, let them come and kill me if they can, for as truly as Christ Jesus is in Heaven, so truly is he come to judge the World.'"

The remainder of the story, which is too long for insertion, may be found in Stowe's Annals. Suffice it here to observe, that Coppinger, "the Prophet of Mercy," and Arthington, "the Prophet of Judgment," rather more than fulfilled their mission, in preaching from a cart—that one of them was committed to the "Counter," in Wood-Street, the other sent to Bridewell; and that Hackett, the great Messiah, was hanged.

It is not my intention to write a Bedlam Calendar, or on the credulity of mankind, although I have by me the finest materials for such a work. There always have been lunatics and knaves—dupes and fools, and always will be. My propensity to mirth or

† Stowe's Annals, 268. Ib. 1264. Speed, 523.

‡ Many skeletons having been found in ancient stone walls, I have no doubt that this horrid mode of execution was far from uncommon in the olden times.

sarcasm would lead me also to comment on the strange modes which in sundry ages, and by all religionists, have been adopted for enlightening the mind and correcting the judgment;* for the suppression of error, and

* The arguments of Roman Catholics have always been very "forcible" ones for this purpose: Such as compelling people to walk round Churches, nearly in a state of nudity, with faggots tied on their backs—or candles in their hands—whippings—fastings—or other corporal punishments. See Gent's

the propagation of truth, but I abstain. The moral to be drawn from the few preceding pages is obvious, and the leading reflection with me (whether in reviewing the past or the present times, the opinions or the actions of others) is this—*What is man when his reason forsakes him, or he abandons it ! !*

Kingstone-on-Hull, p. 18, Stowe's Annals, p. 835—1006, &c. Archæol. vol. 9, p. 373, &c.

TOPCLIFFE.

RETRACING our steps from Ardsley to Tingley, at the distance of half a mile, on the right, lies Topcliffe, where formerly was a seat of Sir John Topcliffe, Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, Master of the Mint, and one of the great Officers of the Royal Household in the reigns of Henry the 7th and 8th: and there is some reason for believing that he lived here also under that of Richard 3rd. There is, or was some few years ago, at the principal house in Topcliffe, a very ancient bedstead in good preservation as to its backboard, on which were the effigies, as I conjecture, of Sir John, in the costume of his various offices, with the crests of his Sovereigns, but especially of Richard 3rd—the “white boar” being conspicuous in various parts. On one of the panels a building is painted, probably to represent the Mint; and on the stocks of this very bedstead it is not unlikely that the Chief Justice breathed his last, as he was buried at Woodchurch, a mile hence, where the slab covering his ashes, and still perfect, has the following inscription:—

“Orate pro Anima Johannis Topcliffe, quondam Capitalis Justiciarii Domini Regis, Hen. vii. and viii. item Magistri Monetæ qui quidem obiit. xii. die Decembris Anno Domini

Mcccccxiiii. cujus Animæ propicietur Deus.”

I rather suspect that Sir John was one of the family of the Topcliffes of Billington, in the North Riding, and, of course, related to an Abbot and Vicar of Whalley, who were brothers.† His mansion seems to have been pulled down and converted into farm-houses, about the latter part of the seventeenth century, when some part of the buildings was made a Meeting-house, at which Christopher Marshall officiated. At present the dwellings with their spacious barns, all built out of the old materials, present a melancholy aspect.—Taken together with the park walls they indicate, however, the consequence of its ancient possessor. There is, under the floor of a cottage near the principal farm-house, a well of vast depth, although report says it has been half filled up, and certainly not used for above a century. Topcliffe is said to have been the residence of Christopher Saxton, the celebrated chorographer of Elizabeth's reign, who was born at Bramley, and buried at Leeds, 31st October, 1587. There have been many silver coins of Henry 6th and 7th found in Topcliffe fields, most of which are in my possession. The views to the North of Topcliffe are delightful, and its being equidistant from Leeds, Wakefield, and Dewsbury, coupled with this circumstance, accounts for its former consequence.

† Dr. Whitaker supposes, but for what reason I know not, that his father's Christian name was Gilbert. *History of Leeds*, p. 217.

WOODCHURCH:

THERE is great reason for the belief that those places which are called by the names of Woodchurch or Woodkirk, Whitchurch or Whitkirk, had Churches upon them at a very early period. The very name of Wood Church points to Saxon times; and as to White Churches, I am of opinion with Dr. Whitaker, that they were so called at first from being built of stone in opposition, or contrast, to the more ancient Saxon Churches of Wood which had probably turned black from age, when these Stone Churches were erected.

"At Woodchurch, in Morley Wapentake, near Dewsbury," says Leland, "was a Cell of Black Canons from Nostel, valued at seventeen pounds per ann."

"William, Earl of Warren, and Ralph de Insula (Delisle) and William his son," says Burton, "gave Wodechurch to Nostel Priory, by the hands of Archbishop Thurstin."

Before I make mention of Woodchurch, or the Churches of Batley and Birstal, as they all belonged to St. Oswalds, at Nostel, I must (for the introduction of an interesting passage) be allowed to give a short account of this Priory.*

"Where the Paroch Church of St. Oswalds is now newly builded," says Leland, "there was in Henry the 1st's time, a House and Church of poor Heremites (Hermits) as in a woddy country, until one Radulphus Adlaver, Confessor to Henry 1st, began the new Monastery of Chanons, and was the first Prior of it himself. The building of this house is exceeding great and fair, and hath the goodliest Fountain of Conduit water in that quarter of England. Secundus, Prior a postremo (the last Prior but two) fetched this Conduit a mile and above off, and builded an exceeding fair kitchen also in the Monastery."

* John Holme by his Will, proved in 1462, ordered his corpse to be buried here in our Lady's Quire.

Robert Savel, by his Testament, proved in 1525, was buried here.

Nicholas Peck, of Topcliffe, by Will, proved in 1590, ordered his body "to be buried beside the Quire." See Burton's *Monasticon*, p. 318, where other particulars may be found.

But Burton's narrative most concerns our history. "The place in which this Priory was founded," says he, "is said to have been very woody and full of game of all kinds; and having been chosen, for its retiredness, by a few Hermits, they built themselves a little Hut, and an Oratory or Church.

"It happened that King Henry 1st, going on an expedition against the Scots, was attended by one Ralph Adlave, his Chaplain and Confessor, who falling sick was obliged to be left at Pontefract; but, growing better, was induced, for the speedier recovery of his health, and perhaps by inclination for hunting, frequently to ride from thence to this part of the country about three miles distant, where he found some Hermits, and being struck with their pious manner of living,† became desirous to be one of their society; but, as that could not be without the King his master's consent, he was obliged to defer his intention to his Majesty's return, and then communicating his desire, the King approved of it.

"Ralph then set about to found a Priory here, and took upon him the habit and order of St. Austin, and, by the King's mandate, became the first governor, master, and rector of the old place, and of eleven Brethren or Monks, the King himself becoming a benefactor by granting them duodecim denarios per day, to be received out of his revenues at York, and several of his Nobility followed his example, particularly Robert de Lacy, in whose fee (the Honour of Pontefract) this place was situated, who granted them the wood in which it was built, with two oxgangs of land in Hardwick; for which reason the Lacy's family always looked upon themselves and were deemed as founders. Yet, succeeding Canons, when they became powerful and rich, would have gladly assumed the honour of being a royal foundation, because of the

† There is a tradition that Travellers were anciently lodged and victualled at the Monastic Cell of Woodchurch, which seems not unlikely, as it was a provision consistent with the usage of the middle ages. See one instance of it in Nichols's *Leicestershire*, vol. 2, part 1, p. 274.

above benefactions of Henry 1st. Ralph died in 1128.

"Savordus, third Prior, elected in 1153, was scarce settled in his new office when Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln and Baron of Pontefract, began to dispute his right to that place whereon they were building the Priory, being about half a carrucate of land near the pool of Nostel, of the fee of the said Henry; but when he was about to go to the Holy War,† he relinquished all claim thereto for himself and his heirs for ever, which were confirmed to them by Pope Adrian 4th, in 1155.

"William de Bristal was Prior of Nostel in 1291.§ He greatly enriched the Priory—increased the number of Canons, and made considerable additions to the buildings. He built an Oratory to the Virgin Mary, and had the Table of the Passion of Christ at the Great Altar done by one Osbert, having appropriated the Church of Birstal after the resignation of William de Pickering, the Rector.

"In 1312, this William of Birstal was succeeded by Henry de Abberford, who, being a man of too mild a disposition for his office, was drawn into many expenses, and let things run to ruin, especially in the parish of Baumberg; nevertheless, he began to erect a Choir, to be join to the Church, and left the care of it to Robert de Pontefract who, through envy, ran the expenses of it to a very extravagant height, in order to have the work stopped. And upon the visitation of the Priory, this Henry was accused of simony and wasting its substance; but acquitting himself of the first charge, he proved that the incursions of the Scots destroyed the profits of Baumberg, whence a great part of their support arose, and that the Cannons likewise suffered losses at Birstal, the Scots army remaining fifteen days at that place, Bateley, *Morley*, and Rothwell; insomuch that, in that year, wheat sold at 20s. per quarter, and that he had bought two hundred quarters.—He also proved that on the quarrel betwixt the King and the Duke of Lancaster, the latter flying, the former pursued with his army, and one Robert, called Aquarius,|| entered and

‡ This may show by what means the Catholic Church acquired immense property in early times.

§ This is the first mention of Birstal which I recollect.

|| This is, unquestionably, a misprint for Equarius—a servant of the Royal Household, as appears from Domesday, in very early times. The "Equarius" was the King's horse-breaker, and, perhaps, farrier; and from him has descended to the present day the office of Master of the Horse. This Robert seems also to have been a horse soldier by his seizure

plundered the Priory, and took away all their horses; to which such a murrain succeeded that they had not oxen and cows to plow with;—the Prior was reduced to such a strait as to sell his corrody, and to stand bound with the Priory for £500, hoping afterwards to be able to discharge the debt; but the war continuing, and the Prior wearied out with complaints, resigned, after presiding fifteen years, and retired to the Cell, at Wodekirk, having a pension of ten marks per annum, where he died in nine months after the 3rd of June, 1329, and was buried at Nostel."

Having referred to this extract, as it respects Morley in a former page, and having here copied it for the relation it has to other villages, I would remark that Woodkirk, though but a Cell to Nostel Priory, was yet of considerable extent, as is proved by the foundations of it extending over the gardens and Parsonage premises there. It was supplied with excellent water by leaden pipes from the North West side,* and which have been discovered of late years extending from the road into these premises. I have in my possession a long piece of it, and by its having been soldered in the seam, not cast, as pipes have been since Henry 8th's reign, I am assured it had been laid much before that time. In the valley below the Church are still traces of the Friars' fish ponds.

The nave and chancel of this Church appear to me to be much older than those of Batley and Birstal, but not so the tower, which is, comparatively, modern. The interior, till of late, discovered great marks of antiquity, but nearly all the fine old carved oak, in seat ornaments or screen work, has lately been destroyed (as I hear) by cart loads together.† Upon these I have seen the letters I. H. C., roses, and other various devices not inelegantly wrought. There is still the word "Maria"‡ faintly visible in the porch; but, excepting this, and the stone for Sir John Topcliffe, and a marble tablet for one Christopher Hodgson, hereafter to be noticed, there is scarce one other thing remarkable. It may, however, be just noted that there is here a

of the horses for the royal use. No doubt he was a good purveyor, or, as we call it at Morley, "Purviller."

* There is near Mr. Wordsworth's farm, at Stump Cross, field and well in it, called Conduit, or "Cundy," "Field, and "Well," which has certainly supplied either Howley Hall or Woodkirk Monastery with water, but I guess the latter.

† Verifying the old Adage that "Church work is a cripple" in going up, but rides post in coming down."

‡ The Church was dedicated to St. Mary. See Burton, 313, but according to Speed, "To the Holy Trinity."—See 826. This, probably, was its last dedication.

tablet for John Ayre de Howley, who died June 21st, 1706, aged 66.

In all the Burial-ground at Woodchurch, there is not one single lettered stone worthy of record, either for antiquity or otherwise. The epitaphs are wretched, both as respecting poetry, orthography, and taste. They do no honour to the memory of the departed, but cast a reproach upon those who put them up, and those who encourage them. This is rather remarkable, as Woodkirk even, has not been without its Poet, of whom I shall write hereafter.

There is, however, one very curious stone unlettered and of great age. It has, no doubt, once laid within the Church, and covered the grave of a Monk, although there is a very different tradition respecting it. The name it has borne for many generations is that of "Fryingpan Stone,"—partly from the supposed representation thereon of a fryingpan, and partly from the following story:—

One of the Soothills, of Soothill, near this place, being on some account or other, enraged at a boy, threw him into a furnace, or boiling chaldron. § To ease his conscience perhaps, but more probably to expiate his crime, he gave to the Church or Religious-house here, some grounds, which bear the name of furnace or fryingpan || fields. This mode of propitiating the civil as well as ecclesiastical power ¶ is, at least, of as high antiquity as the Saxon times, and many instances thereof might be adduced, but there is one which has a curious bearing upon this case, that I cannot refrain from inserting it.

In a small Chapel, which adjoined the Parish Church of Eastry, in Kent, was a tomb which, by ancient tradition, was said to contain the ashes of Ethelbert or Etheldred (brothers of Egbert, who reigned in 665,) who were murdered by one "Thunner." To expiate this murder the whole hundred, now called Eastry hundred, was given to the Church by Egelred in 979, and for a purpose to which I would particularly call the attention of my reader, *i. e.*—*for the support of the Monks' kitchen.* Now the figure of a fryingpan at Woodchurch, and the traditionary appellation, "Fryingpan Fields," connected

with the story of Lord Soothill or Southwell (for so the name was originally), strongly would incline one to suspect the stone in question; and yet when I call to mind how frequently the most ancient Crosses appear on gravestones, somewhat resembling the fryingpan, the weight of evidence, with me, preponderates the other way.**

Although it is said that Reginald Lord Soothill gave a bell to Woodkirk, on account of the murder, yet all the present bells, of which there are three, are comparatively, modern. The ancient and curious custom of tolling the passing-bell is still kept up here, as also at Batley, and perhaps Birstal; and by the number of strokes, one, two or three at each interval, it may be known whether the deceased be a child, a woman, or man.

The remarkable custom of this and the neighbouring places of doing penance †† for fornication is now quite disused; but such sights were not unfrequent in our Churches during the middle part of the last century, and there are persons still living who have seen the white sheet more than once at Woodchurch. I could name the persons, and have seen one of them, who were thus exhibited to the congregation here, and I could relate some ludicrous stories upon the subject. Suffice it here to observe that excommunications and penances were considered in a very different light only sixty years ago from what they would be now.

Woodchurch, as I observed before, has been the residence of a Poet; but, as he seems never to have drunk deep at the springs of Helicon, and had less of the inspiration than the itch for poetry, it is no great misfortune that none of his effusions remain. His name was John Jackson, better known as "Old Trash," which was his nickname. He lived at a house near on the site of the present Inn, at Woodchurch, and taught a school at Lee-Fair. He was a good mechanic, a stone cutter—land measurer, and I know not what besides; but very slovenly in his person, and had a head through the hair of which, it was thought, a comb did not as often pass as once a year. This gave rise to a distich from his scholars, which, being

§ Dr. Whitaker says it was Sir Thomas Soothill who threw a boy into a forge dam.

|| This may be a mistake, perhaps.—The fields, I believe, are called "Bellstringa." See hereafter.

¶ It is very surprising, but I find the punishment of murder commuted for a pecuniary forfeiture, so late as even Henry 8th's reign. See Pennant's London, p. 332.

** I am now satisfied that this curious stone has been laid over an Ecclesiastic, or used for the purpose of a Church-yard Cross.

†† See Gentleman's Magazine for 1818, p. 17, but more especially Gough or Weever's Funl. Mons. The last penance was done by one Joseph Hague, about the year 1780. At some of our Churches there have been later instances.

levelled at his poetical talents, annoyed him not a little.—

“ Old Trash
Deserves a lash
Upon his B———ks bare,
For teaching School,
And playing the Fool.
And Never Combing his hair.”

Jackson wrote a poem upon Harrogate;* but his mechanical abilities were his chief excellency. He constructed a clock, and in order to make it useful to the clothiers who attended Leeds market from Earls and Hanging-Heaton, Dewsbury, Chickenley, &c., he kept a lamp suspended near the face of it, and burning through the winter nights, and he would have no shutters or curtains to his window, so that the clothiers had only to stop and look through it to know the time. Now in this our age of luxury and refinement the accommodation thus presented by “Old Trash” may seem insignificant and foolish, but I can assure the reader that it was not. The clothiers of the early part of last century were obliged to be upon the Bridge of Leeds, where the market was held, by about six o’clock in summer, and seven in winter; and hither they were convened by a bell anciently pertaining to a Chantry Chapel, which once was annexed to Leeds Bridge.—They did not all ride, but most of them went on foot.—They did not all carry watches, for very few of them had ever possessed such a valuable.—They did not dine on fish, flesh, and fowl, with wine, &c., as some do now. No! no! The careful housewife wrapped up a bit of oat cake and cheese in the little chequed handkerchief, and charged her husband to mind and not get above a pint of ale at “the Rodney.” Would Jackson’s clock then be of no use to men who had few such in their villages? Who seldom saw a watch, but took much of their intelligence from the note of the cuckoo?

Jackson must, I think, have lived here in the latter part of the seventeenth century.† At all events he cut the stone in Howley Park, which bears date 1684, and commemorates the event of Nevison, the highwayman, killing Fletcher upon that spot. The only other inhabitant of Woodchurch to be noticed is Mary Gomersal, commonly, and for a long time, called “Old Ninety,” although she attained to the great age of one hundred and ten years.

* “O Harrogate, O Harrogate, how great is thy fame!
In Summer thou art proud, but in Winter thou art tame.”
† He was buried 19th of May, 1764.—Woodkirk Register.
So that I am mistaken as to a few years.

The value of this living,‡ considerably enhanced by the allotment under the West-Ardsley Inclosure Act, now amounts to above £200 per annum. West-Ardsley, I believe, to something more than this. The Rev. John Hepworth is the present Incumbent.

ADDITIONS TO WOODCHURCH.

My last survey of Woodchurch convinces me that I have been deceived as to its antiquity on a former inspection, and I now consider it may be referred to a period much more remote than Batley or Birstal Churches, especially in regard to its chancel. This part of the structure is extremely well worth the visits of the antiquary; upon whom, the thickness of its walls and the bays of its windows will not be lost. But that which strikes me the most forcibly is the original stalls or seats within it, which, I cannot help thinking, are older than Henry the 8th’s reign, and were the Sellæ of the Canons; for the admission of the Laity into their “Holy of Holies,” is, comparatively, of recent date.§ Not far from these, and clustered together as we ever find them, either within, or near the entrance of the chancel, are the seats of the chief families, once residing in the vicinity, and still called the “Howley-Hall,” the “Topcliffe,” the “Westerton,” and the “Haigh-Hall Seats.” The mention of these prompts me to give the inquisitive reader some choice and little known particulars relating to our ancient edifices.

To men of high rank, and to patrons of livings only, was there formerly the indulgence of having fixed seats in a Church; for the parishioners would often dispute about seats, two or more often contending for the same sitting. To stop a practice so scandalous, and that frequently occasioned an interruption of divine service, it was decreed in a Synod of the diocese of Exeter in 1284 that, with an exception to noble persons and to patrons, no one should in future claim any seat, but that

§ The yearly value of Woodkirk, before the dissolution of the Monasteries, appears to have been £128 5s. 3½d., or about £1,282 12s. 10½d. of our money now. Speed, p. 826. No doubt at the dissolution it was (in common with all similar foundations) much undervalued by Henry the 8th and his minions. Their motives are very obvious.

¶ This exclusion of the Laity by the Canon, is thus curiously expressed in an old verse, which marks the character of Popery:—

“Cancello Laicos prohibet Scriptura sellers
Ne sibi presumant Christi secreta Videre.” |||

This is all of a piece with the true blood at Hales Owen, the Virgin’s Milk at Walsingham, the Image of Darvel Gatheren, or the Image of the Virgin at Worcester; which, when unfrocked, was found to be that of a Catholic Bishop!!!

whoever first entered any Church, for the purpose of devotion, might choose at his pleasure "a place for prayer."¶

That such contentions arose even so late as 1625, appears by a letter of Bishop Buckeridge, of Rochester, which gives some insight into other curious particulars. The Bishop, in a letter to the Mayor of Rochester, the Vicar, and Churchwardens of St. Nicholas, says (*inter alia*.)

"I know there are certain Knights and Ladies and others inhabiting in other neighbouring parishes who, out of devotion to the preaching of the gospel, resort to your Church, who cannot claim any right of seats therein; yet I hold it fit that when they do come they should have places answerable to their rank and quality. For myne owne p'ticular opinion, I doe not think it fit that men and women should be placed in the same seats; neither that women should be allowed to sit in the Chauncell which was *instituted for Clarks*. If you think good you may dispose of such *Knights* in the seats in the Quier. An it had been fit (for the avoiding all contencon about higher roomes in such publique assemblies) you had reserved two of the principal and highest pews on one side of the *Church*, where such Ladies and others who are strangers, might sett."

By Constitutions of the fourth, ninth, and tenth centuries it was ordered that "when the Priest sings Mass no woman be nigh the Altar, but they *stand* in their own place, and that the Mass Priest receive of them what they are willing to offer." The exclusion of *women* from the Chancel continued 'till some time after the Reformation—probably 'till the reign of James the 1st.

"The morning after Sir Thomas More resigned the Great Seal, he went to Chelsea Church with his wife and family; where, during divine service, he sat, as usual, *in the Quier, wearing a Surplice*."

So much for the fine Choir and Stalls of the Black Monks at Woodchurch. The Howley-Hall pew is the only one within this Chancel.

The Porch with its seats is very old. The words "Sancta Maria" are nearly gone.

There is an ancient well of beautiful water below the Burial ground, which still bears the name of the "Lady's Well."

Just before the Porch is still remaining the base of an ancient Cross with the socket for

a shaft. The Fryingpan Stone has not belonged to it, but is a gravestone:

The Register begins with the interesting year 1652, and continues throughout the Protectorate; and it is worth remarking that the marriages, baptisms, and burials extend throughout that peaceful and tolerant period—a matter not to be regarded as strange, however, by those who know that in many Churches the service of the Church was performed as usual at the same time. During the "Oliver days," as was before related, Christopher Marshall was pastor here. He appears to have been succeeded by one Anthony Cooper—a "*black Canon*,"* I have no doubt, for under date of 1662 I find, with his signature, the following note upon the preceding entries of the Register:—

"All these I found confusedly registered by Isaac Serjeant, sworn register *in diebus Oliveri sancti Tyranni*, and have digested them into this method."

This entry will cause me to look into the history of Anthony Cooper if any record of him remains, which, alas! I fear, has never existed; and in the absence of such information I shall conclude that he was probably one of the many who, in Oliver's time, were properly ejected, not for conscience-sake, but as "ignorant, scandalous, and insufficient"—able to do little more than mumble a few printed prayers and homilies; and whose fine loyalty was but a mere step-ladder to their Church preferment.

It appears from the Register, that Christopher Marshall was twice married, and had a numerous family. Two of his daughters were called by the names of Bathshua and Bethia. Generally, Old Testament names were preferred about this period, and there were few or no double Christian names in use—amongst the Commonwealth's men, at least. Queen Elizabeth (if my memory serves me) introduced the fashion alluded to—a fashion which the Puritans were disinclined to follow, probably from its inconvenience—from their little respect for the character of that Queen, and their high reverence for holy writ. At all events, their remarkably partiality for those sweet and venerable names Joshua and Samuel, displays their good taste, if not sense.

* Wodekirke, as a Cell of Black Canons, was founded in the reign of Henry 1st.—See Burton, p. 56. "William, Earl of Warren, granted to God and the Church of St. Mary, at Wodechurch, and the Canons there serving God, the land wherein the Church is situated, and all the wood running by Selda Bridge and Lidulf Bridge, as also £1 0s. 0d. of his rent of Erdeslaw."—Burton, page 313.

In this Register, under date of 1685, is recorded the marriage of "Pastor" Elston, cum Mercy Pickering, whose father, Captain John Pickering, it appears, died in 1699.

Since writing my account of this Church, I find, upon looking over that of Dr. Whitaker, that those seats in the Chancel, which I deem a remarkable curiosity, and an evidence that the Church was "Conventual" as well as "Parochial," he regarded as, comparatively with the Chancel, modern. I wish Dr. Whitaker had been so kind as to have told the public for whom, or what class of persons, he thought them constructed, because I should have caught him there, as any person will perceive who has read to good purpose what is heretofore stated.† But it is the custom with many people to fly off like a tangent when they come in contact with an obstacle, and to get over it by round and bold assertions, instead of grappling with it, and by calling forth and applying their anti-

† I beg the reader will also call to mind how long after Henry 8th's time Catholic usages continued in this country: and then try to believe, if he can, that the seats in the Chancel at Woodchurch are not older than the beginning of the seventeenth century.

quarian knowledge to elucidate a subject of particular interest.

I have lately discovered that there is a field, direct east of the Chancel at Woodchurch, formerly consisting of two closes, and called "Bellstrings."

This, no doubt, was the ground presented by Sir Thomas Soothill for the support of the bell which he gave to the Church, as before-mentioned. The field adjoining it, on the south side, is called "Baker's Royd" or rood, probably from a cross having stood thereon. And next to this field is another called "Fairsteads," on which the fair was held, until one Isaac Whitaker, the tenant, contrived to throw it out upon the green, where it is now held. This is a curious matter, as it serves to show how the wake or tide has got removed, by little and little, from the Church to Lee-Fair Green. Sixty or seventy years ago, however, the grand mart for fruit, onions, &c., was held on "Fairsteads," and multitudes came from towards Huddersfield to purchase these articles, which then were stowed in barns, and sold at booths by lamp light in the morning.

BATLEY.

FROM Woodkirk we must now pass on to Batley, whose Church, of about Henry the 6th's reign, according to Dr. Whitaker, has a fine embattled tower of the same kind as Birstal, Guiseley, and many others.

"Church Towers," says Fosbroke, "were the parochial 'fortresses.'"[†] Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Hutchinson, and Whitaker, mention instances of parishioners resorting to them in times of danger, and their being fitted up with fire places. These machiolated, projecting battlements, indeed, seem evidently designed for purposes of defence during an age in which gunpowder and cannon were little known, and the science of engineering not at all. To me it seems probable that those who designed them were not unacquainted with the sweet effusions of the psalmist—"I will love thee, O Lord—my strength! The Lord is my Rock—my Fortress, and my Deliverer. My God—my strength—in whom I trust—my Buckler—the Horn of my Salvation—and my high Tower."

This Church of Batley has three bells. The one to the west has upon it—"Richard Mann, churchwarden, 1684—In altissimis Deo gloria." The oldest or centre bell, has "Thomas Deighton, G. O. 1658." The third has "Dalton, of York, fecit 1791—Eternal Glory raise to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." The font bears date 1662.

"Robert de Lacy, the founder of the ancient Church here, gave the advowson of it to the Priory at Nostel, which was confirmed by Hugh de la Val, King Henry 1st and 2nd, and Pope Alexander 3rd. In 1253, Walter Grey, Archbishop of York, with the consent of the Prior and Convent of St. Oswalds, thus ordained and taxed the Vicarage: namely, That the Vicar for the time being should have, in the name of the Vicar-

age, all the profits of the altarage of the Church, and the tithes of corn of Hall-Croft,* Scalecroft, Hoveloe, and Finesden, with the tithe of hay of the whole parish; and should have a competent mansion provided for him by the said prior Prior and Convent, in which respect the Vicar shall serve the Church profitably and honestly, and shall sustain all episcopal and archidiaconal burdens due and accustomed."

The places here mentioned, I take to be* Havercroft, Scholecroft, Howley, and the closes near Howley-Park, called the "Great" and "Little Finsdill."

The oldest stone in the Church-yard with letters, is that east of the porch, on which is engraved:—

"In memoriam omnium Johannium de Deighton, de Woodhousham, in Batley, quorum Exuviae, spe resurrectionis, in pulvere juxta requiescunt." Below this and under three crosses, with some animal in the centre, we find—"Johannis Undecimus successivæ Oxon posuit, 1642." And again below—"Here also was buried the body of Nathaniel Booth, of the said Woodhousham, the 27th day of September, 1674."

One of these John Deightons was appointed a Trustee of Batley School, together with Sir John Savile, Edward Copley, Marmaduke Eland, and others, by the will of the founder, William Lee, of Stapleford, in the County of Cambridge, clerk, in 1614. The family, I understand, were great iron-founders, and accumulated wealth sufficient to afford the eleventh John even a college education, after which he left the kingdom (on account of the troubles probably) and died abroad. Before the woollen trade hereabouts became prevalent (it may just be noted by the way) the iron trade was carried on to a great extent nearly all around us; but the business of straw-hat making occupied many

[†] See vol. 1, p. 108. We often perceive the porches of our oldest Churches having chambers over them—in these were fire-places: and here, prior to the Reformation, were kept images, crucifixes, vestments, books of office, communion plate, and various writings; besides, bows, arrows, halberds, firelocks, &c.—See Clarkson's Richmond, 282—the Life of Pope Adrian 4th—and a singular Anecdote in Speed, p. 835. Evelyn's Memoirs, p. 3 or 5, &c.

* Hall-Croft was, no doubt, the spot where Nevison killed Fletcher, and called so from the ancient Hall or family Seat of the Mirfields. In like manner, and for the same reason, the land on which Athelstan's Palace stood, at Pontefract, was, in aftertimes, called "Hall-Croft."

people in our villages—Morley, Churwell, and Beeston, especially. The foundrymen who worked for Deighton lived, mostly, at Healey.

There are several places in Yorkshire called Woodhouseham,[†] but that which is here mentioned is now Staincliffe, the birth-place also of the Lee family. It is vexatious that we know so little of this benefactor to Batley, and still more so as to the Deightons. Who would have believed that all the eleven Johns would have left us nothing but their name? and that Thomas Deighton should only be mentioned as having given a bell to the Church during the Protectorate? But the once celebrated family of Copley have been still more stingy, for they have even refused the name to their Sarcophagus.[‡]

On the south side of the Church is a tomb for Thomas Leigh, of Batley, who died 3rd December, 1653; under which "John Greene, sonne of John Greene of Liversedge, and who died the day only next before him," is also interred. From the recitals in Batley School Foundation Deed, I infer that this Thomas Leigh or Lee was brother to the founder.

Adjacent to this tomb lies "Elliner," wife of Edward Birtby, of Scholecroft (the first name in our Morley Trust Deed) and which Eleanor died the 15th of June, 1674.

At the East end of the Church, and near the East window, is the tomb of Samuel Greatheed, of Gildersome, a son of the Major, and who died July 9th, 1721, æt 77. Also, of his sister Susannah, who died 21st of October, 1741, aged 89. Also, of Alice, another sister, and wife of Mr. John Smith, of Gildersome, who died the 17th of December, æt. 87; and lastly, of his niece Hannah, daughter of Nehemiah Wood, of Gildersome, who died Nov. 24th, 1761, æt. 58.

But the stone most deserving of notice of any other lies now near the little gate on the South side of the Church-yard. It represents the full-length figure of a man with a sword by his side, his hands clasped upon his breast, and his head resting on a pillow; but so much is it defaced by the injuries of time and

weather (besides having never had so much as a letter cut upon it) that it is not easy to decide what was the profession of the person here represented—civil, military, or ecclesiastical. The tradition of Batley respecting the person in question, as communicated to me by my friend the Rev. Matthew Sedgwick and others is, that he was a schoolmaster here of uncommon severity, and who, on that account, was killed by his own scholars with his own sword.

This story I take to be, like most traditional tales, made up of error, with a strong seasoning of truth. That this person was the schoolmaster here I have no doubt,—and that he commonly wore a sword, and always a dagger, I have no doubt; for the Ecclesiastics of the early and middle ages were often military men,* and the dagger was worn by them even in Elizabeth's reign. But the Ecclesiastics, or rather the Priests, were not only military men but schoolmasters, and the only schoolmasters too, down to a late period. Independant, indeed, of the fact that they monopolized nearly all the science and learning of the dark ages—that they were Statesmen, Chancellors, Civilians, Architects, and Historians; (and, of course, the best qualified for the work of education) it would ill have suited the craft and policy of the Romish Church to have allowed the exercise of this important trust to laymen. This man in stone, therefore, I am well assured, was a Priest, a Vicar of the Church, and the Schoolmaster at Batley; and that his gravestone, once in the chancel, has been thrown out,[†] upon the rebuilding of the Church in Henry the 6th or 8th's reign.

I do not need to be informed that the crosier, the paten, chalice, book, and other devices, more commonly denote the grave or coffin-stone of a Priest, than does the sword; but this emblem of an office formerly sustained by a deceased person of the sacerdotal order, I have more than once seen upon stones of which there is no doubt. Common observers, however, will naturally be deceived by the representation of a sword, and being little conversant with history, our funeral

[†] As the etymology of this word is curious, and known to very few, I will give it—"Woodwose" was a wild man or a sort of outlaw. See *Archæol.* vol. 21, p. 258—the meaning of Woodwoseham or Woodhouseham is, therefore, evident. I cannot accede to the common etymology, because at the time when these villages took their name, every hamlet in the kingdom was a hamlet of Woodhouses—but not of Woodwoses (perhaps gipsies.)

[‡] The inference is, that very few of the Copleys are interred here.

* In the early and middle ages, it was not unusual for Ecclesiastics to fight in national broils. Stowe, 703. *Archæol.* v. 12, p. 213–308. Stowe, p. 829, &c.

Dr. Whitaker says he has seen several instances of a book and sword combined upon their gravestones. See *History of Richmondshire*, vol. 2, p. 240, 263, 294. These stones were within the altar rails.

[†] See *Gent.'s Mag.* 1808, p. 873. More of this when I come to Birstal.

monuments, and other antiquities, will think it quite incompatible with the profession of a Minister of the Gospel "of peace."†

From what I have read in the *Archæologia*, vol. 2, p. 291, I incline to think that this stone has been cut since 1355. Those who wish to pursue the subject, may find something in Nichol's *Leicestershire*, vol. 2, part 1st, pages 21 and 164; or in various parts of the *Gentleman's Magazine*,§ or in Whitaker's *Richmondshire*, vol. 2nd, p. 244.

In one of the aisles of Batley Church, is a stone for Mr. John Wyther, of "Maurley," who died January 30th, 1695. Of this gentleman, who was an attorney, I made mention heretofore.

Another inscription in the same aisle informs us that Ames Pearson, late schoolmaster of Batley, died the 13th of April, 1710; and again we are told that Anthony Foxcroft, of Purlowell, died the 7th of April, 1671, "having had, *by Anne his wife*, one son and seven daughters." Now one often hears of "women wearing the breeches" at this day, but certainly not in this sense of the expression. At all events, the epitaph on this prolific gentleman is better fitted to excite a smile than a tear.

In the South aisle is a slab for Thomas Lofte, clarke to Edward Copley, of Batley, Esq., who died the 16th of February, 1674. This Edward was he who collected the Hearth Tax with Major Greathead and William Batt, Esq. It appears probable that he was a Magistrate, or connected with the law in some way or other. He survived his clerk about two years.

As to the tomb of the great Lord Savile, as no translation of his epitaph that I know of is published, the following, hastily taken, is subjoined:—

"Here is deposited the body of the most honourable John Lord Savile, of Howley, (son and heir of the magnanimous and justly celebrated hero, Robert¶ Savile, Knight of the Bath) who first married Catherine, daughter of the most illustrious Charles Baron Willoughby, of Knaith and Parham, and Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the most noble

† "Think not that I am come to send Peace on Earth, I came not to send Peace, but a Sword." Mystrarious, and incomprehensible Providence!!!—how strangely, and truly, has the predication been fulfilled!

§ See *Gent.'s Mag.* 1806, p. 878. More of this when I come to Bristol.

¶ The old Register of Batley commencing in 1550, informs us that Sir Robert Savile, of Howley, was buried there, May the 15th, 1680.

Edward Cary, Knight of the Bath, and Master of the Jewel House to Queen Elizabeth; and next married Catherine, relict of Lord Pagett, who was sister to Henry Viscount Falkland—a faithful Counsellor of Kings James and Charles, and six years Lord Lieutenant of the Kingdom of Ireland. By these wives he became allied to the greatest families in England, and was happy in a numerous offspring. After he had, for many years, effectually preserved the peace of the West-Riding of Yorkshire, being appointed Custos Rotulorum (Keeper of the Rolls) and High Steward of the Barony of Pontefract, Wakefield, and Bradford, six times Member of Parliament for the County, and once having his son Thomas, now Viscount Savile, joined with him in this arduous and honourable situation. His prudence, felicity, and dignity being at length fully known, the most powerful Prince Charles the 1st created him Baron of Pontefract, and give him the command of the Castle there, with the title and dignity of Constable—appointed him Master of the Rolls, and one of the Privy Counsellors. Being advanced in years when these dignities were conferred, and almost heaped upon him, he left earthly honours for those of heaven, the last day of August, 1630, in the 74th year of his age."

"What sacred Ashes this sad Tomb contains!

"In this low Grave what glorious remains!

"His Deeds and Fame could once our World surprise,

"Now—in a Narrow Cell—lo! here he lies.

"Here lies entomb'd a Peer of great renown,

"A Spirit None but Death could ee' bring down—

"The Title shows his Name—his Name is Glory,

"Read but Old John Lord Savile—'tis a Story.

"Great Pompey once, with one step on the ground,

"Vaunted he could command all Latium round

"How far this name commanded and made room,

"Old York will witness to the Age to come.

"Then rest, great Savile, since thy Scene is done,

"In death resign—which living wouldst to none,

"Hare rest—thou hast been glorious in thy days—

"There can no more be said of Cæsar's praise."

"This stone was laid by Ann Leigh daughter of the above deceased, John Lord Savile—done according to his directions and appointment."

Dr. Whitaker, referring to this inscription, calls it, very properly, a "Vaunting Epitaph." It is not quite clear who composed it, but if his Lordship was concerned therein, it shows him to have been (what most of such aristocrats were before the days of the Commonwealth) a proud, conceited, self-sufficient egotist; and it proves that with all his professions of seriousness, he was utterly devoid of that humility which is the first fruit of Religion, and lies at the very basis of piety.

My hopes are, that the tomb only was erected "according to his directions and appointment."

In the East window of the Church, in stained glass, is a picture of the Crucifixion, with the mother of Christ below the Cross, and on each side is a human figure,—one of Henry 8th, as I believe,* the other of Elizabeth, which causes me to suspect that the chancel, if not the nave, was built afresh in the former reign, especially as this was in the second grand æra of Church building. On each side again of these figures are coats of arms, on one of which, in very ancient characters, I can distinctly trace the word "Murfeld"—the other, unquestionably belongs to the Saviles or Copleys. But the lions argent of the Mirfields are conspicuous enough in the cemetery of the Saviles.

Near the doorway at the North entrance is still remaining, and I hope will long remain, though now useless, the ancient poor's box,† secured formerly by lock and by padlock and staple; having its lid on the underside strengthened with an iron plate. The sight of such a relic, calling to mind the ancient

* It was, if I recollect right, very common in the middle ages to put our Kings and Queens, in the dress of the times, on painted glass: one on each side the Crucifixion. I have an authority for this somewhere, but cannot find it. In this instance, the hat of Henry 8th being faded and gone, one is puzzled to make out the person intended.

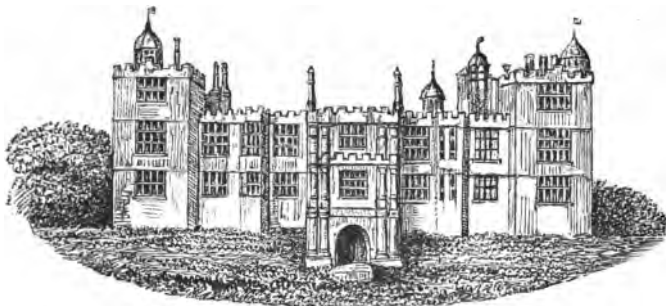
Church Ales and other benevolent or convivial usages for supporting the poor and repairing and decorating the place of worship, is apt to excite certain doubts if not regrets.‡ When we think indeed on the despotism and devastation, the robbery and plunder, the executions and the tortures, the pauperism and poor laws, the disunion and wretchedness, consequent upon what is called "the Reformation," and how much our country has suffered thereby in regard to literature, its antiquities, and Foreign connections, it is impossible to believe that it could have fallen upon a worse period than when it happened.

The living of Batley was sequestered in 1660, when the Rev. Thomas Smallwood was turned out. He had been army Chaplain to Lord Fairfax, and afterwards to General Lambert. He afterwards preached in Idle Chapel. Upon the passing of the Five Mile Act he removed to Flanshaw-Hall, near Wakefield, where he died, November 24th, 1667, aged 60. The name of this gentleman occurs more than once in the Topcliffe Register, where he seems to have worshipped with the Congregationalists. He was a Cheshire man, and educated at Oxford.

† See a fine plate of poor boxes in Hone's Table Talk, vol 1, p. 747.

‡ The poor were formerly relieved by what was raised by means of parish plays, ales, and offerings at Church.

HOWLEY HALL.



AS IT WAS.



AS IT IS.

HOWLEY:

"In this Township," (*i.e.* Morley) says Dr. Whitaker, "is Howley (the Field on the Hill), which for several generations was the magnificent seat of an illegitimate branch of the Saviles, though by address, and Court favour, they outstript the heads of the family, for a time, in honour. It was built upon a fine commanding situation, by Sir John Savile, afterwards Baron of Pontefract, and finished in the year 1590,[§] but received considerable additions from his son, the first Earl of Sussex of that name. Camden, who saw the house when new, calls it 'Edes elegantissimus.' At this time the more ancient mansion of the Mirfields, situate about two hundred yards to the North-West, was abandoned for a bolder and more commanding situation. Part of this is still preserved in outhouses and offices. And one part, which appears to have been the Chapel, exhibits some appearances of antiquity greater than I have ever observed in a domestic building, and probably not later than 1200."

If Dr. Whitaker be right that Sir John Savile built Howley-Hall, which, we are elsewhere told, cost above one hundred thousand pounds,[¶] he must have been early engaged in stone and mortar after the death of his father, Sir Robert, who was buried at Batley, as the Register shows, in May, 1585. So that if finished by 1590, this vast mansion was, considering the age, very soon completed. The Earl of Sussex may also have made additions to it, and he did so, probably, between the years 1646 and 1660; for the Roman Doric, introduced by Inigo Jones about 1630, is apparent on the Porter's Lodge. Some additions were undoubtedly

made to the hall about 1661, but I rather think from some circumstances, that the Earl of Sussex (Thomas) was then dead. I have in my possession a stone which came from "the ruins," and has abutted against a wall. In front is the owl (the family crest), on one side a man's head, and on the other a rose with the date 1661, and the letters J. V. below it. Now this J. V. I take to be the initials of one of the Villiers family, into which Thomas married. And I shall presently make it appear pretty evident that Lady Anne Villiers, (afterwards Savile,) his widow, was residing at Howley in 1663. But the latter part of the extract from Dr. Whitaker's book is what I have chiefly to dilate upon. It is the remains of the ancient mansion of the Mirfields, which most attracts, in these days, the notice of the Rambler.

No antiquary should visit these ruins without carefully perusing the capital account of Haddon-Hall, in Derbyshire, by Mr. King, to be found in the sixth volume of *Archæologia*, page 358. By the aid of this, and what has been told me by the Whitley family, for some generations living at the farm-house, I have been enabled to form a tolerable idea of the seat of the Mirfields. I take it principally to have consisted of a large square court, well defined by the site of the outbuildings in the present farm-yard, where we still see the entrance to the Chapel and part of an open gallery, once extending through great part of the square. Behind this have been, unquestionably, the bed rooms.

But, to form a more correct notion, the reader must imagine the roof of what now looks like a porch* taken off, and the wall run up two stories high above the round arch of the doorway; for in fact, the Whitleys even can recollect the pulling down this part of the building, and putting on of the present roof. From them I know that there was a

[§] Lord Burghley built his great houses at Theobalds and Burghley, about the same period. See Ellis's Letters, vol. 3, p. 191. New Series.

[¶] The young reader must always bear in mind the difference in the value of money from its present worth, according to the time in which it is said to have been expended. Now, as in the reign of Henry 8th a given sum was worth more by nine or ten times than it is now, it may well be imagined that in the reign of Elizabeth one hundred thousand pounds would be an immense sum to lay out in building. I cannot refer to Fleetwood's *Chronicon Preciosum*, but I guess it would not be less than five or six hundred thousand pounds of our money at present.

* See an engraving of this in Dr. Whitaker's *Leeds*, vol. 2, p. 240, plate 2.

chamber and belfry,† as it was called, above the Chapel, now so like a porch, and that the way thereto from it was through a doorway on the right side and up a winding staircase, the traces of all which are distinctly visible. Mr. King says,‡ with reference to his plan of Haddon-Hall,—“K and L are what I call the Lady's apartments, from whence is a steep staircase near the arch leading to the *Lady's Chapel*.” Now I think with these hints, an attention to Mr. King's plan, and a minute examination of what is perceptible, the curious visitor may easily discover the Chapel, the entrance thereto from the court, the Lady's apartments, and entrance to the Chapel therefrom.

There is one thing very curious and striking upon entering the porchlike structure, which is a large arch directly facing you, and more like a window than a doorway. This, however, it certainly has been, but the masonry being far from strong, and the mansion easily entered by this way, the outshot or projection with its superincumbent stories may have been an addition for better security. Two things rather incline me to this opinion. One is, that the architecture seems not so ancient as the rest of the building. And the other is, a manifest contrivance to protect the doorway by spears. I am quite surprised how any person having the eye of an antiquary could overlook so palpable a design as this. Dr. Whitaker has favoured the public with an engraving of this entrance§ in which the very holes for the pike or spear are shown, and yet he makes no mention of them, or indeed of some other curiosities which I shall notice. But whoever will examine the slanting direction of these holes will at once discover the reason for it.

As to the parts where we perceive the Saxon zig-zag, or early Norman arch,|| this I take to be the most ancient part of what remains of the house. A small portion of the ancient lobby or gallery is still visible, and

† This, however, I believe to have been not the Chapel, but the dinner bell.

‡ See *Archæologia*, vol. 6, p. 358.

§ See *History of Leeds*, vol. 2, p. 240, plate 2. The interior archway, it must here be noted, is much larger than the plate represents it.

|| Upon very minute inspection I perceive the two arches have belonged to still older buildings than those in which they are now walled, especially the zig-zag arch, which has evidently been broken and disjointed. The stone also is quite different from any visible about these parts. The semicircular arch displays a number of birds with their heads around the moulding, just as I have seen them in a Church at York. These have perhaps belonged to the ancient “Fieldkirk” hereafter mentioned.

just as the offices and small rooms to which there are various staircases from the court, are described by Mr. King, even so we have a specimen in the buildings at Howley.

Before we quit the present farm-yard I must notice a curiosity the most remarkable, almost, that I ever met with—a relic which is perhaps unique of its kind, and which has puzzled me not a little. It appears to have caught the eye of Dr. Whitaker or his draughtsman, the late Mr. Thomas Taylor, of Leeds, architect; but, by some unaccountable accident the drawing has got jumbled in among the antiquities of Dewsbury. Here again I must refer to the *History of Leeds*, plate 2nd, p. 298, where it is described as “a Tomb of later date” than the sculptures above it.

Now, in the first place, I have to remark that this is not, nor ever *was*, a tomb, or any thing like one. Secondly, that it is much more ancient than the coffin-stone of Savile;—and thirdly, that no person of our day ever saw it, or, perhaps, anything like it, except in the strawfold at Howley.—At all events I never saw such a thing described by any antiquary.

When Dr. Whitaker and his draughtsman saw this stone, it lay square with the modern and common stone below it, nearly as it is seen in their engraving. It had long been used in connection with that as a watering trough for cattle, but the lower stone is quite of a different kind, and has not, perhaps, been taken from the Quarry quite sixty years.

It is painful to discover blemishes and carelessness in the productions of men of real talent and genius; but, as an antiquary, I cannot be faithful to my trust in neglecting their oversights, and concealing their absurdities. Had my predecessors only just taken the trouble to inspect the under part of their “Tomb,” or stone trough, and examine its interior, their illusion would have vanished.

This remarkable stone, which is hollow, is wrought on its three sides, and two of the devices are given in Dr. Whitaker's engraving. I am not so much of a botanist as to say what the plant is which has been engraven on the one side,¶ but it strikes me that the Saxon “(—)” either for *Murfield* or (as I think) for *Maria*, is to be seen on the other

¶ An able architect and tolerable antiquary tells me it is the parsley leaf which is on one side. On the bottom appears the oak leaf.

side. The dimensions of its cavity are two feet six inches in length, one foot three inches in breadth, and eleven inches in depth, which leaves two inches and three quarters for the thickness of the stone. From these premises the antiquary will perceive that it has stood upright in its original situation, and that the supposition of a *Tomb* is preposterous.

But what has this stone been? or for what purpose hollowed out? Aye "there's the rub," and to give an answer to the question requires some portion of the knowledge of a Pegge—a Gough—a Fosbroke, and some portion of the perseverance and prying curiosity of a Hutton.

It is much easier to determine what this stone has not, than what it *has* been. There clearly has been a stone with some finial about it, and another stone below it, which, together perhaps, may have formed the head of a Cross;* and within the cavity, if this be so, has been an image of the Virgin or a crucifix. That something has been fixed upright in this tabernacle there seems no doubt, for there are two holes exactly correspondent at top and bottom, two inches each in diameter, palpably for the introduction of an iron bar or shaft, and to which, the image being fastened, may have been secured. The very course indeed of this rod is perceptible from top to bottom of the interior, and probably, before the holes were plugged up and it were wrought into a trough, there were other vestiges. All that I can learn from the old tenants at Howley is, that they remember some stone or two corresponding, apparently, with the one in question, but that they were broken in pieces many years ago.

"Neither the exact period of the decease nor interment of Thomas Savile, first and last Earl of Sussex of that name," continues Dr. Whitaker, "is known; but after his decease, Howley was little frequented by the Brudenell family, who succeeded to the estate by marriage; and about the year 1730 an agent, named Christopher Hodgson, prevailed with the then Earl of Cardigan, by false representations, to give orders for the demolition of this magnificent fabric, which was carried into execution with the exception of some vast fragments or massy grout work at the

angles, the rest was blown up with gunpowder. Here tradition reports that Rubens visited Lord Savile, and painted for him a view of Pontefract, a subject altogether unworthy of such a pencil. And here Archbishop Usher condescended to assume the disguise of a Jesuit, in order to try the controversial talents of Robert Cooke, the learned Vicar of Leeds. On the demolition of Howley-Hall, the wainscot was sold about the country, and in the year 1787 many rooms remained in Wakefield fitted with the wainscot brought from Howley, and bearing date 1590. The Presbyterian Meeting-house, at Bradford, was also fitted up with the wainscot brought from this place."

Thomas Viscount Savile, Earl of Essex, being, for obvious reasons, a prominent character in my history, I have endeavoured to trace him, but in vain, to the period before-mentioned. An ancient document in my possession proves him to have been living in 1651, and his handwriting in 1650 conveys the idea of his being then an aged man. Indeed, as he was, early in James's reign, in Parliament with his father for Yorkshire, and (if my memory serves me) about 1615, gave land to Headingley Chapel, he must have been a good age in 1650. That he was dead in 1663 I think appears from the mention of Lady Sussex as then at Howley-Hall, in Ralph Oates's account of the "Farnley Wood Plot." I know that he presented Roger Awdley to the Vicarage of Batley, in 1635, and that the next Vicar, Josias Broadhead, was presented by Edward Copley, Esq.; but this proves nothing, for that living was presented to alternately by those two great families, as it now is by their successors, the Earl of Cardigan on the one hand, and Lord Grey de Wilton on the other.

There is great inaccuracy in Dr. Whitaker's account of this family, in various respects, and a prodigious skip from about the middle of the seventeenth century to the demolition of Howley-Hall, in 1730, which it shall be my endeavour to amend. In the first place, it appears that Thomas Savile was *not* "the last Earl of Sussex of that name," for he left a son James, and, perhaps, a daughter Frances; and that this James was Earl of Sussex, I state on the authority of the Batley Register, the MS. collections at Leeds, and of Mr. Gough.—The first informs us that this James was living at Howley in 1671, and was buried at Batley on the 11th of

* Another thing proving it the head of a Cross, is certain holes wrought on the sides for the reception of ornaments, valuables offered to it perhaps, or, at all events, for evergreens, garlands, etc., wherewith such Crosses were anciently decked out.

See plate of Headington Cross, Oxfordshire, in the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. 86, page 9.

October in that year,—a son of his called also James, having been interred there on the 16th of July preceding. The next authority states that “Francis, Lord Brudenell, died in the life-time of his father, having married Frances only daughter of James Savile, Earl of Sussex—that she left him a widow in June, 1695—that by her he had two sons, George and James, and three daughters, and that George died July the 5th, 1732.”—And lastly, Mr. Gough says, that “James, the last Earl of Sussex of this family, dying without issue, the estate came to Sir Robert Brudenell, who had married his sister Frances.”

I cannot reconcile these conflicting pedigrees, but they show how little Dr. Whitaker knew of this family, and their residence at Howley, and that the Brudenell family did not succeed to the estates upon the death of Lord Thomas as he intimates. It seems even doubtful whether the Lady Frances, whom one of the Brudenell's married, was his daughter or his granddaughter; but, from her dying in 1695, and leaving five children, I should infer the former. Lord Thomas, however, had a sister of this name who married Dr. Bradley, Rector of Ackworth, and lies buried there, and this may have occasioned the mistake. Be that as it may, there are grounds for believing that after the death of James, Earl of Sussex, in 1671, Howley was little frequented by the Brudenell family.

“Sir John Savile,” proceeds Dr. Whitaker, “the builder of this house, who lived to enjoy his own work forty years, patronised the town of Leeds, where he became the first Alderman under the original charter, and seems to have been held in great respect. As to his political life, one character may be read in his vaunting epitaph, and another, in the accounts of his *impartial* contemporaries. As Custos Rotulorum and a Magistrate, his conduct was so selfish and arbitrary as to produce a letter of complaint against him from Lord Sheffield, Lord President of the North, to Lord Ellesmere (Chancellor). In consequence of this, and in order to avoid the disgrace of being put out of the Commission, he humbly besought the Chancellor to free him of the charge he held in the Commission, his resolution being to withdraw himself where he might more peaceably pass his life in expectation of a better—a fit of seriousness which does not appear to have come upon him till his misconduct was grown so notorious that he could no longer hold his place.

The Chancellor's indorsement on this letter is rough and authoritative. There is nothing but his own fault, and his disorderly and passionate carriage of himself, ill-befitting a man of his place and calling, that draws upon him these troubles; and, therefore, I commend him in making this suit.

“After this disgrace, however,” says the Doctor, “he lived fifteen years longer not quite so mortified to the world as he professed, and at one time, perhaps, intended to be; for in this interval he made his peace with the Court, during which he had many contests with Sir Thomas Wentworth. At length Wentworth's sudden advancement sent him (as Lord Clarendon says), a poor despised old man, into the country, where he died not long after.”

In a foregoing page I have stated that it was the superior talents and learning of Sir John Savile, and his great popularity as a leader in the House of Commons, which raised him into consequence and power, rather than into favour in the Court of James; and with this narrative even that of Hume* agrees; yet Dr. Whitaker would have it believed that his promotion was gained only by address and sycophancy.—Knowing that this distinguished Nobleman was a Puritan, or of the Presbyterian party, and, of course, a man of liberal principles as parties then went, he would needs degrade his reputation, as plainly appears from the acrimony of the foregoing passage, where, instead of the words “impartial contemporaries,” he ought to have written inveterate enemies. These people, in fact, to say the least of them, were a set of intriguers and political weathercocks, who, while Sir John was usefully serving his country as a Magistrate, and enriching our neighbourhood by his endowments, his patronage, and his munificence, were seeking nothing but their own advantages.

The charges against Sir John Savile of selfish and arbitrary conduct are so general and indefinite that one can form no opinion of their justice now. All that we can say of them is, that they were preferred under a reign in which the immortal Bacon was condemned for corruption—that they were countenanced by such men as Clarendon, himself convicted of “arbitrary and tyrannical proceedings in his office as Chancellor,” and banished the country; and by Strafford,

whose arbitrary principles and spirit conducted him to the scaffold. I do not allude to the crimes of these culprits by way of palliation for our great countryman, if really guilty, but the censure cast upon him comes with a bad grace from people of their cast, and who, blind to their own misdeeds, can only see them in a political opponent. But the indorsement of Lord Ellesmere does not seem to refer to any corruption, or illegal act, committed by Sir John, but rather to some ebullitions of passion in the exercise of a thankless, a troublesome, and, perhaps, gratuitous office; and discovers an infirmity common to the best of men, and indicative of a forgiving temper rather than otherwise. In short, the "head and front" of Sir John's offence is, that he was a Presbyterian, and opposed to despotism.

"According to the same noble historian," says Dr. Whitaker, "his son was one of the most faithless of men, having been the instrument of inviting the Scots by means of a forged letter, purporting to be signed by many of the nobility, to invade his native country.

"The two great houses of the Saviles are reduced to a few fragments, but the principal stock would never have made their mansion a sacrifice to indignant and high spirited loyalty, which was the fate of that at Thornhill. Howley, however, was held for the king, and stormed and plundered by the other party, which occasioned the following memorial from its owner:—

"Thomas Lord Viscount Castlebar in Ireland—his case—

"The Queen's Majesty being advanced and gone from the city of York, into the Southern party, William, then Marquis of Newcastle, being Commander-in-Chief, and General of his Majesty's forces in these Northern parts, marched his army to Pontefract; and from thence, in the beginning of June, 1643, he advanced towards Howley-House, then a garrison for the Parliament under Sir John Savile, of Lupset, near Wakefield, Knight, with one Yates, his Captain-Lieutenant, an old soldier as was pretended; but having planted two great pieces of cannon against and played with them for some days, the garrison not being provided of necessaries and accommodations, surrendered up the house, on the 22nd of June. Sir John and the soldiers, whereof Yates were very sore, blasted and spoiled of gunpowder, were sent

prisoners to Pontefract Castle, where, for some time, they continued, and the house being well furnished with household stuff and goods to a good value, belonging to the owner thereof, Thomas Lord Savile, the said goods and household stuff were all pilfered and plundered by the soldiers on both parties, and sold to the country people, whereupon the Lord Savile applies himself to the King and Counsel, at Oxford.

"But this proved of little service to him.

"At the Court, at Oxford,
July 26, 1643.

"This day, upon consideration of Lord Savile's case concerning his goods at Howley-House, in the County of York, and the state of the war now raised, his Majesty thought fit, by the advice of his Privie Counsel and Counsel of Warre, to declare that this is a warre raised by rebels, and not by enemies; and that rebels, though they are bad subjects, yet continuing, by the indulgence of the laws, subjects, and to be tried by the laws as subjects of the land, cannot, by any art of theirs, take away the property or right of any other subject, more than trespassers and felons would in a time of peace.—And, therefore, his Majesty hath thought fit to declare that whatever goods during the present rebellion have been, or shall be, taken by rebellious armies from any good subjects, and shall be retaken by any of his Majesty's forces, ought to be restored to the first owners, wheresoever and howsoever the same shall be found, and the true owner may take the legal remedy for the same. But in such case where goods, redeemed from robbers and rebels, could not possibly be known to be other than rebels' goods, there it is conceived equitable that some recompence should be given to the person that redeemed the same, and that his Majesty be judge thereof."

So much has been said of Lord Thomas Savile and the forged letter in a former page, that I shall now only address myself to the latter paragraph of Dr. Whitaker. It needs, in fact, some explanation, for what with an error (perhaps of the press), an infusion of bombast, and a perplexity of thought most singular, it is scarcely intelligible to any reader.

"Howley," says Dr. Whitaker, "was held for the King."—Howley, says history,* and the foregoing narrative, was held for the Parliament.—"Howley," says the former,

"was stormed and plundered by the Republicans."—Howley, says the latter, was stormed and plundered by the Royalists.—"The injuries inflicted by the former," says the Doctor, "occasioned the Earl's memorial;" but that the violence of the King's party occasioned it needs no illustration.

It does not appear by what means, or whether with the privity and consent of the Earl of Sussex or not, Sir John Savile, of Lupset, took possession of Howley-Hall.* It is sufficient for my purpose that it was held by Sir John, under Fairfax, and, of course, for the Parliament, both before the Royalist army stormed and plundered it, and afterwards; for, "when the attack upon Wakefield was resolved on by Sir Thomas, an order was issued by him for a party of a thousand foot, three companies of dragoons, and eight troops of horse, to march from the garrisons of Leeds, Bradford, Halifax and Howley.† It seems, in fact, to have fallen into the hands of both parties, but that it was ever invested, or formally besieged, and plundered by the Parliamentarians there is no evidence. In the instance before us Lord Savile's remonstrance tells us that the Marquis of Newcastle's army assaulted and plundered this mansion. His Lordship, it must be recollected, was at this time in the Royalist train at Oxford—was still among the "life and fortune men" at York, and had but the year before been flattered for his obsequiousness with the cheap gewgaw of an empty title. Against whom, therefore, was his remonstrance made? and from whom too was a compensation sought? Not, certainly, against the Parliamentarians, for that would have been ridiculous indeed!—Not, surely, from the party he stood opposed to, for that would have been absurd indeed! No! no! It was from the "high spirited" Loyalists who visited his noble house on their march to Bradford, or rather from their royal master, that this "indignant" Noble, this "life and fortune" man of the seventeenth century demanded satisfaction and restitution.

But Sussex was rewarded, in this instance, as every man deserves to be who will not act

* Lord Fairfax, in a letter dated May 31st, 1643, states, that on the preceding Saturday, he had "caused to be drawn out of the garrisons in Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, and Howley, some horse, foot, and dragoniers, in all about 1,500, and had sent them under his son's command against Wakefield." From this it should seem that Lord Sussex had no concern with the occupation of Howley by Sir John. See Drake's York, p. 155.

† See Vicar's Parliamentary Chronicle, p. 337. Watson's History of Halifax, page 63; et al.

up to the illumination of the age, and the spirit of the times in which he lives, according to the dictates of his conscience, and the voice of his country. In lieu of recompence he received a hollow, sarcastic, jesuitical reply, containing in it far more of reproach and mockery than of conciliation and pity—an answer, in short, quite in character with the principles and spirit of those cavalier people to whom he had lent himself—a tool.

I shall not trespass upon the reader's patience in the consideration of a case in which it was so difficult to ascertain whether the goods of a Royalist, redeemed from "robbers and rebels," (as the Parliament of England and their illustrious Generals were called) could possibly be known to be other than "rebels' goods,"—that is needless—the equivocation and insolence of the reply are upon record, and the sequel is known. Howley, however, was held for the Parliament, but battered with cannon balls, stormed, and plundered by "indignant and high spirited loyalty."

This attack upon Howley-Hall was occasioned as follows:—The Marquis of Newcastle whose head-quarters were at Pontefract, hearing that Lord Fairfax, with a very inferior force, was at Bradford, resolved to attack him; and on his way, it seems, he halted before the house, either for refreshing his troops, or for fear of being annoyed by the garrison and country people upon his rear; for, it is a matter of notoriety, that the latter generally detested the Royalists* in these parts, and did them all the injury imaginable on their marches. Whatever Newcastle's motive was, it induced him to deviate apparently from the main road, and the shortest to Bradford, and he probably went by Alverthorpe, Kirkhamgate, and the skirts of Soothill Wood. There were at that period, doubtless, few fences beyond the park, so that, in June, he would have no difficulty in bringing up his two cannon, "Gog" and "Magog" (as they were called), before the East and South East sides of the Hall. These, I presume, were what are called eight pounders, from a cast iron ball in my possession which weighs eight pound two ounces,

* Slingby even, the "Loyalist," complains of their coming among his soldiers and snatching their swords from their sides, and hats from their heads, in the vicinity of Knaresborough. What a shame it is to attempt disguising the general feeling of the people of England, as many writers do when referring to the Civil War.—That is a fine cause indeed which requires not only the propagation of falsehoods, but the suppression of important fact.

and was found some years ago deep in the hill below the ruins.

Before we proceed further it may be as well here just to give an idea of this interesting spot, in 1643,—which, as near as I can describe it, was as follows:—On the West side of the hall was a fine bowling-green—on the North, and probably North East, was the parlour garden. On the Woodchurch side there was a cherry orchard, and many of the trees were there eighty years ago. The kitchen garden—strange to tell! was on the South, and still more singular it is that the kitchens even were on this, most pleasant, side of the mansion. And here, by the way, I would remark that horticulture was in a low state in this age. There were gooseberry trees growing near the ruins formerly, but quite exhausted—of these I took cuttings and cultivated the trees well some years ago, but the fruit was miserable.

The only notion of the edifice itself now to be gathered is from engravings presented by the late Earl of Cardigan to a few of his principal tenants, and taken, it is said, from an ancient painting in the family collection. From this imperfect view even it appears to have been a fine ancient halled-house, constructed with a strict regard to proportion and regularity, with a projecting centre on the South side, ornamented with columns, capitals, and mouldings. The whole seems crowned with battlements, and the cupolas, surmounted by weather-cocks, rise among the chimnies with Eastern grandeur. One cannot indeed behold even this poor sketch and the beautiful wrought stone now dispersed through Morley, Birstal, Batley and all the neighbouring hamlets, without a feeling of melancholy, mingled with indignation, at the villany and apathy which has deprived us of an object most interesting to posterity, from a large association of ideas.

Such was Howley-Hall† when it was besieged and battered for several days together by the Royalists, who being, however, bad engineers, did it far less injury than they designed. Some of their balls, however, as tradition reports, destroyed part of the tracery of the windows and drove in the mullions. One of them, especially, passed through the gallery, breaking the branch of

† Howley Hall was sixty yards square—had two gateways on the West side, and a Square Court, nearly in the centre, which gave light to the cellars.—From this were passages to its three entrances on the North, West, and South sides.

a pear tree, and narrowly missing some of the family. Had the guns been more elevated than they were, generally, the mischief had been great; but happily almost all the shot were afterwards found in the hill below.

The resistance made by Sir John Savile against a large army provided with every thing, while he, with a trifling force, wanted both cannon and provisions, was brave indeed. The greater number of his men, I believe, were raw soldiers, menial servants, and volunteers out of this clothing district, who generously stepped forth to protect a mansion, the scene of old English hospitality during two generations of the Saviles at least. Many of the poorest families in Morley, Batley, Havercroft, &c., were supplied with broken victuals by their bounty,† and each village had its turn here. In fact as industry and merit were encouraged by this family, there were many who owed it a debt of gratitude, and all were interested in their behalf. The resistance may, therefore, be well supposed to have been of the most determined kind, and it is proved to have been so by the irritation of the Marquis of Newcastle, and his orders as given in the succeeding extract.

“On the storming of Howley-House,” says Dr. Whitaker, “an officer had given quarter to the Governor, contrary to the Earl of Newcastle’s order, and having been rebuked by him for his humanity, he undertook to execute his orders *ex post facto*; but Newcastle said it was ungenerous to kill a man in cold blood.”

There is here, again, a mixture of truth and error in this tradition. That Newcastle issued these orders I doubt, but that he durst have seen them executed I have *no* doubt, for Cromwell was, at this period, comparatively little known. Had that been otherwise, so atrocious a purpose would never have crossed his mind, for had the hair of an Englishman been hurt in this way, but a few years afterwards, and his Earlship had fled to the other side the globe, the “Protector” would have found him.§ One man, however, was killed

† Archbishop Parker’s mode of keeping hospitality may be seen in Allan’s *History of Lambeth*, p. 224; or *Gent. r Mag.* vol. 97, part 1, p. 527.

The same usage appears to have been kept up at Nostel by the Wynn family, so lately as the early part of last century. *Memoirs of Mrs. Catherine Cappe*. Also, at Skeffington, in Leicestershire. See Note 10, in *Nichols’s 3rd vol.* part 1, p. 436. It doubtless was common, as it was necessary, after the demolition of the Monasteries.

§ See *Godwin’s Commonwealth*, vol. 3, p. 325.

in cold blood, on opening the gates of Howley-House, and he was the porter of the lodge—one William Smith—and from his great grandson, once living at Lee-Fair, my account comes. It appears, therefore, that it was for killing, and not intending to kill, that the officer was reproved; and we have here an instance how greatly a matter of fact may become distorted in the course of a century, without any bad design on the part of the relators.

Having done with the siege of Howley-Hall, I would here just drop a word or two respecting Dr. Whitaker's great author, Lord Clarendon; and passing by what the reader may find in such admirable books as Brodie's "View of the British Empire," and Godwin's "History of the Commonwealth," I would just state the opinion of Lord Orford respecting him.

Having, very justly, lamented that "two of the greatest men in our annals* should have prostituted their admirable pens—the one to blacken a great Prince†—the other to varnish a pitiful Usurper,"‡ Lord Orford adds—"It is unfortunate that another great Chancellor should have written a history with the same propensity to misrepresentation, I mean Lord Clarendon. It is hoped no more Chancellors will write our history until they can divest themselves of that habit of their profession—apologising for a bad cause."§ Consistently with this Bishop Burnet also writes thus:—"I do not," says he, "intend to prosecute the wars. I have told a great deal relating to them in the Memoirs of the Dukes of Hamilton.—Rushworth's Collections contain many excellent materials; and now the Earl of Clarendon's first volume of the History gives a faithful representation of the *beginning* of the troubles, though writ in favour of the Court, and full of the best excuses such ill things were capable of."||

About one hundred yards from the farmhouse at Howley, on the West side, and near the foot-path to Morley, lies a small stone of cylindrical shape, bearing this inscription—"Here Nevison killed Flecher, 1684." This stone has certainly been here above seventy years, but how much longer is unknown. It was cut and engraved by John Jackson, the schoolmaster of Lee-Fair, commonly called

"Old Trash." Dr. Whitaker has quite overlooked this stone, and I cannot give as good an account as might be wished of the circumstance to which it relates. However, I can, perhaps, give a better than any person now living.

After the death of Lord James Saville, in 1671, or, at least, after the marriage of Lady Frances, Howley, as I before stated, was little frequented by its great owners. The house was occupied by three families—Ayres, Ray or Kaye,¶ and Procter, I believe, were their names. I write one of the names Ray or Wray, because this is the name transmitted by tradition, but Kaye appears more likely to be right. But, waiving trifles, one Janson occupied the lodge, while one Fletcher kept an alehouse where the chief tenant now lives.

About the latter end of Charles the 2nd's reign, the robberies of Nevison had become so frequent and daring, and the danger of apprehending him was considered so great that, as in the case of Turpin, in 1737,** few persons were willing to attempt it; and the Government was obliged to offer a considerable reward for securing him. Allured by the offer, this Fletcher, calling to his aid a brother who lived where Cross-Hall now stands, resolved to entrap the robber on his next visit. It was not long ere the opportunity offered, for Nevison was drawn hitherward by many motives. Here was a lonely spot, near a large wood, many fairs of different kinds, many cross roads, at a convenient distance from Pontefract (the place of his nativity) and of his father's abode. But Nevison was attracted by another influence, the most powerful in the human bosom. Like the formidable Samson, he had at Dunningley his "Delilah,"—a married woman, I believe, whose offspring and descendants (whether improperly or otherwise I "wot" not) were long honoured with his name. Certain, however, it is that Nevison was often travelling to Dunningley and Howley. Soon after his last visit, however, the Fletchers contrived to overcome him, and locking up in their stable the wonderful animal on which he rode, they fastened her master in one of the upper rooms of the outshot or porch (before described) in the farm-yard.

¶ One Mrs. Kaye, daughter of Batt, of Oakwell Hall, and second wife of Mr. John Kaye, of Gomersal, died at Howley-Hall, in 1730, leaving a son Robert and daughter Martha, who in 1766 was in her 105th year. These were all of Howley. See Watson's Halifax, p. 439.

** See Gentleman's Magazine, 1737, p. 433.

* Sir Thomas More and Lord Bacon are here alluded to. But Bacon's history is not to be understood at a single perusal.

† Richard 3rd. ‡ Henry 7th. § "Historic Doubts," p. 63.

|| Own Times, vol. 1, p. 43.

But Nevison soon forced his way through a window, and, making a spring, he alighted upon a heap of manure which was just under it, and took his course towards Morley. An alarm, however, was soon given, and one of the Fletchers pursued him closely on foot. Being a remarkably athletic man—relying upon his strength, and probably fancying he had disarmed his visitor, he called upon him to surrender himself. Nevison, on the other hand, attempted to argue, and reproached the other with his treachery and ingratitude; but the great reward was predominant in the mind of Fletcher, so that he grappled with his customer, and in the struggle which ensued the robber fell undermost. Finding himself again overcome by force, Nevison had recourse to a “bosom friend”—a short pistol, which firing at the heart of Fletcher he rolled from his body a lifeless corpse.

Such was the account which in my boyish days I received from people seventy or eighty years old, and such was the account of their forefathers. It was, for the most part, confirmed to me about fourteen years ago, by the narration of old Thomas Robertshaw, of Soothill Wood-side, whose ancestors were park and gamekeepers* to the Saviles, with only a disagreement as to the weapon where-with the murder was committed. This sturdy veteran relying upon the accuracy of his grandfather, who knew Nevison, would have it that the instrument was a short dagger, “shaped (as he expressed himself) like a cobbler’s ‘elsin’ or ‘bodkin;’” and this was also told me as the tradition by people at Sandal and at Wakefield. “Just at the top of the park,” said old Robertshaw, “my grandfather told me that Nevison thrust the elsin all covered with blood into the straw thatch of a cottage which stood there, and where it was found afterwards.” However this may be, it is certain that by the key of the stable in Fletcher’s pocket, or otherwise, he regained his mare,† and rode to York at a rate so increpably swift, that upon his trial afterwards he established an alibi, by proving himself to have been upon the Bowling-Green there at an early hour of the same day. This,

certainly, will appear more wonderful when the then state of the roads is considered.

All the accounts published of this very celebrated highwayman are mere “Grub-Street” fabrications. There is no truth even as to the place where or the person by whom he was apprehended at last. That person, instead of a Captain Hardcastle, was a valiant tailor, who finding him asleep on the bench of a house, the sign of the Magpie, at Sandal, and one of the then three Inns called “Sandal Three Houses,” pinioned his arms and procured assistance. Most other particulars are about as uncertain and improbable as the adventures of Robin Hood, although centuries have rolled away in the interval between them.

There is one very remarkable circumstance which causes me to doubt whether the stone before-mentioned has not got misplaced, although there is no tradition of its ever having laid elsewhere. There is a lane leading to Dewsbury, exactly between what was the house of Fletcher, of Cross-Hall and Howley-Hall, which is called “Scotsman-Lane,” from the circumstance of a Scotsman having been there murdered. This is so notorious that thousands of people have, for generations, been fearful of travelling it after dark, on account of the spirit of this murdered man being supposed to walk there. Whether or not the killing of Fletcher by Nevison has given to the lane its name must be left to conjecture—certainly the name Fletcher sounds Scottish.‡

It is very remarkable that we should have no certain accounts of men so celebrated in their way as Nevison and Turpin, although, truly, there is nothing edifying in such lives. However, as they both kept the kingdom in a state of alarm many years, and achieved extraordinary feats; and as their history was, professedly, written by one Captain Johnson, scarce fifty years after the death of the former, and very soon after that of the latter, one might have expected to have known something. How formidable they were considered appears from their irons in York Castle, and the little that may be depended upon concerning them presents us with a curious picture of the times.

* See also the depositions touching the “Farnley Wood Plot,” in Whitaker’s Leeds, from which it appears they were park-keepers.

† See the account of Nevison’s leap near Ferrybridge. *Gentleman’s Magazine*, 1820, p. 420. His mare had but one eye, and was of a dusky brown colour. My very respectable aged friend, Mrs. Hardy, of Birksgate, Kirkburton, has given me several remarkable and well authenticated particulars of Nevison, which are committed to writing.

‡ Yet it originally came from a business, viz., that of feathering arrows, which was by the Fletchers, who completed the work of the arrow smith, while the bowyers and stringers constructed the bow.

§ See, especially, the *Gentleman’s Magazine* for 1787, p. 438.

While writing upon remarkable things near Howley ruins, I must not forget one of greatest note, I mean "Lady Anne's Well,"|| situate on the South East side and near to Soothill Wood. To this well, annually, on Palm Sunday, the surrounding villagers have, for ages, been wont to resort to drink its water on account of their supposed preternatural efficacy; for, at six o'clock on that morning, it was believed that they assume different colours. It is uncertain from whence the well has taken its name, but being a matter of much curiosity I shall offer a few thoughts upon it.

The common opinion I know is that this was a favourite well with Lady Sussex, whose name being Anne or Anna makes it plausible; but I am persuaded it has still been a place of annual resort for ages.

It is well known that in the darkest times of superstition, if a well was situate in a peculiarly solitary spot, had clear water, and grass flourishing near its edge, a medicinal or salubrious quality was soon attached to it¶—it was dedicated to some tutelary Saint and honoured with his name.** We thus hear of St. John's, St. Winifred's, St. Mary's, or St. Anne's Wells. Imitating in this, as in other instances, the custom of their Pagan forefathers, the early Christians in this land were wont to decorate their wells on Ascension Day, in the Spring, with flowers—a ceremony which was accompanied with some religious rite, or considered so in itself. In the time of the Romans, the birth-day of the Goddess Flora had been honoured by the erection of altars and institution of games at this very season; and during the Floralia the grossest impurities were practised. Nor have the devotees of our sainted Ladies been much behind them in amorous warmth, as the name of the field in question may perhaps declare.

Remnants of well-worship have subsisted in Craven, according to Whitaker, within half a century. At Tissington, in Derbyshire, according to Lyson, it is still practised.

But I have another, and, to my mind, a much more satisfactory hypothesis to lay before the reader, touching these assemblages;

|| This Well being considerably below the level of Howley-Hall, has probably only supplied it partially with water.

¶ Pilgrimages were made to wells. In some instances their imputed efficacy was of a moral kind; but the visits to them were generally for worldly purposes.

** Whitaker's Craven, 430. Lyson's M. B. vol. 5, p. 242. Gent.'s Mag. for 1791, p. 991. Ditto for 1804, p. 718. Ditto for 1794, p. 226. Clarkson's Richmond, p. 226.

and, perhaps, this is the case, because the discovery is my own.

It appears that, according to the Saxon laws, the ranks of ecclesiastical structures were as follows:—First, there was the Minster or Mother Church. Secondly, the Church having a place of burial. Thirdly, the Fieldkirk* or Chapel without cemetery, having neither right of sepulture or administration of sacraments.

Now there can be no doubt that in Saxon and early Norman times, as before-mentioned, the Church was at Morley, and afterwards at Batley. What then was the place of worship at Batley† aforesaid? or what was that of which we have some vestiges‡ at Howley? Methinks it was a mere parochial Chapel, called in those days a "Fieldkirk." It was, however, considerable enough, in all probability, to give rise to a village wake or fair, which would naturally be called "*Fieldkirk Fair*."

Fairs were anciently held in Church-yards, on the day of the dedication of their respective Churches, or on the Sunday following. Mr. Baker says, "the origin of Fairs has been sought for in the annual resort to some Holy well, or to the Festival of the Saint to whom the Church was dedicated; and hence the most ancient fairs will be found to correspond with the dedication§ of the Church.

Here then, in the vicinity of Howley-Hall, we have two religious edifices in early times—the Kirk of Batley, and the Chapel or Fieldkirk at Howley or Southwell; and we have also a "Holy Well." Can any one doubt then that there was here in former days a Fair?—Now then let us apply our knowledge of the premises as every antiquary ought to do.

Ask then a villager, returning from the annual assemblage in question, where he has been? and the answer he will give you is—I have been at "*Fieldcock Fair*."|| This, in fact, is the only name by which it goes. But who can doubt that it is a corruption of

* See a Fieldkirk—St. Kenelm's Chapel, County of Salop. Gentleman's Magazine for 1802, p. 1177.

† It appears from Domesday that there was a Church or Chapel at Batley, and a Presbyter, in Saxon times.

‡ To celebrated Wells there were often places of worship annexed in ancient times. See Lyson's Magna Britannia Passim, especially his Cornwall.

§ See Gent.'s Mag. vol. 8, p. 465 and 522. Lyson's Bedfordshire, p. 76, etc. Nichols's Leicestershire, vol. 2, part 1, p. 220.

|| See a valuable note in Hone's "Mysteries and Miracle plays," p. 160.

Fieldkirk Fair? No one, methinks, who considers the trifling difference there is in the sound or spelling of the words, and the vast change which some expressions are known to have undergone, even in the course of a few generations.

But Batley Church is, perhaps, a mile from St. Anne's Well, and the Church is dedicated to All Saints, which day is on the 1st of November, whereas Palm Sunday is the first Sunday before Easter, which is a moveable feast. This appears an objection. But, besides that, the first Church at Batley may have been dedicated to St. Anne,¶ there is nothing more variable than the time at which, in after ages, the Fairs were held. At first, no doubt, after the Clergy had officiated on these days the people went out, at the conclusion of the service, to rural sports,** but in process of time the days were changed.

"Markets and fairs," says Lysons, "were formerly held at many places on Sundays, Good Fridays, and other great feasts and festivals, to the great umbrage of pious persons who often petitioned against them. In Henry 3rd's time, markets were changed by the King's charter to other times. In 1449 they became the subject of a petition to Parliament."††

"In the Archives of Whalley," says Whitaker, "are letters patent of Henry 4th, annulling a fair held in the Church-yard of Whalley (a practice hardly abolished after the Reformation), which as it gave offence, was by other letters patent transferred to Clitheroe, and appointed to be held on the Eve-Day and Morrow of the Annunciation."

In Episcopal registers many licenses are entered for altering the dedication feasts of Parish Churches, and the pleas urged by the persons who solicited these indulgences were, that either the work, or the weather of the seasons, rendered the days originally appointed inconvenient or hazardous, or that they could not be duly observed, and with a becoming reverence, from their interfering with celebrities of another class.‡‡

Having said so much for the "Kirk Fair," let us once more return to the "Lady's Well."

¶ See Hunter's South Yorkshire, p. 84; or Gentleman's Magazine, vol. 98, part 2, p. 237; also Speed, 790.

Woodchurch appears, from Speed, to have been dedicated to the Holy Trinity, but there is no doubt that it was antecedently dedicated to St. Mary.

** Fosbroke's Encyclopædia, vol. 1, p. 389.

†† See his Berkshire. History of Whalley, vol. 2.

‡‡ See the subject fully discussed in Archæol. vol. 5. p. 253

Though Roman Catholic ceremonies were generally disused under Henry 8th, yet he declared that the bearing of palms, on Palm Sunday, was to be continued and not cast away; and, it appears, that they were borne in England until the second§§ year of Edward 6th, or rather later.¶¶

It was a Roman Catholic custom to resort to our Lady of Nants (or Ann's) Well, at Little Conan, in Cornwall, with a Cross of Palm; and the people (after making the Priest a present) were allowed to throw the Cross into the Well. If it swam the thrower was to outlive the year—if it sunk he was not.

According to Stowe, in the week before Easter there were great shows in London, for going to the woods and fetching into the King's house a twisted tree or "withe," and the like into the house of every man of consequence. It is still customary with men and boys, even in London, to go a palming early on Palm Sunday morning. Mr. Douce, in a MS. Note cited by Mr. Ellis, says—"I have somewhere met with a proverbial saying, that he that hath not a palm in his hand on Palm Sunday morning, must have his hand cut off."¶¶

So much for the Howley annual assemblages with reference to the "Lady Ann's Well," which, however, from the name must necessarily be connected with *Fieldkirk Fair*. Respecting the Fieldkirk I have only to add the following remarks:—

Before the time of Henry 3rd a check appears to have been put to the practice of endowing New Parishes, so that foundations claiming rights of sepulture and administration of the sacraments, henceforth assumed an intermediate rank between the Churches of the second order like that at Batley, and the mere Fieldkirk, and were called parochial Chapels. Such, probably, was the Chapel of Morley.

The Fieldkirk was a mere Oratory or Chapel of Ease, so called, not from its situation in the country, but from its lying uninclosed, and open to the adjoining fields. It had no right or place of sepulture,* as before mentioned, and no stated endowment, but the founder

§§ Hone's Every Day Book, vol. 1, p. 396.

¶¶ Speed, 848. Palms were undoubtedly borne in the reign of Mary.

¶¶ Hone's Every Day Book, vol. 1, p. 386.

* According to the Canon Law too, no bell could be rung at such a Chapel.

was required by the laws of Edgar (without subtracting from the tithes) to maintain his Chaplain out of the remaining nine parts of his income. To this class belonged many Chapels of Ease, since become parochial.

Before I close this subject of St. Anne's Well, there is one thing, perhaps not worth remarking, but which I still cannot pass over. The well is situate, as near as I can guess, South East or South of the ancient residence at Howley. Now Soothill is only a corruption of Southwell, which was the name of its early owners, and from which family it came into that of Savile; and, as in the early times, it was common for people to take their Surnames from local circumstances, so I am persuaded the Well has given name to the family as well as to the adjacent wood. The Southwells are often mentioned in our national history, and one of them suffered cruelly in the arbitrary, persecuting reign of Elizabeth.† Besides which Soothill is correspondent to our Yorkshire pronunciation, as in the instance of Cherill for Churwell; Coldhill for Coldwell; Stockill for Stockwell; Parkill for Parkwell; and so of innumerable words of this termination. The mention of this name leads me to write on Soothill-Hall, and that of Carlinghow, before I return with the reader into the Wakefield and Bradford Road.

Soothill-Hall, as may very well be imagined, was a seat of the very great and ancient family of Southwell. Hereabouts (perhaps at Howley) in the time of the early Plantagenets, lived Reginald, Lord of Soothill; and here also from the 22nd of Henry 3rd to the 17th of Edward 1st, lived Sir John Soothill, his son and heir. I shall not pursue the pedigree, but content myself with remarking that by the marriage of Sir Henry Savile, grandfather of Sir John, with Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Thomas Soothill, Esq. the families became united. The mansion at Soothill, the ruins of which we see, was built by one of the Soothills, about the middle of the sixteenth century, as I should think. It consisted of a square court, with open galleries or lobbies on two or more of the sides, but a

† There is a curious Paper in the Landsdown Collection, as to the state of South Wales in 1675. "The people," says the writer, "are naturally very devout, etc. But more than the name of God they know nothing at all; and, therefore, as utterly ignorant of him or their salvation, do still, in heaps, go on pilgrimage to the wonted Wells and places of superstition; and in the nights, after the feasts, when the old offerings were used to be kept at any Idol's Chapel, *albeit the Church be pulled down*, yet do they come to the place where the Church or Chapel was, by great journeys, barefoot, very superstitiously." This is a beautiful illustration of my subject. See Ellis's Letters, Second Series, vol. 3, p. 49.

late owner having been such a Vandal as to destroy this fine building merely for the value of its materials, I write on it with diffidence. What was once the hall is, however, accidentally preserved, and cannot fail to interest; but a small parlour, now a bedroom, near, but not adjoining it, will be still more attractive to some people. It is still called "the Bishop's parlour,"‡ and was once the room of Bishop Tilson.

Tilson was a Yorkshireman, born near Halifax, about 1575, a student of Baliol College, Oxford, in 1593, and Vicar of Rochdale in 1615. Becoming Chaplain to Lord Strafford, when he was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he took him over there and made him Dean of Christchurch, in Dublin, Pro Vice Chancellor of that University, and Bishop of Elphin, in 1639. From Ireland he fled,§ on account of his troubles, in 1641, and his patron being beheaded in this year, Tilson retired to his family at Soothill-Hall, and officiated there, in the baptism of children at least. For several years, and even after he was seventy years of age, he travelled weekly a distance of twelve miles to perform duty for less than sixteen pounds per annum. The following copy of a letter of his shows him to have been a lively, facetious old man, and makes one feel for his hard destiny.

"I am not," says he, "altogether idle—I pray after the directory. I preach every Sunday at a place in the mountains, called Cumberworth, two miles beyond Emley, where I have, by the way, Laurence, my Gaius. It was proffered me by a gentleman, Mr. Wentworth, of Britton, whom I never saw save once before he sent unto me. And because it came, as all my ecclesiastical livings hath done, without seeking and suit, I took it to be appointed for me by God, as a little Zoar; to save my life; and did accept it, though it will not reach twenty marks per annum. Besides, I trust, to do God service in the work of my ministry, amongst that moorish and lately rebellious, plundering people. When first I went to Rochdale you may remember what the old hostler at the Baiting Bull willed me to do. 'Take with you,' said he, 'a great box full of tar, for

‡ Watson says "he consecrated this room, gave ordination privately, and did weekly the offices of a Clergyman, some of his neighbours being both his hearers and benefactors." The Tilsons long farmed Soothill-Hall, and were there so lately as 1748. See more in Gent's Mag. for 1806, p. 526. Note.

§ I presume Archbishop Usher fled from Ireland about the same time and for the same cause as Tilson. See an interesting article in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1792, p. 114.

you will find a good company of scabbed sheep." The first Sunday I preached in the forenoon, and read prayers in the after; but when I saw, by their murmurings, they must have two fotherings, I made good use thereof; whereas I might have given them two six-pences. They are well pleased if I give them two groats for a shilling, which I intend to pay them, so childish are they in right valuing of God's coin."

It is impossible here to resist the temptation of observing that the people of many villages, which I could mention, are still quite as singular as were the Cumberworth folk in the days of this humorous old Bishop, and for the very same "fancy" to which he alludes. They love good measure in every thing, like true Yorkshiremen, but in nothing more than in the article which they call "preaching," and which others frequently call "prating."* But two "fotherings," now

* It is very diverting to observe the strange fancies of different people. Some who are styled the "fancy" love fighting—some love quarrelling and opposition—some are very fond of law—some of gaming—some of drinking—some parish business—some of longwinded sermons or speeches—some of hearing *themselves* talk—some of what they cannot understand—some of fictions. One old lady, of fine fortune, spends it in running opposition coaches. One family, called

a days, would not content such people, even if the Minister were to preach, as did some of the Bishop's contemporaries, with the hour-glass at his elbow; for in some places three on a Sabbath and two or three on other days of the week are become customary. I have heard, indeed, of a Reverend Shoemaker who was in high repute hereabouts because he often preached five times in seven days. To do the cattle impartial justice, nevertheless, I will say it for them, that they are not scrupulous as to quality in their provender, if quantity only be furnished; for, to pursue the old Bishop's metaphor, a good "fothering" of "chaff" and "dust" will satisfy them quite as well as the finest "herbage" and the sweetest "flowers." Of Tilson I have nothing more to record, save that he died on the 31st of March, 1655, aged 80 years, and was interred at the East end of the South Aisle of Dewsbury Church, where a tablet is erected to his memory.

Rodley, have been chimney sweepers for two hundred years, and will not follow anything else. The Booksellers tell me that they have the chief sale in classics and controversial divinity. And last autumn I heard a company at Buxton talk near two hours about a parrot!!! What a world do we live in.

CARLINGHOW.

IN this word, spelled and pronounced as it is now, we have a fine illustration how other names have been twisted from their original sound and signification. "How or hoo," as Camden tells us in page 118 of his *Remains*, "is an high place;" but Carlinghow is a very low one—it is in a valley. The word should certainly be written Carlinghowgh or Carlinghawgh. "Howgh or Hawgh," says the same antiquary, in the same volume, "is a green plot in a valley." But Haugh signified also, in ancient times, hall. Thus we find, from Penant's London, that there was a mansion called "Basingshaugh or hall," from the family that built it; and so likewise from the family of Carling having built a capital seat here, the place may have derived its name Carlinghaugh. To the antiquary and the scholar I leave it to choose between the two etymologies which are here presented, merely referring him to Nicholls's *Leicestershire*, vol. 3, p. 123, for further information. One thing, however, is evident—namely, that "how" in Carlinghow is preposterous.

This poor village, now unworthy of a visit, had, some years ago, one of the most antique looking houses within it that I ever beheld. It was anciently occupied by the Ellands, of Elland, and by the Deightons after them. The Ellands, of Carlinghow, I find were the descendants of Sir John Elland by his third wife, and four of them seemed to have lived here—namely, Robert, son of Sir John,—Thomas, the son of Robert,—Robert, the son of Thomas,—and lastly, Marmaduke, the son of Robert. It was apparently their family connections with the Copleys and Saviles which drew them into this neighbourhood.

"Sir Bryan Thornhill, of Thornhill, by Deed dated Batley, 1334, gave leave to Adam de Oxenhope to assign over to William de Carlinghow, the chaplain, one messuage, two bovates of land, and thirty shillings rent, which the said Adam held of the said Bryan, as parcel of the Manor of Batley; and in consequence, and with leave of the King, and of William Melton, Archbishop of York, the said

Adam founded a Chantry in Batley Church for his soul and the souls of Margery his wife, Robert his father, Maud his mother, William de Copley, John, William, and Thomas, his brothers, and the souls of Sir John de Thornhill, and Bryan his son; Thos. de Thornton, and Ellen his wife, and John de Maningham, for all whose goods he had ill gotten,† and for all the faithful departed.‡

The ancient mansion before noticed was a post and pan, or lath and plaster building, with curious wooden spirals or pinnacles carved so as to give it a most venerable appearance, and I should have taken the whole of it to be much older than the reign of Elizabeth; yet a stone in the building (still preserved) shews that the masonry was not so, at least, for its date is 1560. If it was then cased with stone, of course the wood work might be safely referred to the Plantagenet reigns; and Dr. Whitaker has been mistaken in one respect, though right in another, in attributing Castle-Hall, in Mirfield, to the reign of Henry 8th. However this may be, they were two of the most curious and interesting structures of the domestic kind that ever I beheld. The whole front of the latter§ was covered with allegorical devices and human figures—some in a state of nudity, others in curious costumes, presenting, in short, all kinds of grotesque forms, while the ponderous oak timber within was as hard as flint, and black as ebony. Had I been Lord Grey de Wilton, or Mr. *Beaumont*, of Whitley, scarcely any earthly consideration, and much less the piping of a tenant, could have induced me to allow one stick or stone of these buildings to be disturbed. But property comes into the hands of men, alas!

† Many of the great people in Edward the 3rd's reign continued to be robbers and assassins, and these were the ways by which they were taught to quiet their consciences, especially in sickness.

‡ Watson's *History of Halifax*, p. 190—210.

§ I have taken the precaution to get a drawing of Castle-Hall, before the Goths and Vandals destroyed it. I am sure it is a wonder that Clifford's Tower has not been demolished; for some people would destroy the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, were it in England, and in its pristine form especially if they could get or save five pounds a year by the materials.

of very different tastes and inclinations! and the country is thus deprived of its chief rarities. Over the words "Carlinghow" and "Mirfield" the antiquary may now write some such single word as "Ichabod"—their glory—their grandeur—their curiosity—their interest "have now departed" from them, and a farmhouse or an alehouse is now only seen where the pinnacles of the Ellands—the Copleys—the Deightons—the Mirfields—Hetons—and Beaumonts once rose so striking and so fair!

Returning to that part of the Wakefield and Bradford Road called the "Street," let us now pursue our course to the village of Adwalton, and rejoin, in imagination, the Marquis of Newcastle; who having left a garrison in Howley-Hall, in June, 1643,

marched to Adwalton, where he rested for the night.—In taking this line we shall not, I believe, be treading exactly in the footsteps of the Royalist army, but holding to the right of them, until we arrive at the field of battle; for according to all the traditionary accounts, the Earl came out upon the Moor by those fields of Miss Whiteleg, which are on the South of the White Horse Inn. Here, however, he halted, taking up his quarters most likely at this very house, part of which, at least, as appears by a date of 1642 cut on stone within it, was built the very year next before the fight. And here, before we come to the "tug of war," let us refresh ourselves by some observations on a village and plain which may justly be considered classic ground.

ADWALTON.

ADWALTON, formerly written and pronounced "Adderton," but now (by the well known change of the "d" into the* "th" Atherton, though now a poor hamlet, only noted for its fairs, was so respectable in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as to have furnished accommodations not only for nobility but royalty; even for the renowned Elizabeth. Such, at least, is the tradition and belief of the inhabitants, who relate that, for some hospitalities shown her, she granted them the privilege of holding fairs, and that she slept where the White Horse Inn now stands. I know not what to make of this tale—it may be true in part, as such traditions have often some foundation, and yet there are some objections to it. In the first place, among all the progresses of this Queen which have met my eye, I never observed a Northern one; and, as to the chamber which goes by her name, the very date of 1642 cut within it is a palpable contradiction. Moreover, I have just now a curious copy of Hollingshed's Histories of England, Scotland, and Ireland, with wood cuts, and in black letter, laying before me, published in Elizabeth's reign, and professing to give an account of all our principal fairs; but no fair at this place is mentioned. That a fair was, however, held here in 1661 appears from "Hodgson's Memoirs." This is the earliest notice that has ever occurred to me, and it makes the account not so very incredible as it might otherwise be supposed.

Those people who place reliance upon a sound in the etymology of a word, may believe that Adderton, Hadderton, or Ather-ton, is a corruption of Heather Town, and that it took its name from being situate upon

* This change took place about Henry 8th's reign, notwithstanding the "d" was occasionally retained a century afterwards.

"Upon Sundays and holidays," says a curious Paper, anno. 1575, and relating to the Welch, "the multitude of all sorts, men, women, and children of every parish, do use to meet either on some hill, or on the side of some mountain, where their harpers and crouthers sing them songs of the doings of their ancestors." Ellis's Letters, Second Series, vol. 2, p. 49. A crowder was a minstrel who played on a species of viol—a sort of fiddler. See Chester Cathedral for a curious group of them.

a moor abounding with hadder or heather, that is—heath or ling. Thus in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy we have the passage —"They lay upon the ground covered with skins as the redshanks do on hadder;" but my decided opinion is, that Adwalton comes from "ad Vallum," that it deduces its origin from the Romans, and proves the road on which it lies to be a Roman road.

It appears, upon the authority of Dr. Stukeley, that Cæsar's camp, previous to his passage of the Thames, was at a place called "Walton,"—the "common name," says he, "where camps are found, and coming from Vallum." That Stukeley was right every antiquary knows, and also, that no better proof of a Roman road can be given than the finding a town with such a name on any line. Witness, for instance, an Adwalton between Colchester and Chester, a well known Roman way. Witness an Atherston, in Leicestershire, lying upon the Watling-Street,† or ancient road through that country. Witness other instances, too many to mention, but which I do not now recollect.

During the Civil War, and after it, there was at Adwalton an Inn, the sign of which is interesting, not only because "thereby hangs a tale," but because it indicates something of the general feeling in these parts at that momentous period. "About the middle of July, 1661," says Captain Hodgson,‡ "I was at Adderton fair, having some goods to sell, and when I had taken money for them I was going to my post-house for my horse, it being at *the Lord Brooke's*," &c.

Innkeepers do not often hang out unpopular signs, but such, on the contrary, as they imagine will best please the public, and "draw custom" to their houses. Now, this Lord Brooke was a Puritan, and a Parliamentarian, and an officer in the army. He was killed in 1642, at Lichfield, of which he had taken possession, by a shot from the Cathedral of St. Chad, which a party of Royalists had

† See Nichols's Leicestershire, vol. 4, p. 1036—7.

‡ Hodgson's Memoirs, p. 170.

fortified, and while he was viewing them, sitting in the window-seat of a house near it. To vilify this Nobleman, the Royalists gave out that he aimed at the destruction of all the Cathedrals in the kingdom, and they insinuated as much, no doubt, as to the wishes of other Nobles of his party. It was reserved for time, and especially for the generous Fairfax, to confute their calumnies, and expose their malignity.

Such little incidents as these—"the Sign of the Lord Brooke's, at Adwalton," are, to me at least, delightful. They indicate the public feeling and temper of these parts at the beginning of the Civil War. They confirm the traditions of our neighbourhood, the narratives of my forefathers, the impressions of my youth, and the convictions of maturer life. Well might Dr. Whitaker, in the bitterness of his wrath, acknowledge that "the inclinations of the clothing districts greatly preponderated on the side of the Parliament."

I am far from thinking that no part of the premises belonging to the White Horse Inn are more ancient than the date 1642 would bespeak, as much of them seem to belong to the reign of James, if not of Elizabeth. The Queen's chamber is, in fact, so low that a tall person would scarcely stand in it erect; the ceiling is ornamented with square compartments of raised mouldings, having figures of roses, birds, and other devices, among which, that of a hawk upon a scroll or staff is predominant. The stone also bearing the date has over it a cherubim, roses, and escalops at the angles, and a hawk, exactly in character with the other ornaments.

About fifty yards westward of this Inn and on the other side of the way is another ancient mansion called "Usher Hall," from a Mr. Usher* who lived here in 1715. This man, it is said, upon the raising of the train bands in these days, sent a servant out armed cap-a-pie as his substitute on horseback, who, hearing of the Scots' defeat, returned immediately. In commemoration of the event Usher used, annually, to make a bonfire on the hill before his house, and serve out copious draughts of ale to the villagers, compelling all to drink out of the trooper's helmet.

As I never read a description of the halled-house of a gentleman of small fortune in the

seventeenth century, and Usher Hall is the best specimen hereabouts, I shall present an account of one.

Usher Hall, though now neglected, unnoticed, defiled by trade, and the abode of squalid poverty ("turpis Egestas"), has yet, evidently, been once the seat of comfort, if not of learning. It has a centre and two wings, with the gable ends in front. Its exterior is common, but on his descent into this front (according to the strange architecture of the age) the visitor will find himself in a hall measuring seven yards long by six wide, surrounded by a cornice or moulding one foot broad, at a height of eleven feet from the ground, which displays the square of the room, the top of which rises with the elevation of the roof for about two feet six inches, when another moulding, ten inches broad, borders an oblong ceiling five yards by four in extent. From the centre of this ceiling hangs a sort of inverted cone of plaster richly ornamented, and from it a chandelier or lamp has evidently been suspended. On the right hand, over the fire-place which has been very large, a square compartment displays the arms of Usher—Ar 3 lion's paws coupé gu two and one. The shield is surmounted by the boar's head, with an apple or lemon in its mouth, and above it, again, is an helmet with a griffin's head and other fanciful work. The hall to a height of six feet four inches is wainscotted with oak. On the left side or opposite to the fire-place a flight of broad oaken stairs, balustered, conducts to a gallery of the hall, communicating by very low doors with small bed-rooms—some of them underdrawn and corniced—some not either. Viewing the whole together, the spectator might well conceive himself in the dining-room of an ancient baronial mansion; but by the same tradition which refers its erection to the founder of Drighlington School we are told that it was once a Chapel. The rest of the entire edifice, consisting of eleven very small rooms, separated by partitions of oaken wainscot, is undeserving of notice. Notwithstanding the name and coat of arms, I have no doubt that the whole fabric owes its form to Dr. James Margetson (or Margerison), Archbishop of Dublin, who by his will founded Drighlington School, May 31st, 1678. He was, as appears from Wood's *Athenæ*, of Peterhouse College, Cambridge, and succeeded Lancelot Bulkley (in 1660) to the Archbishopric.

* I strongly suspect, but cannot prove it, that this Mr. Usher was related to the Archbishop; and though the family were Irish, they probably came over during the troubles; and if a branch settled at Adwalton, it may account for the Archbishop being drawn towards Howley-Hall, according to the tradition which Whitaker has preserved.

"The house of every country gentleman of property," says Drake, "included a neat Chapel and a spacious hall, and where the estate and establishment was considerable, was divided into two parts, one for the state-rooms, the other for the household."

It gives me pleasure to find that the device of the boar's head, with a lemon in his mouth, may be accounted for, and that it was so appropriate to the hall of a gentleman of former days, the scene, no doubt, of conviviality and hospitality at many seasons, but especially at Christmas.

Before the great Civil War the first dish that was brought to table in gentlemen's houses, at Christmas, was a boar's head with a lemon in his mouth.* "At Queen's College," says Aubrey, writing under the year 1676," they still retain this custom. The bearer of it brings the dish into the hall, singing to an old tune, an old Latin rhyme, 'Caput Apri defero--Reddens laudes Domino.'"

1

"The Bore's head in hand bring I
With Garlands gay and Rosemary;
—I pray you all synge merely
Qui estis in Convivio.

2

The Bore's head I understande
Is the chefe service of the lande;
Loke whereuer it be fande
Servite cum Cantico.

3

Be gladde, Lords, both more and lesse
For this hath ordayned our Stewarte
To chere you all this Christmasse
The Bore's head with Mustard."

A real antiquary is apt to be diffuse where his subject pleases him, and he imagines himself able to please others. This must be my apology for attempting to illustrate still further the device in question. The subject being curious, I shall endeavour to supply a few links to a broken chain, and, at least, not to leave it worse than I have found it. The origin of the device or usage, perhaps, may be traced back to Saxon times.

"One Nigell, having killed a large boar in Bernwode Forest, Bucks, and presented its head to Edward the Confessor, he gave him the rangership of that forest, also an hyde of land, called 'Deerhyde,' and a wood, called 'Hulewood,' to hold to him and his heirs, by a horn—hence 'Borstall' house and manor. The same figure of a boar's head was carved on the head of an old bedstead, remaining in

the tower of that ancient house or castle."†

That the device and ceremony is very ancient I have met with other evidences. In an old compotus we have this entry—"Payed for iii shetes thick gross paper, to deck the boar's head in Christmas, xii^d."* And again, in another part, "More payed to Bushe, of Bury, paynter, for paynting the bore's head with sondry colours, ii^s." And again, in Nicholls's Progresses of Elizabeth, or his Leicestershire, under Christmas Day, 1562, we have this minute—"Dinner, a fair and large boar's head on a silver platter, napkins, trenchers, spoons, and knives at every table."† So much for "Usher Hall."

There are other ancient buildings in this neighbourhood on which I could expatiate with pleasure, especially "Lumb Hall," remarkable once for its fine "Oriel" window, and where I once saw a stand for arrows, &c., but I must restrain myself. Barbarous, immoral, and poor, however, as this part of the country has been for above a century, it was once a choice situation. There is now only one other dwelling which merits notice, and this is a cottage.

This cottage which is, I think, the furthest on the Moor, and on the right from Adwalton to Birstal, is very different in its structure from Slack's cottage at Morley. It is of lath and plaster, and consists of but one low storey, as that originally has done; but here we have a hut "gallowssed" at the ends (to use a Yorkshire term) and having the rigtree, or top beam of the roof, supported by this gallowssing, or chiefly so.

Upon the roof of this cottage a boy sat and saw the Battle of Adwalton Moor, a fact which John Barrowclough, a very aged man, used often to relate,‡ whose mother knew this person very well; and through this channel it has reached me, that the Earl of Newcastle's troops came out upon the Moor over that high ridge where there are now collieries of Miss Whiteleg. The soldiers of

† Blount's Tenures, by Beckwith, p. 243. Gentleman's Magazine. 1820, page 299.

* Gaze's Hengrave, 192; Nicholl's Progresses. See further —Hone's Every Day Book, vol. 1, p. 1620. Table Book, vol. 1, p. 390.

† My conjecture is that the "Boar's Head and Mustard" gave way to the "Calf's Head and Brains." A dish very common still on the 30th of January. "The Calves' Head Club" flourished in London till some part of the last century, and there was, probably, the brains; which is more than can be said for all associations, so far as their object in meeting is concerned.

‡ For this I have the authority of one of the most truly venerable men I know, and who once accompanied me to the field of Battle

* Hone's Table Book, vol. 1, p. 390. This also appears to have been the annual custom at Sir Rowland Wynn's, at Nostel, in the early part of last century. See Memoirs of the Life of Mrs. Cappe.

Fairfax coming from Whisket-Hill would approach in a direction nearly opposite.

That this was the hill alluded to by Sir Thomas Fairfax in his Memoirs, as the place where the fight commenced, is manifest not only from tradition, but from a scarce pamphlet, printed in 1649, and entitled "An historical relation of eight years' services for King and Parliament, done in and about Manchester and those parts, by Lieut. Col. John Roseworm, who writes as follows :—

"About July 4th, 1643, the Earl of Newcastle with no small force made an angry approach towards Lancashire, our men at Manchester were sent out to oppose his passage. The issue was, our men were beaten at Whisket-Hill, in Yorkshire, and pursued into Lancashire by the enemy, who quickly also possessed himself of Halifax. When I had received this sad intelligence, I informed myself of the nature of the passes by which the enemy could most easily come in upon us, and finding them capable of a sudden fortification, by the consent of the Deputy Lieutenants, I quickly helped nature with art, strengthening Blackstone-Edge and Blackgate, and manning them with soldiers to prevent the Earl's dangerous approach, by which means, being diverted, like an angry storm with a gust, he went to the siege of Hull."

Writing upon the year 1643, "I must not forget," says Mr. Evelyn, "to relate what amazed us on the night of the 10th of March—namely, a shining cloud in the ayre, in shape resembling a sword—the *point* reaching to the *North*. It was as bright as the moon, the rest of the sky being very serene. It began about eleven at night, and vanished not till one, being seen by all the South of England." This was ominous at a period when omens were observed and were influential.

But now let us come to the Battle of Adwalton Moor—a battle so much more honourable, when rightly understood, to the Parliamentarians, though routed, than to the "Cavaliers," who gained here a short-lived advantage, that I cannot refrain from the narrative; first, only premising that though the former were but a handful of men, compared with the latter—had few cavalry, and no artillery with them, yet, that their defeat was entirely occasioned by treachery and accident.

Having previously related the many privations, hardships, and disadvantages of his men up to the time of this contest, Sir Thomas Fairfax proceeds thus :—

"Hitherto, through God's mercy, we had held up near two years against a potent army; but they finding us now almost tired with continual service, treacherously used by friends, and wanting many things necessary for support and defence, the Earl of Newcastle marched with an army of *ten or twelve thousand* men to besiege us, and resolved to sit down before Bradford, which was a very untenable place.

"Hither my father drew all the forces he could spare out of the garrisons, but seeing it impossible to defend the town otherwise than by strength of men, and that we had not above ten or twelve days provision for so many as were necessary to keep it, we resolved next morning, with a body of *three thousand* men, to attempt his whole army, as they lay in their quarters three miles off; hoping, by it, to put him to some distraction, which could not be done any other way, by reason of the unequal numbers.

"To this end my father appointed four of the clock next morning to begin our march, but Major General Gifford, who had the ordering of the business, so delayed the execution of it that it was seven or eight before we began to move, and not without much suspicion of treachery; for, when we came near the place we intended, the enemy's whole army was drawn up in battalia.

"We were to go up a hill to them. That our forlorn hope gained by beating theirs into their main body, which was drawn up half-a-mile further upon a plain, called 'Adderton Moor.' We being all got up the hill, drew into battalia also,—I commanded the right wing, which was about one thousand foot, and five troops of horse. Major General Gifford commanded the left wing, which was about the same number.—My father commanded in chief.

"We advanced through the inclosed grounds till we came to the Moor, beating the foot that lay in them to their main body.

"Ten or twelve troops of horse charged us in the right wing—we kept the inclosures, placing our musketeers in the hedges next to the Moor, which was a good advantage to us who had so few horse.

"*There was a gate or open place to the Moor*

where five or six might go abreast. Here they strive to enter—we to defend it, but after some dispute those that entered the pass found sharp entertainment, and those who were not as yet entered, as hot a welcome from the musketeers that flanked them in the hedges. They were all in the end forced to retreat with the loss of Colonel Howard,* who commanded them.

“Our left wing was at the same time engaged with the enemy’s foot, and had gained ground of them. The horse came down again and charged us, they being about thirteen or fourteen troops. We defended ourselves as before, but with more difficulty. Many having gotten in among us were beaten off, but with some loss—Colonel Herne, who commanded that party, was slain. We pursued them to their cannon.

“Here,” continues Sir Thomas Fairfax, “I cannot omit a remarkable instance of divine Justice. Whilst we were engaged with the horse that entered the gate, four soldiers had stripped Colonel Herne naked as he lay on the ground, men still fighting round about him; and so dexterous were these villains that they had done it and mounted themselves again before we had beaten the enemy off; but after we had beaten them to their ordnance, as I said, and were now returning to our ground again, the enemy discharged a piece of cannon in our rear. The bullet fell into Captain Copley’s† troop, in which were these four men, two of whom were killed, and some hurt or mark remained on the others, though dispersed into several ranks of the troops, which made it more remarkable. We had not yet martial law among us. This gave me a good occasion to declare to the soldiers how God would punish when men wanted power to do it.

“This charge, and the resolution our men showed on the left wing, made the enemy think of retreating. *Orders were given for it, and some marched off the field.*

“Whilst they were in this wavering condition, Colonel Skirton‡ desired his General to let him charge once with a stand of pikes, with which he broke in upon our men, and

* He lies buried, as I am credibly informed, at Corby Church, five miles from Carlisle, and on the Banks of the Eden: where a tablet commemorates his fall at Atherton.

† This, I have no doubt, was one of the Copleys, of Batley-Hall, which family married into that of the Saviles, of Howley. My reasons will appear elsewhere.

‡ This name I suspect to be Sturton, and that it was so written by Sir Thomas Fairfax, and that this Colonel Sturton was a Roman Catholic. One of Henrietta Maria’s Colonels.

(not being relieved by our reserves, which were commanded by some ill affected officers, chiefly Major General Gifford, who did not his part as he ought to do) our men lost ground, which the enemy seeing pursued this advantage by bringing on fresh troops; ours, being therewith discouraged, began to fly, and were soon routed. The horse also charged us again. We, not knowing what was done on the left wing, our men maintained their ground till a command came for us to retreat, having scarce anyway left now to do it, the enemy being almost round about us, and our way to Bradford cut off. *But there was a lane in the field we were in, which led to Halifax,* and which, as an happy providence, brought us off without any great loss, save of Captain Talbot and twelve more that were slain in this last encounter. Of those who fled there were about sixty killed and three hundred taken prisoners.”

Some years ago I reconnoitred this field of battle, near Adwalton, more times than once, having the foregoing narrative fresh upon my mind; and the impressions then made upon me were committed to writing. Nothing can be more intelligible than the account of the modest and gallant Fairfax, whose accuracy also is not only confirmed by the Memoirs of Capt. Hodgson, and of the Historian Rushworth, but by others. As some inclosures, however, and many alterations have been made in and near this field since his days, and the lanes are fast disappearing, that our posterity may have an idea of the battle, I shall communicate my gleanings.

On the South West side of the Moor is a lane called “Warren’s-Lane,” which opened upon it, and through which about five or six men might have walked abreast. It leads, with a bending course, Southward, to Oakwell-Hall, the seat of the family of Batt, before-mentioned; thence it conducts to the bottom of the village of Great Gomersal,§ and so on to the top of what is now the Leeds and Elland Road. It is needless, perhaps, to say that this was the way by which Sir Thomas Fairfax retreated to Halifax, as its very situation indicates as much; besides which we know that soldiers entered Oakwell Hall on the day of the fight, and of a person having opened a gate for Sir Thomas on his road to Gomersal. I am more minute in my

§ This Lane or some one of those leading out of Adwalton Moor was, I have little doubt, the ancient road from Halifax to Leeds, passing through “Neepshaw-Lane,” and over the Moor. Such at least has been the tradition, now nearly lost.

description of Warren's-Lane, because it enables the inquisitive observer to form the best notion of the fight, and because it already has disappeared, or soon is likely to be seen no more. The lower part, indeed, or that next Oakwell-Hall, has been long added to the adjoining fields. It was in the inclosures on the North of this lane's top that Sir Thomas Fairfax was posted, having his extreme right upon it.

On the West side of the Moor is another lane called "Hodgson's-Lane," no doubt from Capt. Hodgson, of Coley-Hall, near Halifax,* to whom and to whose interesting Memoirs I have before referred. It leads to Birkenshaw, and out upon Tong Moor, which, being in the direction of Bradford, was about the line in which the Parliamentarians advanced, after having driven the out-posts of the enemy from the summit of Whisket-Hill. Hodgson's-Lane top and the immediate inclosures give us the centre of the line where the battle became general; and it was, no doubt, with a view of breaking this centre, that charges of cavalry were so often made upon it at this place.—Here was "the gate or open place upon the Moor where," as we are told, "five or six might enter abreast."—Here Lord Ferdinando Fairfax commanded in chief—and here the battle raged with the utmost fury.

On the right of Hodgson's-Lane, or still more Northward, is now a windmill, which gives us, very nearly, the post of the treacherous Major General Gifford. Between that part of the Moor which is at the top of the lane and the point opposite this windmill is now a line of cottages just skirting upon the plain. Hereabouts, from what will hereafter appear, the tug of war must have been tremendous.

That such was the position of the Parliamentarians is manifest, upon a review of Sir Thomas Fairfax's narrative, an inspection of the ground, and the traditions and accounts of the villagers. Sir Thomas commanded the "right wing"—"*and there was a lane,*" says he, "*in the field we were in which led to Halifax,*" which, as an happy providence, brought us off without any great loss." And again he tells us—"When the command came for us to retreat, there was scarce any way

to do it, the enemy being almost round about us, and our way to Bradford cut off." By what ever way, therefore, old Ferdinando and General Gifford retired to Bradford, Sir Thomas was compelled to retreat by Warren's-Lane to Halifax, as upon any other route he must have been intercepted.

Though the Battle of Adwalton Moor is little noticed in our general histories, and though its issue was unpropitious to freedom, it is still worthy of a better pen than mine. The military relics annually found after a lapse of nearly two centuries, and those too in fields which many scores of times have been gone over with the plough, sufficiently indicate the severity of the conflict, while they corroborate my account as to the position of the Parliamentarians.

In the inclosures on the right of Warren's-Lane, as you enter it from the Moor, many cannon balls of iron and lead—horse shoes of singular forms—grape or cannister shot—bridle-bits with chains—bullets of different sizes—(of nearly all which I have specimens)—have been repeatedly turned up even of late years; and the same thing may be said as to all the inclosures, till you get a field or two North East of the windmill, when they cease to appear. In the fields North West of the windmill the quantity of bullets discovered has been so great that a dozen have been found in one day; and in a little garden, on the West skirts of the Moor, a woman told me her husband had found scores of them, which had been given to their children for "taws." But though the contest seems chiefly to have been within the inclosures on the West and North West skirts of the Moor, we are not to suppose there was no fighting upon the plain; for Sir Thomas relates that the enemy were pursued even to their cannon; and there is some evidence of this in the swords, pikes, and other things which have been discovered in banks of old inclosures on the East or Adwalton side of it, and the same articles tell us that there was sharp work between Hodgson's and Warren's-Lane.

Such was the Battle of Adwalton Moor, in which many of those persons whose names are most material to my history, acted a conspicuous part. One of them, at least, did so,

* From Capt. Hodgson's mention of the "Service Book," which was introduced in Scotland, July 23rd, 1637, and other particulars, it is to be inferred that he took up arms early in the Civil War, and his comrade, the Major, very probably did the same.

† It appears, from the Memoirs of the Major's intimate acquaintance, Captain Hodgson, that Lord Fairfax came to Bradford to strengthen his party, and issued an invitation to the country to come in, "at which time," says he, "many appeared, both horse and foot, and staid in the army." See page 96, and their reasons for so doing.

and that one was Joshua Greatheed, then in the 28th year of his age, and promoted by old Ferdinando to the rank of Major for his extraordinary energies on this memorable field.†—Whatever ground there might be for complaint against Gifford, or against one Major Jeffries, the keeper of the ammunition, “which he treacherously contrived to make away with,” or withhold, according to Mr. Lister’s testimony, or whatever suspicion might attach to others high in command, none, certainly, belonged to the other officers and soldiers, whose devotion to “the good cause,” even under circumstances the most trying, was unimpaired. As to Greatheed (who was probably an officer at this period) he attracted the notice of the whole army.—Where the banners rose and the halberd glittered—where the thunders roared and the lightnings flew—amidst the shouts of battle and the shock of arms, and where death appeared in its most varied forms, he was observed to rush like one who courted destruction, but had resolved to part with life at the dearest price. Yet, strange to tell! by that singular fatality, which at such times is often attendant on peculiar daring, “while soldiers fell around, before, behind, and on every side, there was no bullet for him.”—But the hairbreadth escapes which he had was evidenced by his hat,‡ preserved in the family for above a century afterwards. It had been perforated by two balls, and cut in stripes, upon the brim, by the swords of cavalry.§ It excited, no doubt, the surprise and admiration of thousands. It bespoke the undaunted character of its owner, fighting, as he must have been, in the very thickest of the enemy.

Susannah Westerman, mother of Hannah Westerman, of Morley, and who lived as servant to the granddaughter of the Major, used often to talk about this hat, which she well recollected her mistress bringing along with his swords, commission, picture, and other things, to Morley. Other persons too, besides John Westerman, (still living) have told me of this hat in my juvenile days, but alas! although I possess the other things, the hat was lost before I came into existence.—Unfortunately for me my grandfather could see no value in this grotesque and singular

hat, and never dreamt how different from his own might be the taste of his posterity.

The Battle of Adwalton Moor, notwithstanding the result, is among the number of contests of these times, which may teach us the vast superiority of moral over mere physical or brute force—of principle and patriotism, over ignorance and servility. Confiding in their immense numbers—their powerful cavalry and cannon—in the treachery of Gifford, Jeffries, and others, and the discontent arising from false notions, the Royalist army could assure itself of nothing short of an immediate victory; and yet, after all, it was only achieved by a sort of accident. Their outposts beaten back upon the main body, twice did they attack with a numerous cavalry, and twice were they driven away to their cannon, leaving their commanders dead upon the field. The little army advanced—the mighty host retired—a general panic had seized it—“a general retreat* was sounded”—and “troops even had quitted the field”—all, in short, appeared to be over, and the Republican arms were triumphant, when by the fortune of a General Officer on the one side, and the perfidy of some of higher rank on the other, the battle, lost, was recovered.

In Watson’s History of Halifax it is said that the soldiers (meaning the Republicans) upon their retreat entered Oakwell-Hall, in search of Dr. Marsh, a Royalist, Vicar of Birstal, and afterwards of Halifax, who married to his second wife a daughter of Robert Batt, the owner of that house. If this account be correct, it must at least be allowed that they behaved well, in neither plundering the house, as the Royalists did Howley-Hall, or hurting any one; but it seems very unlikely that soldiers upon a retreat should have loitered here in quest of an insignificant individual, and that man only a Parson. Much more credible is the tradition which attributes all this to the violence of the Royalist party, against the Republicans suspected to have been concealed there. Whatever soldiers they were, the terror of Mrs. Batt, at this time confined “to the straw,” was very great, and so scared was her nurse that, snatching up the child, she fled with it in haste to Pontefract.

†Mr. Owen Scatterd, aged now about seventy years, informs me that he perfectly remembers also a kind of helmet, the cap of which was of steel, being shewn by his grandmother along with the swords, commission, and other things of the Ma

§ I cannot be quite sure whether this was done on Atherton or on Marston-Moor, but tradition reported the former.

* Sir Thomas Fairfax, I observe, makes no mention of individuals who displayed remarkable intrepidity. There was, doubtless, good policy in this, especially at the beginning of the war. Besides, where so many of a little band of warriors acted heroically, it would have been invidious to notice but a few. Besides, too, it was not the custom of his times,

Since writing the above passage I have been informed, on most respectable authority, that the owner of Oakwell-Hall, in 1643, was an officer on the Royalist side, and was at the Battle of Adwalton Moor; and I find mention made of a Captain Batt in Hodgson and Pepyss's Memoirs,† as being in the service of Charles 2nd. Besides, I know, and have stated heretofore, what were the principles of these "blind" but knavish "Batts" under the reigns of James, Charles, and Charles, his son. These reflections incline me to think that there is an anachronism and other blunders in Watson's account. My conjecture therefore is, that Fairfax's troops did, at some time before or after the battle, enter Oakwell-House, not in search, however, for Parson Marsh, but for Captain John Batt, who was then its owner. Marsh, no doubt, married a daughter of Robert Batt, the uncle of John, and Fellow and Vicemaster, at one time, of University College, Oxford; for this narration is not opposed to the pedigree of the family; but then Robert was not the owner of Oakwell Mansion, how often soever he, or his son-in-law, might visit there.

Richard Marsh, of Cambridge University, "was Chaplain to Archbishop Laud, and afterwards to Charles 1st. In November, 1644, he had the Deanery of York given him by the King, then at Oxford, in preference of (another sycophant) Dr. Peter Heylin, who endeavoured by his friends to procure‡ that dignity. After the Restoration he was again elected to the Deanery, and installed on the 20th of August, 1660, and dying on the 13th of October, 1663, aged 78, he was buried near the grave of Archbishop Hutton." One cannot but perceive by this, among innumerable other such instances, what all these fellows with their clamour§ about "loyalty" were secretly after; and here we may gather one reason why Cromwell has been so hated and vilified by men of their cloth. He cut down monopolies—abolished pluralities—compelled residence—and ejected scandalous Ministers. In short, he allowed the Nation to enjoy a large portion of that benefit which those who wanted more their political services conferred on them. With him real merit, and merit only, arising from superior

integrity or talents, was the sure and only road to promotion.

Oakwell-Hall, upon which, fortunately, we have a date, 1583, is, even yet, a curious and beautiful mansion. The present owners, Messrs. Wray and Oliver, obtained it by marriage with the two nieces of one Henry Barker, of Gray's Inn. It seems to have been built by that Henry Batt who pulled down the great bell of Birstal Church, and also the Vicarage-House, converting the materials and produce thereof to his own emolument.

From this house to the Church the distance is so short that I must not omit the mention of a few particulars, unnoticed, as far as I remember, by any preceding author. For a particular account of the Church itself—a list of its Vicars, and notices of the chief persons who lie interred within it, I must refer the reader to Whitaker's Leeds. It is not for me to relate what has been told by others, besides which, my aim throughout this work is to confine myself to matter of amusement or instruction. In a word, I aspire to the honour of having my book *read* by people of all descriptions, and not regarded with cold indifference as *a dry compilation, or a book only of reference*.

This beautiful country Church,* with its fine embattled tower of the same age, manifestly, as that of Batley, has eight excellent bells, lately recast, and a capital organ. For propriety in every respect no Church can surpass it. If there be one subject of regret, I must say it is the substitution of Sunday Scholars, squalling in the gallery, in the place of that fine set of singers, which thirty years ago was the pride of Birstal, and the "envy of surrounding villages." And here, by the way, I would record it that about this time music was at its height in Yorkshire. Many of our country singers were astonishingly conversant with the works of Handel, Boyce, Green, and other great composers. Many were excellent sightmen—that is, able to sing a piece of music at first sight, especially if the words were known to which that music was adapted. Some, I have known, who

* The chancel of Birstal Church has been very fine, but it is now nearly filled with pews. On the North side of the altar or communion table, is the burial place, sarcophagus, or chapel of the Greens, of Liversedge (anciently of the Nevilles). On the South side is that which once belonged to the Batts, and appertains to the Oakwell property. A person here lies buried under a plain flagstone, without a single letter over him, either from a relation or acquaintance.—The reader shall draw his own inference—it will certainly be correct.

The Church of Birstal is dedicated to St. Peter.

† See also Hodgson's Memoirs, p. 93; Rushworth, vol. 6, p. 279; Hodgson, p. 180.

‡ As far as I remember this information was gathered from Wood's Athens.

§ I might with as much propriety have written "cant," as clamour, for there has been, since the accession of the Tudors at least, a cant in politics equal to any cant in religion.

could sing upon any cliff—nay, one Ananiah Illingworth, a poor, working clothier, of Morley, had such a talent this way that even the old, obsolete cliffs, pertaining (once) to Church music, did not half so much puzzle him as the reading of words. I know not to what other cause than the great increase of organs to attribute the general decrease of musical men, since about the close of the last century; and yet, at Birstal, there was an organ long before that time.† However, it strikes me, that wherever there is an encouragement to musical men, without musical voices, to study the science, music will more certainly prevail than where such men, by the introduction of an organ, are set aside.

The Register of Birstal Church, like those of Batley, Ardsley, and Woodchurch, is remarkably defective for that period, about which a strong curiosity is ever felt. Not one person did I find in the list of interments who could be supposed to have fallen at Adwalton Moor Fight, so that I am fully persuaded the slain were buried on the plain. It is singular, however, that none of their bones have been discovered; a circumstance which causes me to think they were thrown into deep pits dug upon the field,‡ after the usage of preceding centuries.

The oldest stones in the Church-yard are two which lie unnoticed on the East side. They have ancient crosses cut in relief upon them, one of which is a sort of wheel cross; and one of them has the figure of an hour-glass, intended, as I am persuaded, to represent an ancient chalice; but not a single letter has ever appeared upon them. These stones, beyond a doubt, once lay in the chancel of the Church, over the graves of the early Vicars, and were cast out of it, when the present Church was built, along with others of the same kind, which have been destroyed. One of them, at least, of very high antiquity, has certainly been broken up or converted to some ignoble use.

Not far from these slabs is the base of a pedestal, which rustic ignorance would refer to a dial, as in the instance of one at Morley; but its situation and remains convince me to have belonged to an ancient cross, demolished, without dispute, in Henry the 8th or Edward the 6th's reign, but more probably in Edward's.

† There may, however, have been, and probably was, a fine set of singers before the organ, which is not an old one, was introduced.

‡ See Drake's account of Towton Field, and innumerable other authorities.

It is the fashion of the present age,§ as it was of the last century, to attribute every work of spoliation to the noblest, the bravest, the most generous and patriotic set of men that ever appeared in this our land, or that any age or nation has produced. These representations always appear to me the offspring of malevolence, servility, or ignorance; and the more I have read on the subject of our sepulchral monuments and ecclesiastical antiquities, the more I detest that baseness which would refer the plunder, devastation, and violence of the execrable Tudor dynasty to men of the most opposite character. Not that I would insinuate these patriots to have been absolutely guiltless; for into some excesses they were, assuredly, betrayed. But, considering their prejudices, their provocations, and the age in which they lived, their forbearance is wonderful, unless it be deemed unpardonable in them to have pulled down the castles—the strongholds of despotism—the seats of aristocracy and petty tyranny throughout the nation.||

The stone which has the most ancient inscription of any now visible is on the North West side of the Church. Upon it is engraved H. R. xxviii July, A.D. 1602. This, which is the most ancient flat gravestone which I ever remember to have seen in a Burial-ground, was found lately with some other old slabs on the West of the belfry or tower, covered with earth and rubbish. As the Reyners and Hopkinsons were the chief families in the seventeenth century at Birstal, I take it that this stone was for one of the Reyners.

The next stone in point of antiquity lies at the South West corner of the porch. It is for one Nicholas Kitson, of Gomersal-Magna, whom it states was buried here the 25th of November, 1643. I notice it because this was scarcely four months after the tremendous battle in the neighbourhood.

Another stone, having the inscription composed by a celebrated Sessions Lawyer, and which was at Oakwell-Hall, ready cut, and prepared for removal, long before the death of him whom it commemorates, is so curious

§ There were some bones found at Adwalton four years ago, and thereby hangs a curious narrative, but for some time it may be as well omitted.

|| I often meet with people who attribute the pulling down of the Abbays—the destruction of the Crosses—the destruction of Bells—and robbery of the Churches, to Oliver Cromwell; not knowing that it was Cromwell, the vile Minister of Henry the 8th, who countenanced these things. To confound two men of such an opposite character, is worse than the blunder of the man who knew no difference between Alexander the Great and Alexander the copper-smith.

that I cannot refrain from noticing it. The name of Fairfax Fearnley will make it interesting to a few readers.

"This is to the memory of Old Amos
Who was, *when alive*, for hunting, famous;
But now his chases are all o'er,
And here he's earth'd, of years fourscore.
Upon this stone he's often sat,
And tried to read his Epitaph;
And thou who dost so at this moment,
Shalt, ere long, somewhere lie dormant."

"Amos Street, of Birstal, huntsman to Mr. Fearnley, of Oakwell, departed this life, Oct. 3rd, 1777."

Fearnley died, if I mistake not, suddenly, at Harewood House, where he was a visitor. It is said he used frequently to fall asleep during the concerts there, which may very well be credited from the above specimen of his deficiency, both as to ear and taste. His memory, however, was great, and by the application of his talents to one thing only (the Law) he made a considerable figure in these parts for many years. His burial place was Harewood Church, where there is a tablet—the only thing which commemorates his having once existed.

Upon a tombstone on the West side of Birstal Church, is the following inscription:—

"Sub hoc Tumulo depositæ sunt Exuvie Ricardi Ford de Liversedge Medici suo tempore celeberrimi qui obiit Aprilis XV Anno Dni MDC xci ætatis 60. Juxta hic jacet Maria ejusdem Ricardi filia quæ obiit Feb 4 AD 1694."

I am unable to give any account of this celebrated physician or of his family.

At the East end of the Church, upon a stone over the window, are the letters I. H. C.; and the same may be seen carved on oak wood, under a pinnacle at the North end of the ancient Rectory-House.

There has been much dispute among the learned as to the meaning of these letters, which are sometimes I. H. C.* and at other times I. H. S. Some writers say they are the initials of Jesus hominum Salvator or Soter—Conservator or Conditor. Others think the word Jesus is only intended, and say it is the illiterate abbreviation of the Greek word IHEOVE, brought by pilgrims from the Holy

Land, where it was thus written, altering the S. or Sigma into C. or Cappa. In this dispute, as in that of the travellers about the colour of the chameleon, it seems to me that "all are right, yet all are wrong,"—in other words, that sometimes the letters are used in one way and sometimes in another, but generally, I believe, the word Jesus only is intended.

That I. H. S. is a contraction for Jesus appears from its being spelt Ihesus, as Nichols says† it is found upon a bell, cast in 1596; and a writer in the *Archæologia* also tells us of a bell on which was inscribed "Ihesus be our speed." Again we meet with instances in which it is coupled with other words and can only signify Jesus, as in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for 1803, p. 417, where we read of a motto, "Jesus exaltatio Mea." In all these instances, I. H. S. or I. H. C. clearly signify but that word at the name of which, as we are told, "every knee should bow."

Some writers,‡ however, pretend to say they have found I. H. S. or I. H. C. coupled with the words "et P. C.," and, if this be so, we must, undoubtedly, read it Jesus hominum Salvator, et Pacis Conditor. But, really, I believe, if the truth were declared, their "et" would be "x," and, if so, every antiquary knows that X. P. C. or X. P. S. being Christus, I. H. C., X. P. C. is Jesus Christ, which brings us back again to my favourite interpretation.

One of our best antiquaries—Watson, the Historian of Halifax, informs us that in domestic buildings these letters were put up as an antidote against the power of witchcraft, and this is confirmed by an authority in the *Archæologia*.§ From their being found, however, in all parts of our sacred structures, I have no doubt that their efficacy was believed to extend much further than is supposed.

These letters are found not only on bells|| but on ancient Romish vestments—cushions—hinges of doors—pews—fonts—windows—lamps—coins—cenotaphs—rings—purses or pouches—swords—armorial bearings—consecrated wafers—chalices, and other ancient

* One of the Historians of Pontefract is so little of an antiquary as to be "set quite fast" with these ordinary initials. No wonder that he could not make out the age of All Saints Church there; for, though living then on the spot, he probably never saw an inscription on a pillar of that Church, which an architect lately found, and was also at a loss to make out. From his drawing and description I conjecture that it was built by the Guild of the Holy Trinity, at Pontefract, in Richard the 2nd's reign, and with this the architecture of the Church corresponds.

† History of Leicestershire, vol. 2, part 1, p. 126—197.

‡ Gentleman's Magazine for 1792, p. 981.

§ Vol. 20, p. 521; Vol. 3, p. 319; Whitaker's Leeds, vol. 2, p. 328.

|| Nichols's Leicestershire, vol. 2, part 1, p. 126—197. *Archæologia*, vol. 20, p. 521.



things innumerable.¶ The agency of witches and other invisible powers of a malignant nature, was indeed the perpetual theme and terror of our remote ancestors, who used amulets, rings, bells, and exorcisms, to protect them from the supposed danger. The Romish Priests, for evident reasons, encouraged the delusion—a curious specimen of their craft is inserted in the appendix.**

On a brass plate near the small South door of the Church, and against the wall of it, is this inscription:—

“Hie jacet spe resurrectionis Elizabeth Uxor Francisci Popeley Generosi — Mulier singulari Virtute — duas reliquit Filias — Monumentum hoc Maritus posuit charissimæ memoriæ piæ conjugis—Obiit tricessimo die Mensis Decembris, Anno. 1632.”

On each side of the figure of this Mrs. Popeley, cut in brass, are those of her two daughters, kneeling in the attitude of prayer. “These kind of representations,” says Mr. Gough, in his capital work, the “Sepulchral Monuments,” “did not commence till after the Reformation;” but with due deference to so respectable an authority, I remember well to have found an instance under Henry the 7th’s reign, and I doubt not my ability to refer to it when more at leisure.

The only tomb in the interior of the Church which I shall notice, has the following inscription:—

“Hie compositi Cineres Johannis Batt, nuper de Oakwell, in Agro Eboracensi Armigeri qui 6^{to}. Idauum Junii, Anno. æræ Christianæ, 1707, ætatis 43^{tis}. morti occubuit.” This John, the last male of this family, is the only one of whom mention is made in the burial place. A strange circumstance, indeed, when the pedigree, wealth, connections, and consequence of that family is considered. I can only draw the inference from it which I have arrived at, as touching the Copleys of Batley.

There is one curiosity connected with Birstal Church which I cannot pass over in silence, though other antiquaries have done so, being probably unacquainted with its former uses, and the design with which it was built; I mean that singular ancient Shed which is at the South West entrance of the

Church-yard, surmounted with balls and stands. This, I would inform the reader, is an ancient Lich or Corpse-Gate, of which I saw two specimens last year, in Westmoreland and Cumberland; but, generally speaking, they are very great rarities now-a-days. The word Lich is the Saxon* word for corpus or body, hence Lichfield, which signified the field of corpse or dead bodies. At these Sheds or Corpse-Gates, in Catholic times, the corpses were set down and the mourners rested under a covering, which was designed, no doubt, to protect them against rain and heat; for which latter purpose too, there were anciently trees near the place. Here the Minister, who was so directed by the Rubric, met the corpse at the “*entrance of the Church-yard.*”†

The private or foot-path entrances into Church-yards, in ancient times, was generally by a Turnstile,‡ and I question whether the Lich-Gate was ever without one. In the accounts of the Churchwardens of St. Mary’s, Leicester, given by Mr. Nicholls, (I think) we have this entry.

“Paid for a board (or plank) for a Turnstile, 4d.” Sketches of these Lich-Gates and Turnstiles the reader may find in Mr. Hone’s “Table Book,” vol. 1, p. 417. Vol. 2, p. 271. I have only to add further on this subject my hopes, that the future Vicars and Churchwardens at Birstal, will never allow their little antique and curious Lich-Gate to be demolished, to make way, perchance, for a pair of clumsy, inappropriate farm-yard posts, such as we now see at Beeston, in the place of a fine arch, which was the only ornament of that village.

From Burton’s Monastacon, it appears, that William de Wartre, the fourteenth Prior of Nostel, and who died in 1291, purchased the advowson of this Church, which was a Rectory belonging to the patronage of the family of the Tyllys, till the 3rd of February, 1280. Master Thomas de Dalton, then Rector, with the consent of Robert Tyll, patron thereof, presented Ralph Liversedge to the Vicarage of the same, which Wickwam, Archbishop of York, ordered to be taxed as Burton specifies; but on the 25th of

*See Notes to Bosworth’s Grammar, p. 104; Fosbrooke’s Encyclopædia, and the Gentleman’s Magazine for 1804, p. 746.

†Bishop Sparrow, in his “Rationale upon the Book of Common Prayer,” says “The Priest meeting the corpse at the Church stile,” &c. p. 805.

‡As an antiquary I feel rather alarmed, perceiving that the stonemason is “abroad” at Birstal; as may be seen by the gate-posts on the North side of the Burial-ground.

¶ See the Gent.’s Mag. for 1792, 1793, 1806, 1807, 1811, etc. Gough’s Sepulch. Mons. vol. 1, p. 139. Fosbrooke, vol. 1, p. 282–123. Whitaker’s Whalley, vol. 2, p. 386. Archæol. vol. 18, p. 116. I have authorities for all these things—too many to quote.

** See Appendix, No. 4.

September, 1300, Thomas Corbridge, Archbishop of York, appropriated it to the Prior and Convent of Nostel, who, of course, held this living till the dissolution of Monasteries. Some of the foundations of houses once inhabited by these "religious" can be still traced, and certain closes still called "Monk Ings," of about twenty acres extent, still attest their former residence, near Birstal.

I cannot quit this parish without noticing a spot which will be interesting as long as science, literature, and individual worth shall be respected—I mean "Field-head." Here, in a miserable room twelve feet six inches long, by six feet six inches wide, and the same about in height, having but a single small window, leaded, and glazed with little diamond "quarrels," was born the celebrated Dr. Priestley—celebrated, I say, but not merely so in his own country, like many of our eminent men, but celebrated for his discoveries, his talents, and his learning, throughout the civilized world. It is not for me to write of the Doctor and his times, but I would refer my readers, with some solicitude, to the narrative of the last illness of this

illustrious man, as published by his son. To me it has always appeared to be distinguished from any scene of the kind I ever read of. It seemed more like the exit of a patriarch than of a modern. For dignity, it reminded one of a Jacob; for philosophy, of a Socrates or Plato; for piety and resignation, of a Stephen. He called his children and grandchildren around his bed, directed that a chapter in St. John's Gospel should be read, accosted them in the most elevated and affecting manner, and expired as one having "a good hope through faith." He abandoned no principles—he manifested no presumption—he betrayed no fears—he expressed no regrets for any wilful errors of his past life—nor is this at all surprising; for who ever heard of an accusing conscience where no guilt upbraids? who ever heard of the death-bed repentance of a dying saint? who ever heard of a man, like Priestley, deserting opinions so acquired,|| so matured, so settled, and and so consolatory?

||Dr. Priestley's parents and family were all of the Calvinistic persuasion, and he was carefully educated in those principles, but he soon renounced them. Much sooner than the celebrated Robert Robinson, who preached his last sermon in the Doctor's pulpit.

GILDERSOME.

ETYMOLOGIES are sometimes far fetched and absurd,—sometimes ludicrous. The reader will not, I trust, consider mine so in regard to the word Gildersome, as I am not without vanity in my present conjectures.

Gildersome, as I take it, should be written Guelderzoom. It is a Dutch word.—Zoom, in that language signifies hem or seam, and metaphorically, a border or boundary. Guelderzoom, therefore, when properly translated, signifies nearly the same as if the word be construed Gueldersham; that is, it means the village boundary or district of Guelders. Now, to prove the corruption of this word—to show the reader that the word Guelderzoom would, in England, be certainly converted into Gueldersome, I refer him to Stowe's Annals, for instance, where, in page 1224, he will find that the word Bergen-op-Zoom¶ is written *Bergen-ap-Some*. Here, then, is a convincing proof that the termination "Some," has been Zoom.—Now then for the "Guelders."

No word like Gildersome occurs in Domesday Survey of these parts. The term clearly sprang up at a far later period, and may, perhaps, owe its origin to persecution for conscience sake; for, although we find from history, that two weavers from Brabant, settled at York, 1331, which Edward the 3rd accounted "of great benefit to himself and his subjects;" and although trade was evidently upon the advance in our cities and chief towns, especially from this period:* yet to the persecutions of the Protestants in the low countries, especially by the Duke of Alva, and the fortunate encouragement of them by Elizabeth, we owe the chief population and trade of those spots in this vicinity, which have at length become large villages. I take it, therefore, that Gildersome was first called from these emigrant traders, who here found on asylum, flying from Guelderland, about the year 1571, or some time before it.

¶ Bergen-op-Zoom is the hill upon the Zoom (i.e.) boundary or border. See the Gentleman's Magazine for 1747, page 328.

* I take the liberty to refer here to a small Tract which I published last year, on "Ancient Bridges and Chantry Chapels upon them," and which I flatter myself, may amuse an antiquary who has not seen it.

I am only aware of one objection to this, my favourite hypothesis, and that relates to the period when these Guelders or Gelders settled here and gave the place its name. It is, however, an objection of some weight, and it long inclined me towards another etymology.

"In the Coucher Book of Nostel," says Dr. Whitaker, fo. 344, "is a perambulation of the parish of Batley. The village of Courlewel," (Churwell) says this book, "is situated within the limits of the Church of Batley.—Secondly, the boundary of the parishes of Leeds and Batley, is described to be a certain river descending between the Wood of Farnley and the Wood of *Gilders*, (Gildersome) as far as the hospital of Beston."

Guild signifies "a society or corporation—a company or fraternity,† combined together by orders and laws made among themselves, and by the Prince's license;" and a certain author will have it, as apparent from the ancient Guilds established for the manufacture of woollen cloth, that this kingdom, in early times, greatly flourished in that art. Now, this society or fraternity were, undoubtedly, Hollanders, and came from the part called Guelderland; and the mention of such a people in the Coucher Book, written, if I mistake not, about Henry the 5th's reign, undoubtedly proves that they had settled at Gildersome, at a much earlier period than has been stated. A period, in fact not much later than Edward the 3rd's reign.

In Thorpe's Catalogue of 1827, page 105, No. 1385, I find a book with this title. "Mary, of Nemmegen." "Here begynnith a lyttel story that was of a trefwe done in the lande of *Gelders*,‡ of a mayde that was named Mary, of Nemmegen, that was the Dyvel's paramoure by the space of seven yere long; &c. imprinted at Antwerpe."

† "There was a Fraternity or Guild, in Richmond, founded to the praise of God, and honour of St. John Baptist,—the ancient mode of forming a society of merchants of particular trades, before the plan of chartered companies in corporations was adopted." Clarkson's Richmond, 225.

‡ From a passage in Ellis's Letters, it seems evident, that in the time of Henry the 8th, a Dutchman was called a Gelder — "Geldrois." See vol. 1, page 298. First Series.

Some persons may, perhaps, imagine that these Guelders, Gelders, or Gilders, were not manufacturers, but Geldherds, who, as appears from the Compotus of Bolton Abbey, were "Pastores sterilium animalium,"—that is to say, a sort of graziers or servants to them; as tripherds, were keepers or over-lookers of goats; calveherds, of calves; cowherds, of cows; lambherds, of lambs; and shepherds, of sheep. This, however, is not my opinion, as I am fixed by the termination "some," which I can make sense and consistency of by rendering it zoom, but nothing at all of, upon any other supposition.

There is a place called Gildersbar, about six miles South East of Skipton, and in the parish of Addingham. Now bar or "bargh" in the ancient Yorkshire language, is "a steep horseway," and whoever looks with the eye of an antiquary into a good map, will see that the name of Gildersbargh arose from the road, the "pack and prime" way, which these Guelders,§ with their packhorses and cloth, made in their journeys to the North, by Addingham and Skipton.

Whatever sort of people the Guelders or clothiers of Gildersome were, under the reigns of the Plantagenets or the Tudors, it is evident to me that early in the seventeenth century, there were some very respectable and opulent families residing here. The Manuscripts, the Deeds, and other evidences before me, clearly discover this fact; but, alas! little more than the names of them have supplied me with the materials for history. The reader will remember a few of these names. The Greatheeds—the Smiths—the Crowthers—the Reyners—and the Dickensons—to whom may be added, the Hargreaves—the Websters—the Tarboltons—the Woods—and the Scots. I shall say little of the present inhabitants, nor yet of the "life and fortune" men of Gildersome, of the latter part of the last century—of people whose political and religious opinions bore an affinity to those of the old natives. No! It is of the soldiers of Crom-

well, of Fairfax, or of Lambert, that I would write—of men who fought and bled for the liberties of their country, and filled the world with the fame of British valour and patriotism. It was in their day that Pym and Hampden—Falkland and Selden—Vane and Cromwell sat on benches, in the House of Commons. It was to such men as these that the most learned Foreigners and impartial Historians alluding, have said, that "the English of the times of Marlborough, even, were no more to be compared to *them*, than the Monks, and the Cardinals of Rome were to the ancient Scipios." These, then, are families whom it is not beneath the dignity of history to mention, since, owing to the generous efforts, the disinterested sacrifices of such as they, the Parliamentary army, "out of weakness, was made strong,"—"waxed valiant in fight, and put to flight the armies of the Aliens:|

In these most interesting times—the times of the Commonwealth and Protectorate—there was no disagreement of any kind among the natives of this village. Such as were the people of Morley, such also were those of Gildersome. Their religion, their habits, occupations, and sentiments were alike, and they were all united in one fold, under the Puritan Pastor at Morley. There was then no Church, Chapel, or Public Meeting at Gildersome, but the inhabitants came hither on the Sabbath-day, on horseback or on foot, over narrow, rugged roads, or miry footpaths, with surprising regularity.

The first division in religious concerns at Gildersome was occasioned by a few Quakers who established a society here in the early part of Charles the 2nd's reign. Next came the Anabaptists, who built a small Meeting-House, about the year 1717,—then followed the Churchmen, who about 1774 erected a Chapel with a front* like the face of a stone quarry, and with angles in abundance; one of the ugliest buildings of its kind, perhaps, in the kingdom, but once tolerably lightsome within. Last of all came the Methodists, who but a very few years ago have sprung up in this village.

The most ancient houses in Gildersome are, evidently, of the reign of Charles 2d. One of

§ "Warburton says that many of the weavers in Queen Elizabeth's days, were Flemish Calvinists, who fled from the persecutions of the Duke of Alva, and were particularly given to singing Psalms. Nare's Glossary Art. "Weavers."

"In 1386, Edward 3rd introduced the Dutch, who were masters in the manufactory of curious drapery. Prior to this, our countrymen knew no more what to do with wool, than the sheep that wear it, their best clothes being no better than freezes." Fuller b. 4, p. 3.

On mature reflection, I am of opinion that the Guelders settled at Gildersome, in this reign of Edward the 3rd, or soon after.

|| Besides placemen, pensioners, and other stipendiaries, it appears that the "Popish Queen" of Charles the 1st, brought over many Foreign cut-throats to enslave England, and plenty of ammunition—but, one way or other, most of them met with their deserts. See Ellis's Letters.

* Perhaps, it may be said, that the side next the road is the back part—be it so,—This is the part I allude to.

them, and that not the oldest, has over its doorway the inscription "Henry Scott, 1685." This man, as I find from a copper token which, fortunately, is mine, was in the wool or woollen trade. His coin has on its obverse side "Henry Scott, Gildersum, neer," in an outward circle,—and in the inner a pair of scales with the words "strike light—weigh right." On the reverse side and outer circle is, "Leeds I will exchange my peny"—the inner circle shows a woolpack, with the date 1670. I do not suppose that this token was generally payable at Leeds, but at Gildersome, "neer" Leeds, though Scott may possibly have had a drysalter's or wool-stapler's warehouse at both places.

It was at one of these ancient houses, still standing, and situate between Gildersome-Hall and the house of Mr. Hudson, but much nearer to the latter, that the Quakers held their first meetings. Afterwards they removed to a Meeting somewhere in view of the Hall; but this being regarded as a nuisance by a Mr. Maude, then owner of this house, he proffered, I believe, to build them a Meeting, or give them sufficient land near it, on condition of their giving up the property so near his. This proposal they accepted, and once more shifted to the retired situation which they now occupy.

There are some things so singular in the conduct of this eccentric people that I cannot forbear to notice them. The first relates to their former Burial-ground, which may be seen enclosed and long planted all over with trees on the side of the Leeds and Elland Road, between Morley and Bruntcliffe. How they came to fix upon this place of sepulture, remote as it is from Gildersome, nobody, perhaps, now living can tell—for my own part I can only resolve it into one of those whimsies which I am about to mention.

This Burial-ground, of whomsoever purchased, was conveyed to the Quakers by William Midgley, William Cundall, and John Sutton, clothiers, all of Morley, by Deeds of Lease and Re-lease, dated the 8th and 9th of September, 1689; and the Quakers, with the approbation, no doubt, if not license of George Fox and their other leaders, now put up stones or laid slabs, with the inscriptions to the memory of their departed brethren. But this was a practice too conformable to the ideas and feelings of all other people to be long endured. When it was abandoned I never could ascertain accurately, but that it took

place near the beginning of the eighteenth century appears probable. In their present Burial-ground, which they have held seventy or eighty years back, the Quakers do not seem to have laid a single stone for the purpose of memorial—I say for the purpose of memorial, or as a tribute of affection, or respect to the memory of departed relatives, because they *have laid gravestones, and but a few years ago*. Yes, reader!—they have removed the slabs from the old cemetery, near Morley, and such of them as are not broken to pieces, or studiously and carefully put out of sight, you may chance to find in a pantry or a cellar, or turned edgeways for the edging of a causeway, as though their delight was, not only to baffle all future researches, but to stifle every tender and sentimental feeling.

Two of these stones, however, have, by accident, been seen lately, by myself, having been preserved, from *thrifty and penurious motives*. One of them, a cellar stone, bears the date 1696,—the other just eligible exhibits, above ground, the figures 1667. The names of the deceased were beyond my ken. To me, it is evident, that there has been, and still is, a design to suppress the record of such memorials having ever been sanctioned amongst the Quakers.

What could be the motive of this people for abandoning one of their first usages, if it has not been declared before, it is difficult to conceive or ascertain, as they are, from ignorance or from policy, remarkably positive in their speech, and usually ask a question when they should return an answer. Few of them, I believe, know the true reason; and for others they do not choose to converse on certain topics of their peculiar persuasion, because, peradventure, they understand the value of mystery as well as other orthodox people. The only reply which I have ever obtained is this stupid one, "We pay no honour to any."

It would be folly to say anything about "Tribute to whom Tribute," &c. to those who, like other "Elect" people, are favoured by heaven with more visitations or extraordinary impulses than some of the wisest and best of men have ever pretended to enjoy; but one would really be happy to learn what

† Even the Moravians put down small stones with initials and some little more. Thus they put M. S. or S. S. for married or single sister; but they might as well do without any memorials, for any other information which the stones convey.

impropriety there is in putting a name and a date upon a plain stone? if the voice of flattery was ever yet known to reach "the still cold ear of death?" if the kindest feelings of man were better extinguished than encouraged? if the worst construction should be put upon an act which may not merely be innocent, but laudable? In a word, if the argument of abuses arising out of uses, (the great fallacy of these folk) was ever worth a straw? Whatever be the case, if these people would but immitate Fox in fastings, in solitude, and other austerities, we should be better able to appreciate their consistancy, whatever might be thought of their understandings.

The Catholic religion and the system of Wesley, appear to me to be founded on the most crafty policy—in the deepest knowledge of human nature; of which quakerism, on the other hand, betrays the most contemptible ignorance. It seems fitted neither for the savage nor the sage—for the clown—or the philosopher. It is a desert in which we meet with nothing, whatever, to elevate the mind—satisfy the ear—captivate the eye—kindle the affections—delight the fancy, or to sum up all in a single phrase, take possession of the heart. That it should have existence at the present day, can only be accounted for from the common attachment of children to the sentiments of their forefathers, and a love of singularity, from which other people, besides Quakers, are not exempt.

It would suit my own inclination better, perhaps, than that of some readers for whose sakes I abstain, were I to shew the influence which Quakerism would have upon society, were it generally prevalent; rather let me be indulged with extracts from high authorities.

"It cannot be expected," says Neale, "that such an unsettled people should have an uniform system of rational principles. Their first and chief design, *if they had any*, was to reduce all revealed religion to allegory; and, because some laid too great stress upon rites and ceremonies, these would have neither order, nor regularity, nor stated seasons of worship, but all must arise from the inward impulse of their spirits. Agreeably to this rule, they declared against all sorts of settled Ministers; against people's assembling in Steeple-Houses; against fixed times of public devotion; and, consequently, against the observation of the Sabbath. Their own

meetings were occasional, and, when they met, one or another spake as they were moved from within, and sometimes they departed without any one being moved to speak at all. The doctrines they delivered were as vague and uncertain as the principles from which they acted. They denied the scriptures to be the only rule of their faith, calling it a 'dead letter,' and maintaining that every man had a light within himself, which was a sufficient rule. They denied the received doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation—disowned the Sacraments of Baptism, and the Lord's Supper; nay, some of them proceeded so far as to deny (using their own language,) a Christ, without them, or at least, to place more of their dependance upon a Christ within." "They spake little or nothing," says Baxter, "upon depravity of nature, about the covenant of grace; about pardon of sin or reconciliation with God, *or about moral duties*; but the disturbance they gave to the public religion for some years, was so insufferable, that the Magistrates could not avoid punishing them as disturbers of the peace; though of late, they have become a more sober and inoffensive people, and by the wisdom of their managers have formed themselves *into a sort of body politic*, and in general are very worthy members of society."

It appears, from Burton's Parliamentary Diary, that during the Protectorate of Cromwell, "a petition to his Highness and the Parliament, was presented from the Justices of the Peace, Ministers, and others, well-principled inhabitants of Leeds, Wakefield, Bradford, &c.* They represented, that these populous places and parts adjacent are, and for a long time past have been, *miserably perplexed, and much dissettled by that unruly sect of people, called Quakers*, whose principles are to overturn Magistracy, Ministry, Ordinances, all that which good men would keep up by their prayers and endeavours. The approved Ministers of the nation they deny to be Ministers of Christ. The Ordinances used in our public assemblies arose," say they, "from the bottomless pit—sermons, the invention of fallen man and their traditions. It is these men's *common practice to meet by hundreds in, or near to our places of public worship*, on purpose to disturb the Preacher and people assembled: causing, and speaking all manner of evil against those things that

* Can anything be more convincing and unexceptionable than such a document as this?

all sober minds deem good, to the great terror of some, and no small trouble to other Ministers.*"

I should not have noticed these matters so much at length, but that I find these same people are much in the habit of abusing Cromwell, merely because he restrained their insolence, and have the effrontery to talk about their "sufferings" under his government. I am determined therefore to "*serve up*" *in true colours, the characters of their forefathers.*

The present Anabaptist Meeting-House, was built about fifty years ago, when Mr. Ashworth was the Minister. At this time there lived at the house now occupied by Mr. Buttrey, in Gildersome Street, a man, whom I well remember, and who, from his business was called "Painter Watson." This man was employed to paint the Chapel; and being equally vain of his abilities, and emulous to astonish the natives, he so decorated the ceiling with angels, and archangels, cherubims, and seraphims, that if the Baptists had but possessed the feelings of their painter, they might certainly have enjoyed on the next Sabbath, some kind of foretaste of celestial bliss. Unluckily, however, for the painter, their ideas were of a grosser kind than his; for their sudden introduction into a society so new; or the wish for a little preparation or respite; or the dread of ridicule from others, or some other reason, which the artist, at least, could never imagine: one thing or other so overcame them, that on the day of assembling they were, not transported, but thunderstruck, and the celestial choir were banished by a rude whitewasher.

In a former page, I mentioned the interment of an old Pastor of this flock, of the name of Booth, at Morley, but knew little respecting him at that time. He was, I believe, a woollen cloth manufacturer as well as minister, and received his salary in part, in so curious a way that I will mention it, just to show the simple manners of our countrymen only eighty years ago.

About this time the spinning of wool was done by the hand, but already had machinery for this purpose come into use; and a person at Huddersfield by means of it did much work all the country round. Now spinners were as necessary to Mr. Booth in his trade as auditors were to his ministry, and if this worthy man tended the fold on the Sabbath, giving his "charge" two or three of Bishop

Tilson's "good fotherings," and probably working with his "flail" at other times, it surely was but reasonable that he should enjoy his "hire," or an equivalent. Now as some of his people were too poor to pay in money, and some could not spin wool, as well at least, perchance, as the Parson could his texts, they remunerated him in what was called "Spinner's siller,"—that is to say, they allowed him so much out of their collections as would pay for the spinning of his wool at Huddersfield.

As Mr. Booth was not only a sensible but a very excellent man—one who delighted in peace and amity, and was regarded by all denominations as the common pacificator in his village: and, as his auditory was not great, I really believe they had "the better of the bargain" in retaining him; although it is doubtful whether with the "spinner's silver" he would have made "ends meet," had he not, with another Minister, supplied alternately at Rawden. It was this circumstance which led to his being interred at Morley; for, to prevent any altercation between the two "Churches," he directed his remains to be brought to Morley, unwilling to show any preference between those whom he sincerely loved. Between Mr. Booth and Mr. Alred, I have reason to think, there was the same cordiality which has ever subsisted between the Baptists and Presbyterians.

The Chapel of the establishment at Gildersome was erected through the instrumentality of a Mr. Turton, who lived at the Newhall, and of a Mr. Sharp. These families have long left Gildersome. Mrs. Sharp was sister to the late celebrated Mr. Hey, of Leeds,—a gentleman whom I can never think on without those feelings which are before expressed.

To return again to the subject of the old houses, the most ancient one, as it appears to me, is that nearly opposite this Chapel. It was, certainly, built either by Major General Greatheed or by his son Samuel; but I believe by the latter. The barn and buildings, however, behind it being much more ancient, were probably erected by the Major, as he lived hereabouts in the Civil War. The wood also, at a little distance, still called "the Major's spring,"* was certainly his sometime

* There is to this [day] an opinion, at Gildersome, and it raged during the last century, that the old Major's spirit walks by night hereabouts. This is preposterous: for if any spirit were sent to this world it would be for a good purpose, and none would be half so likely to be commissioned as the Major's immortal contemporary, "Oliver."

* Dairy, page 442. See Godwin's History of the Commonwealth, vol. 4, page 313.

before 1648. Whether it has been "Silva pastura" (Native Wood) and part of the Wood of Gilders cannot now be determined, but at this period it is said to have been in extent six acres. In an early age, I presume, from the woody skirts and coppices which lie to the Eastward of it, that they constituted, with Farnley Wood, one vast forest, divided only by the rivulet, which is noticed both by Hollinshed and by the Nostel Manuscript.

The Old Hall was built by one of the Dickinson family.† It is a house of no great antiquity, evidently displaying more of the clumsy architecture of William the 3rd's reign than of any other.

The finest house, incomparably, which Gildersome ever had in it, was the house of Mr. John Smith, formerly mentioned, and which was pulled down in 1748 to make way for an insignificant dwelling occupied now by widow Halstead. The out-buildings which were appurtenant to the old mansion still remain, as is the most curious, ancient bedstead I ever beheld. Besides a variety of allegorical figures upon its cornices, there are cut upon the backboard and panels, in fine relief, the figures of the Apostles, of Christ, and of his Mother. This, which was but one of the fine bedsteads of Mr. Smith, who died in 1643, or of his son, the Trustee of Morley Chapel, in 1650, is believed to have belonged to Major Greathead,‡ and by his daughter Alice it may, certainly, have got into the Smith family.

The property of the Smiths was finely situated, commanding, amongst other objects, a beautiful view of Leeds and of the adjoining villages. It was well wooded. One of the noblest oak trees I ever beheld was lately cut down near the house. It was memorable as having been the oak to which Mr. Wood, a former owner of the property, fled from a bull of his own, which suddenly turned furious and killed him upon the spot; and it was at this time, and consequent upon this event, that the annual feast or wake was established at Gildersome.

Not many years back there were in this village several cottages of the early and middle part of the seventeenth century, which have now disappeared. They were none of them built upon the plan of Slack's cottage

at Morley, but all of them were like the cottage on Adwalton Moor.

I regret, exceedingly, the destruction of these cottages—they contributed something to the village in a picturesque view—they told a tale of other times—they were consecrated by recollections which threw a veil over their "*inelegance*." Lowly, unpretending, and inexpensive, but firm and independent, like their first owners, long did they triumph over the pelting storm and the wintry blast. They arose in an age in which pauperism was relieved, *not* by eight millions in the year, but by a few thousands; when labourers were, perhaps, poorer, but much more contented, happy, and grateful than they are now—when the thoughts of a poorhouse was more dreadful than is that of the treadmill—when the peace of a neighbourhood was seldom disturbed by wanton injuries and private malice—when liberty was more dear than life.

It was during this æra of grandeur and national glory that Tradesmen's tokens were first seen: I have a fine collection of these old monies, yet I can but find Henry Scott issuing them here, and Richard Chester at Batley. From what I have seen, however, it appears that each of our neighbouring villages had its little mint.

The privilege of coining these copper half-pennies, Mr. Drake says, was obtained under "*the Usurpation*;"* which, at first sight, does not seem improbable, as in fact the most real liberty was enjoyed, and the best deeds were done in those days; but, unfortunately for his credit, they appear to have been current a few years earlier. Another malignant, possessing the spirit without the talents of Drake, and admitting that they were issued in 1649, says—"it shews that the patriots of those days gave this as one proof of release from the royal prerogative."

In a former page I made a remark which cannot be too often repeated—namely, that it is one of the low and common artifices of men of the cavalier spirit and principles, to confound with the transactions of the Protectorate those of other times; and when they cannot revile Cromwell, their shift is to revile the Government which preceded his. In order to shew them up once more I will trespass on the reader's indulgence for a few moments.

† "I and H. D." that is, John and Hannah Dickinson, are upon the front.

‡ The family tradition is, that this was Major Greathead's bedstead. Any one, however, may see that some considerable person has occupied it.

*On account of this expression, I am not sorry that Drake got well bitten by one of his own squad. See Gent.'s Mag. vol. 99. p. 618.

Copper coins, we are told, were first struck in the reign of Elizabeth, and that those of her successor were put into circulation, my own collection shows. But the two first Stuarts, at least, were not, on some account or other, very partial to this coinage; and we have, therefore, little from their mints beside gold and silver. Wretched pieces! not at all superior to the mill'd money of the last Tudor. It was, in fact, reserved to the Protectorate of Cromwell to exhibit a coinage as far superior to theirs as was his character and government.

But after the death of Charles the 1st, the period arrived in which a copper coinage became not only necessary, but indispensable; for, by the celebrated Navigation Act and other wise measures of the Republic, so great a stimulus was given to commerce, that trade could no longer be carried on without this most necessary medium; and it was, therefore, most kindly and considerately permitted to the people by "*the Patriots of those days*" to apply a remedy of their own, to a notorious disease.

That some benefit accrued to the nation from the issue of these Tradesmen's tokens, will perhaps be admitted, as they were not suppressed before 1672; that is to say, till about twelve years after the Restoration of the "legitimate" Charles—a circumstance which, of itself, shows that the people of these later days never dreamt of their having been issued for any purpose but that of trade; and, least of all things, as a proof of any "release from the royal prerogative."

In my youthful days I perfectly remember the quarrels, the losses, and general inconvenience which resulted from the sad state

both of the silver and copper coinage, but especially of the latter. A large proportion of what was then circulated was base money, and much of the rest might well excite the enquiry, "whose image and superscription is this?"

It is not for me to state why these plain bits of copper and silver were so long tolerated, but merely to say, that from about 1787 to the close of the century, there was once more a considerable issue of Tradesmen's coin. As to the policy of sanctioning such issues, and still less those of country notes I make no remark; the fact alone concerns me that such a currency was allowed. Now, as to "Patriotism,"—with reference either to the present, or past age, or any other age, I would not insult the Republicans of the seventeenth century, by a comparison which would degrade them;* but, as the same thing has happened in our day as did in theirs, one may surely be allowed to imagine that the tradesmen of each century, have put forth tokens from the same necessity and motives, and nobody but a contemptible sycophant and time-server would insinuate to the contrary.

On this subject I have only one thing more to state, which is that in 1720, that is about the time of the South Sea Bubble, the people of Ireland were so inconvenienced for want of a copper coinage, that tickets of tin or leather were used by the chief manufacturers to pay their workmen's wages.

* I could adduce innumerable proofs of this, but will only mention one, which the reader may find as touching the character of Ireton, in Ludlow's Memoirs, or those of the late O. Cromwell, Esq., vol. 2, p. 209. He may also imagine what a fine character Henry Cromwell was, from what Noble relates of him, vol. 1, p. 271. "I will rather," said he, "submit to any sufferings with a good name, than be the greatest man upon earth without it."

CHURWELL.

THIS village of Churwell, or as it should be written,† Churlewell, has evidently taken its name from its well known spring of water, being the common resort of churles—that is, peasantry.

"Churle upon thy eyes I throw
All the pow'r this charm doth owe."—*Shakspeare.*

"From this light cause th' infernal maid prepares
The country churls to mischief, hate, and wars."—*Dryden.*

It is called, indeed, in the Nostel Coucher Book, the village of "Courlewell," as before is mentioned.

Of Churwell, as of many other villages, it may be truly said, that however it may have increased in size, it has decreased in respectability since the seventeenth century. This is partly evidenced by written documents, and partly by remains of the architecture of that age. We look in vain now-a-days for the Pickerings—the Brookes—the Burnhills—the Holdsworths—and such other families as these. Here, no doubt, was born Mr. Pickering, the ejected Minister and Pastor of Morley "Old Chapel." Here also lived Mr. Josias Brooke, an attorney, as I believe, in some practice during the Civil War. In my family papers he is styled *clarke*, which in its primary sense signifying clergyman (according to the dictionaries then in use) I was at first led to conclude him to have been a Minister of religion, but am now convinced of my mistake. There is at Churwell one specimen of the architecture of Elizabeth's reign, in a part of the buildings occupied by Mr. Morris, a respectable tanner, on which we find a date of 1604 still remaining.

Before quitting this place, as the custom is generally prevalent in all our neighbouring villages, I take occasion to supply an article which ought to have been remembered when writing on Morley. The practice I allude to is that of singing at funerals.

There is something in this rite so savage

† The original word, which appears to be "Ceorl," is Saxon and signified a farmer. "By the laws of Athelstan it was declared that if a Ceorl should have full proprietorship of five hides of land, a church and kitchen, a *bell-house*, a burghgate seat, and an appropriate office in the king's hall, he should thenceforth be a Thane by right."

There is a River Cherwell in Oxfordshire which, doubtless, has taken its name from the same source.

and so shocking to every person of reflection and sensibility, that one might reasonably enough conclude it borrowed from Heathens; but, fortunately, we know it to have been so. This, unquestionably, is one among the many Pagan usages which the Catholic Church intermingled with Christian observances, in very early times, by way of more easily bringing over to Christianity the Northern Nations; and not only them, peradventure, but even the polished Romans, who appear to have had women called *Præficæ*,‡ whose office was to lament and sing the funeral song, or praises of the dead. This is the way in which, if my memory serves me, our celebrated navigators tell us the idolatrous nations still celebrate the obsequies of their departed chieftains; and, considered as an eulogy or tribute of respect to wisdom and valour, there seems nothing irrational in the exercise. It is the song of war and the season of exultation, and as grief and all the tender sympathies are absent, we should regard the chorus as altogether in character. Even Scripture enjoins that "if any one be merry, he shall sing psalms;" evidently telling us that singing and music are far more appropriate to the "house of mirth" than to that "of mourning."

That this barbarous usage had crept into the Church at a very early period there are many evidences; but there is one which, for propriety of remark, and the rebuke it should afford my fellow-countrymen is so worthy of extraction, that I will here insert it.

In a provincial council, held in Scotland, A.D. 1225, it was resolved||—That no Layman should sing at the burial or obsequies of the dead. "Item ad funera, et exequies Mortuorum Laicorum Cantus vel Choreas fieri prohibemus, Cum Non debeat de aliorum fletu ridere¶ sed ibidem potius de hujusmodi

‡ Adams's Antiquities, p. 476. In Russia we are told by R. Wilson, that there are usually singing boys in attendance.

§ There was singing, I find, also at the Conqueror's funeral, but this was only by the Monks. Stowe's Annals, p. 176.

|| Archaeologia, vol. 12, p. 19.

¶ "I have heard say," says Old Latimer, "that in some places they go with the corpses grinning and fearing, as though they went to a bear baiting, which thing, no doubt, is nought." Sermons, folio 2206.

dolere." This prohibition implies it to have been a practice in that country, as it certainly was in England.

If books were not generally written for the sake of gain, but for information—if it were not much easier to copy that which has been copied a hundred times before, than to publish the rarities and curiosities of literature, making a close application of the matter to what one sees existing at the present day amongst Catholics, Protestants, and large bodies of Dissenters, we should have more authors of reputation and more books worth reading. But, alas! such a work requires the ardour and curiosity of a Hutton—the patience and independence of a Gough—the learning and talents of a Fosbroke. Ninety-nine out of every hundred authors could no more execute such a work, creditably, than a common blacksmith could make a watch. Besides this, there is one other capital discouragement—it would offend the "Catholic," the "Evangelical," and other "Orthodox" people not a little. Seeing, therefore, that the way to popularity and wealth does not lie in this track, and that fictions and piracies are more pleasant to the people and profitable to the pocket, let no man travel it, but he who would delight the antiquary and the scholar, and acquire for himself a posthumous fame. For the amusement, however, of the "knowing ones," I will, without any comment of my own, just present him with a few "seeds."

The first is the account of the funeral of Sir Thomas Lovel, in 1524, whom it cost the Priests three days to bury. First it was ascertained by the astrologers,* that the day on which he died, being the 25th of May, the dominical letter was B. Next he was embalmed and leaded, and taken to his Chapel, of Holy-well, where he remained eleven days, *having masses and dirges sung† for him every day*. He was next removed to his parish Church in great state. There the whole of the procession "*were regaled with comfits, spicebrede, and ippocras.*"‡ The remainder of the account of all this festivity—drinkings, singing, and pomp, the reader may find in Lysons's London, vol. 2, p. 296.

* Nothing material could then be done without consulting astrologers, to whom our Kings and great people were perpetually referring.

† Adams's Antiquities, p. 476; Wilson's Archaeological Dictionary, art. "funerals." Ibid, p. 486, etc.

‡ Hippocras was a medicated drink composed of white or red wine, with the addition of sugar and spices. Nares's Glossary.

The next is the account of the interment of Lord Bray, in the same work, from which I select the following passages:—

"Then Richemond, the Herald, bade the prayer as followeth. For the soul of the Right Honorable John Braye, Knight, late Lord Bray, of your charytie, say a pater noster, &c., and then the *dyridge* began. Which ended, mass of *requiem* began; during which tyme at the syde awltre were dyvers masses said, and at magnificat, benedictus. After the gospell and et libera me, the person censynd§ the corpe."

Next followed the offerings of the *masse|| pennies of gold* and delivery of the arms of the deceased, laying them on the altar, &c., "which offeryng finished, the sermon began by Father Peryne, a black Freer, whose anthem was Scio quia resurget in resurrectione in novissimo die. Whereupon he declared howe Chryste raised Lazarus from dethe, seying how he was a gentleman given to chyvatrie¶ for the welthe of his countreie, and so he said that Nobleman that there lay deade was, in whose commendacion, among many other things, he finished his sermone; which don, mass proceeded till St. John's Gospell that the banner and standard** were offeryd, in which meane tyme 'et libera me,' the morners departed to their bots, (boats) and so to London, to his seid house to dinner."

In short, in 1541, it appears to have been the custom, at least, at the funerals of great people, to set down the body in the "quire,"—to sing *salmes*, and read lessons. They then "offeryd into the almes boxe," and, after the mourners, others. A sermon was then preached and prayer made, in which the congregation joined. The corpe was then buried, during which *was sung te deum*, and the whole was concluded with *good eating and drinking*.††

To proceed much further with this subject were greatly to exceed the limits and design of this book; I shall, therefore, commit these few hints to those who can understand them. Making no further observation upon the wild howl of the low Irish, or the worse than Indian yell of the orthodox Dissenters,

§ See Virg. Æneid 6—216, and Note 218.

|| Adams's Antiquities, p. 472.

¶ Ibid, p. 478—480.

** Adams's Antiquities, p. 477—482.

† It was a maxim that no person should come to God, "ne to the Kyng with a voyde hond." Golden Legend.

†† See account of the funeral of Catherine Parr, Archaeologia, vol. 5, p. 236.

excepting this, that they have one common origin, and that is Pagan.†† As to Heathen nations, however, I see no inconsistency in their singing the praises of their dead; nor yet in Catholics singing their masses, and dirges, and requiems, as the practice is correspondent to their belief on particular points of doctrine; but really I do not know what

†† See Fosbroke's *Ariconsensia*, who refers to Macrobius, etc., in *Id.* 2,—477; Strype's *Annals of the Reformation*, vol. 1, p. 190.

to make of singing or rather howling at funerals, among a people* who profess to be emancipated from Popery and Paganism; neither do I understand what their speaking of experiences comes from, but it is very much like auricular confession, clothed only in a more pharisaic and offensive dress.

* See Sanderson's Account of the difference between the Presbyterians and Independents, in the Appendix to Archbishop Sancroft's Life.

COTTINGLEY-HALL, BEESTON, AND NEWHALL.

NOT intending to commit to paper what others have printed, but merely to supply their omissions, I here present the reader with an account which, to the best of my belief, is only to be found in manuscript.

Sir William Beeston, of Beeston, Knight, lived in the reigns of Edward the 2nd and 3rd. In the fourth year of the former he obtained a grant of Free Warren, in Beeston, Cholewell, and Cottingley. He had one-third of a Knight's fee, in Beeston, held of the Manor of Pontefract. His heir-at-law was Ralph.

Robert Beeston, the son of Ralph, was born in 1490, and lived at Cottingley. He was buried the 23rd of April, 1566. His wife was Margaret, daughter of Sir William Calverley, of Calverley, whom he married the third year of Edward 6th.

William Beeston, another son of Ralph, married a daughter of Gilbert Legh, of Middleton. His father gave four acres of meadow land, in Beeston, to Kirkstall Abbey.

William left a son Ralph, who was buried at Leeds Old Church, in 1496. I can find no further mention of this family, except that William Beeston, Esq., with Sir John Mirfield and Christopher Ward, Knight, were seized of lands amounting to a Knight's fee, in Morley, Beeston, and Drighlington.

Next to the Beestons, the family of most consequence hereabouts appears to have been the Hodgsons, who, at length, succeeded them in some of their estates. In the year 1613, I find Christopher Hodgson, thentofore of Beeston, living at Newhall, which, probably, he built. This Christopher was attorney to the Council in the North. He married Issabel, daughter of Henry Currer, of Holling Hall, Esq., and had two sons—John and Christopher.

By deed of gift, in 1613, Christopher the father settled upon the youngest son, Christopher, Cottingley-Grange, then in the posses-

sion of Thomas Norcliffe, Esq., and other estates near Middleton, in the possession of Henry Gascoign and Alexander Gourdon.

John Hodgson, of Newhall, Esq., eldest son and heir of the last Christopher, married Elizabeth, sister of Sir George Radcliffe, and had issue, Christopher—John (a merchant at Leeds), Ann, Margaret, and Mary. John the elder, was baptized in 1601, became an Alderman of Leeds, buried his wife in 1648, and having taken up arms for Charles the 1st, agreeably to the politics of her family, he was fined in the sum of £340—a very moderate fine, certainly, the fortune and connections of the man considered.

To John succeeded his son Christopher, who also lived at Newhall, and had issue, Jonathan, who died S. P.—four daughters, and Christopher, a younger son, who lived at Cottingley.

The children of this last Christopher were John, Christopher, and Frances, who married Mr. William Robinson, Curate of Beeston, and died in 1710. John had a large family of sons and daughters. His eldest son John, of Leeds, merchant, married Anne, daughter and heiress of Thomas Craven, Alderman of Ripon, who had issue by him, Thomas, born the 2nd of June, 1710,—Ann, Sarah, Ellen, Elizabeth, and Catherine. He died 8th of January, 1710. His son Thomas died an infant, so his daughters became his heiresses, and sold the Manor of Beeston to Mr. Thos. Kitchingman, Alderman, of Leeds.

It is painful to contemplate now such spots as Cottingley-Hall, Newhall, or Howley, Soothill, Oakwell, Batley, Lumb, Usher, and many other Halls in this vicinity, especially in a political view. Instead of such families as the Beestons—the Hodgsons, Saviles, Copleys, Greatheeds, Batts, Margetsons, Ushers, and Smiths, we find now upon their premises mere labourers or handycraftsmen. The decline or gradual disappearance of the

superior class of gentry—the most religious, moral, and patriotic of all classes, at all times, and in all countries; I date from the ruinous, disgraceful, profligate reign of Charles the 2nd.

To complete my circuit of about three miles round Morley, I must now just notice Middleton and Thorpe-on-the-Hill.

The first name that I can find at Middleton is that of Robert de Crepping, Lord of that Manor, and High Sheriff of Yorkshire, in the 34th, 35th, and 37th years of Henry 3rd. He bore for his arms gules, a lion saliant, argent, between semi, and billets, or. In the 8th of Edward 1st he obtained a charter of Free Warren in all the County of York. He left two sons—John, High Sheriff, 1st and 2nd of Edward 2nd, and Richard.

Sir Richard de Crepping, of Middleton, was the son and heir of this John. To him succeeded his son and heir, Sir Simon, whose daughter, Margery, being his sole heiress, about the 3rd year of Edward 3rd, granted the Manor of Middleton to Gilbert de la Legh, a second son of that Cheshire family which came from the same ancient family at Issell, in Cumberland—and Robert, Silkestone by Deed, at Pontefract, in 1329, released all his interest and title. The witnesses to this Deed were the following, viz.:—"Sir William de Beiston, Knight, Sir John de Elland, Knight, Sir Robert de Bellamont (Beaumont), Knight, Bryan of Thornhill, William of Skargill, Adam of Batley, Adam of Hopton, Miles de la Haye, William de alta ripe als Dawtrey, Thomas de Fenton, Robert de Wrynethorpe, Henry de Olton, John Ewer, and others; also a fine was levied from Sir John Mere-worth and this Margery his wife, to the said Gilbert de la Legh, and enrolled at Westminster, before John Stoner, John Travers, Richard Slingsby, and other good people."

Legh of Middleton, bore quarterly; first, argent a bend gules over all two bars—second, argent a fass and three mullets in chief sable.

Seven generations of the Leghs following in the pedigree in succession I must pass over. Annie, one of the daughters of Roger, the 7th in succession, married a Mr. William Mawson, of Churwell. William, his second son, settled at Roysds, in Rothwell, and Thomas, the heir-at-law of Roger, appears to have lived in Henry 7th's reign.

William Legh, the son and heir of Thomas,

and who is said to have had estates, besides Middleton, at West-Ardsley, Liversedge, &c., was attainted of high treason, with Edmund Tattersal, a clothier, and one Ambler, a priest, in the 33rd year of Henry 8th (1540), and they were executed at London; the 24th of May, in that year. This I presume was the insurrection fomented, as was imagined, by Cardinal Pole, and headed by Sir John Nevile, and for which he suffered; and not him only, but the innocent and venerable Countess of Salisbury, the last of the line of Plantagenet, who was cruelly murdered upon this event.

After three descents from William, we come to Sir Ferdinando Legh, of Middleton, who had four wives, was some years Governor of the Isle of Man, under the Earl of Derby; Gentleman of the Privy Chamber, to Charles the 1st, and Col. of a regiment of horse, in 1642. He died at Pontefract, the 19th of January, 1654, and was buried in the ruined Church there. In 1642 he gave one hundred pounds to the King, at York.

John Legh, son and heir of Sir Ferdinando, married Helen, daughter of Ralph Eure, of Washingburgh, in Lincolnshire, and had issue, Ann, who married Ralph Brandling, of Felling, in the County of Durham, Esq., and Catherine.

John Legh was Capt. under his father. He died in March, 1706. His daughter Anne was his heiress. Ralph Brandling left Middleton Estate to his nephew, Charles Brandling, Esq., who procured an Act of Parliament to have a Waggon-way two and a quarter miles in length, to convey coals from his Collieries here to Leeds, which way was finished in 1759.

Some few years ago, as workmen were cutting a new road from Bellisle to Leeds, on the slope or a gentle declivity, a stone coffin, evidently of Bramley grit, was discovered. To me it appeared to have contained the body of a female of rank; partly from the size of the coffin, which was four feet ten inches inside measure, but principally from the beads, teeth, and bones which I inspected. Unfortunately the whole of the contents had been broken up and dispersed several days before I visited the place, so that I give my thoughts with some diffidence. Had it happened otherwise, my belief is that I should have discovered not only a necklace but bracelets, for there were many beads of various sizes, colours, and substances—some being a composition, or else of amber. A few

of them I possess. The body had been covered with a substance like plaister of washed lime, but it was no such thing, as appeared by a chemical test. I cannot, however, positively say what else it was. The teeth were all uncommonly sound, but almost all besides had mouldered to dust.—The coffin I ascertained had lain due North and South.

From these premises, and there having been no account or tradition of a Church within two miles of this deposit, it is my belief that this was a Roman interment: most likely anterior to the conversion of the Romans and Britons of these parts. It might, indeed, be that of a Roman unconverted, for

they laid their bodies North and South, and generally, but not always,* near a public road. The reader who wishes to pursue the subject may find in Mr. Gough's *Sepulchral Monuments*, page 25, an account of some stone coffins found within the walls of York, in 1761, containing skeletons firm and entire laid in lime; and a somewhat similar interment is recorded in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1802, p. 393-4.

* See *Archæologia*, vol. 12, p. 96 and 112. Adams's *Antiquities*, p. 490; who tells us the Roman interments were often in fields or gardens near the highway, to remind those who pass of their mortality. Hence the frequent inscriptions of "Siste Viator."—"Aspice Viator," etc., on the *Via Appia*, *Aurelia*, *Flaminia*, *Tiburina*, etc.

THORPE ON THE HILL.

THORPE, often corrupted into Thrup, seems to be an Anglo-Saxon word, signifying a lodge in a forest, or a hamlet.—Lidgate, the poet, in his *Troy Boke*, b. 11, c. 10, mentions "provinces, borowes, villages, and thropes."

At Thorpe once lived the respectable family of Gascoigns, related to, no doubt, if not descended from that celebrated Judge who lies interred in Harewood Church. This great man was born at Gawthorpe, in the Township of Harewood, in 1350, and died in 1413, leaving several children, and a fame imperishable for the integrity and courage which he displayed on two trying occasions. He resolutely refused to pass sentence upon Archbishop Scroope, as a traitor, though urged to do so by the imperious command of an absolute Monarch (Henry 4th), alleging, in justification of himself, that it would be violation to the laws of the land were he to comply. And, at another time, when Henry the 5th, then Prince of Wales, assaulted him on the Bench, he committed him to prison. Such conduct as this may be well contrasted with that of a descendant of his—Lord Strafford—who with all his pliability and Court favour, was never so high in the public esteem as the Chief Justice—the spirit in fact and views of these men were very different. The one insisted on a King being subject to laws—the other would have a King above all law, as sufficiently appears from the Radcliffe Letters.†

The first Gascoign of Thorpe, whom I can find in their pedigree, was John, who lived in the reign of Henry the 8th. After him there are several descents which, for brevity's sake, I omit, and skip, at once, to Henry Gascoign, baptised the 19th of November, 1586, and buried 20th September, 1645. "His eldest son William," says the writer of MSS. Collections for the West-Riding, in the Leeds Old Library, "was slain at Melton-Mowbray, in the Civil War; he was famous

* We have four Gawthorpes or "Gawthrups," in the West Riding (I believe), and one in the North.

† See especially p. 284. And Rushworth, vol. 2, p. 159, et seq.

for his astronomical discoveries and mathematical genius, in which studies he wrote some manuscripts."

Whether the former part of this paragraph be not one of the innumerable blunders of this writer, may be judged by the following extract from really good authority.

"Gascoign, Esquire, of Middleton, near Leeds," says Aubrey, "was killed at the battle of Marston-Moor, about the age of 24 or 25 at most. Mr. Townley, of Townley, in Lancashire, has his papers from Mr. Edward Hamstead, who says he found out the way of improving telescopes before Des Cartes. Mr. Edward Hamstead tells me, Sept. 1682, that 'twas at York fight he was slain."*

Dr. Whitaker informs us that "he was the inventor of an instrument for dividing a foot in measure into parts,"

Since writing the above an article in the Gentleman's Magazine has just occurred to me which corroborates the statement of Aubrey. The writer, who signs himself "Astrophilus," after giving an account of Mr. Horrox and Mr. Crabtree, two famous young Astronomers, proceeds thus:—"Contemporary with these two illustrious youths lived William Gascoign, the inventor of the micrometer, who was slain at Marston-Moor, on the 2nd of July, 1644, fighting for Charles the 1st, at the age of twenty-three."

On this indisputable statement I have but one reflection to offer.—How melancholy the tale!—how sad the end of such a gentleman! *Alas! he died in arms against the liberties of his country.*

My history would here have terminated but the accidental discovery of a curious article, corroborating some principal positions in it, invites me to keep in hand my pen for a few pages, and will not introduce inappropriately what was intended as an appendix. By the kindness of my most intimate friend, Mr. Swinden, of Morley, I am put in possession of the article in question, which he

discovered at the house of one Joseph Wooffinden. It is a warming* pan of remarkable make, and the lid of which is twelve inches and a half in diameter. Upon it is a lion rampant, having, under his left paw, the fleur-de-lis of France; and, upon his right one, the crown of England which he is tossing up, and, as it were, playing with as though it were a toy. Now, if there could possibly have been any doubt as to the person or circumstance intended, a medal of Cromwell which I possess would have decided the matter; but here we have upon the lid of the pan a motto, "In God is all our trust," and (most fortunately) the date 1650, the very year upon which nearly all the interest of my book hinges. I am credibly informed that this singular relic has descended from a family here called Robinson, and that other natives of Morley had similar pans,† or other articles with the same device, not twenty years ago.

Before I write upon the battle of Dunbar, which had, doubtless, been fought before this pan was engraved, and, most likely, before my medal was struck, I wish to drop a remark on three of the finest public characters which the whole range of history well understood, presents—namely, Cromwell—Fairfax—and Lambert. Of the first of these we have a description given us by as good an authority and as fine a writer as, perhaps, any age or nation can boast.

"Cromwell," says Mr. Godwin, "was a man of great virtues, sincere in his religion, fervent in his patriotism, and earnestly devoted to the best interests of mankind.‡ He had a frame of mind that no complication of difficulties could ever succeed to inspire with a doubt of his power to conquer them. The fertility of his conceptions, like the intrepidity of his spirit, was incapable of being exhausted. We seek in romance for characters with qualities enabling them to achieve incredible adventures. In the Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England we find a real personage, whose exploits do not fall short of all that the wildest imagination had ever the audacity to feign."

Fairfax was a man of the most brilliant qualities.‡ In that fine character we see

* I am well assured that the device was put upon these utensils to shew that Cromwell had given his enemies "a warming."—Every Yorkshireman knows the meaning of the expression—to give one a "warming."

† If my life be spared I shall illustrate all this by some scarce and very curious extracts. See Goodwin's Preface to vol. 4, p. 7.

‡ See Godwin, vol. 3, p. 210—219.

pourtrayed the Nobleman—the Christian—and the Scholar. He ardently loved his country, and had a great concern for its antiquities. But it was in war that Sir Thomas Fairfax was pre-eminent and wonderful.—In the Cabinet, or in Council, of a cloudy mind and contracted spirit;—in his family concerns weak, credulous, and timid; governed by his Chaplains and his wife—of a nature mild and gentle—in the field of battle he was a Paladine. As his difficulties increased, as dangers became threatening, amidst the smoke of gunpowder and the clash of arms, the mind of Fairfax rose—his intellect brightened—his latent glories burst forth, and he appeared, confessedly, the second general of the age.

But the second *man* of the age, perhaps, was General Lambert. Though inferior to Cromwell as a Commander, and not to be compared with him as a Statesman, Lambert had a mind which was more admirably regulated. A finer soul, methinks, never dwelt within a human bosom. He had all the virtues and talents of Fairfax, without any of his weaknesses—he had all the patriotism and ardour of Cromwell, without any of his eccentricities; and, besides all this, he was an accomplished gentleman. Devoted to horticulture and botany—to literature and painting, in which he excelled—rich in fancy, fluent in speech, having a clear head and a charming person, he was fitted alike by nature to adorn his native district or to shine in Courts. But the sweetness of his character is most conspicuous in his consistency; in that singular adherence to his principles and his party, which marked the whole of his political life.

Lambert, as is well known, was the favourite General of Cromwell; and, in 1650, his bosom friend. Cromwell, on the other hand, was revered, as well as loved, by Lambert; and whatever difference in opinion existed between them in after times, he had the greatness to bow before the master-mind, applying to him, probably, his usual phrase,—"even the best of men are but men at the best."§

Such were the Republican chiefs when a war with the Scots became necessary. The disasters of the times had thinned their victorious ranks, and their forces were so stationed that but a small army could be

* This was the common expression of Lambert, and, as I believe, more frequently applied to Cromwell than all others.

marched Northward. The command of it was offered to Fairfax, who declining the "forlorn hope," it devolved on Cromwell. Most fortunate was it that it did so, for no other human being was fitted for the enterprise.

Passing over much in Hodgson's Memoirs, and Rushforth's Collections or other Works,* as to this singular campaign, we find the little Republican band of eight or nine thousand men, on the 2nd of September, 1650, in the vicinity of the Scottish capital, opposed to a force of four or five times their number, strongly posted upon commanding heights, supplied with every material, strong in cavalry, commanded by their best Generals, and roused to exertion by the clamour of their priesthood.—The night was dark, the rain fell in torrents, the Republican provisions had begun to fail.—Cromwell, as was his invariable custom, sought his God in private and earnest prayer, and was, evidently, cheered under a sense of the divine Presence. A council of war was held, and two or three only of the officers were opposed to retreat. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to say that Cromwell and Lambert were of this number.

The day at length began to dawn, and a rumour was heard of the Scottish army being in motion. Cromwell was among the first who perceived it, and directing his glass towards the enemy, he exclaimed—"They are coming down! The Lord is delivering them into our hands!" He gave the word—his men were instantly in arms, and he advanced before them. There stood the intrepid Lambert—the noble Fleetwood—with the Hodgsons—the Pickerings—the Smithsons—and the Aldreds; perchance, Capt. Oates too, and some of the "Farnley Wood Conspirators;" but assuredly Major Joshua Greatheed—the friend of Hodgson and of Lambert.

No sooner had Cromwell advanced in front of the line than he drew his sword. The sun was just emerging from an ocean of clouds, and glittered upon the sea in prospect. With all that tact and address for which he was incomparable, Cromwell availed himself of the critical moment; and, pointing to the glorious luminary, he exclaimed in a voice like thunder—"Now, let God arise! and let

his enemies be scattered!" Then arose the banner—"In God is all our trust!" Then went forth the motto—"The Lord of Hosts"—"God with us!" Then too, methinks, was probably raised the psalm of thanksgiving, and the song of triumph. Sweet practice! and peculiar alone to these immortal heroes. At all events the issue of the contest was doubtful but for a short time, for the determined aspect of those old soldiers "upon whom victory was entailed," so intimidated the Scots that they were soon in disorder, and fled precipitately. "*I profess*," ejaculated Cromwell, in surprise and ecstasy, "*they run!*" Yes! they did run. How little indeed they could abide his presence* appeared from the result: which, on their side, was three thousand slain, ten thousand prisoners, with the loss of two hundred culverins, and all their baggage, train, and arms;—while that of the Republicans was one commissioned officer, and about forty men.

Amongst the innumerable mistakes into which people have been led by the artifices of a party, and the treachery or ignorance of their scribes, no one is more common than the idea that Cromwell was a man of perplexed thoughts and expression. Alas! his attachment to the jargon of the Independents has helped forward their calumnies not a little. But, the fact is, that Cromwell could both write and speak well when he pleased, and this I hope to shew in a future publication. For the present let the wisdom of his actions and the sublimity of his conceptions be the pledge of my power to do this. Look into history my readers—peruse the real or fabricated speeches of Kings or of Generals upon the field of battle. Where will you find a parallel instance to the one before you? Fine, assuredly, was Cumberland's appeal at Culloden† Field. "*If any one be unwilling to fight from sentiment or from fear, he is at liberty to leave us.*" Finer still that of Napoleon to his soldiers in Egypt. "*From the heights of those Pyramids forty centuries† look upon us.*" But how infinitely are both surpassed by the grandeur of Cromwell!

* So terrible was Cromwell to his enemies that when the dastard "Charles the 2nd heard that he was selected for the chief command in the Irish war, he resolutely declined setting his foot in that country." So much depends upon the personal character of a General as well as of a King. See Godwin's Commonwealth, vol. 3, p. 146. Yet this was the fellow who, in illustration of Æsop's Fable of the "Sick Lion and the Ass," could offer insult to a dead man.

† See also the proclamation of Earl Warrick before the battle of Towton Field.

‡ Memoirs by Gourgard, 246, vol. 2.

This narrative is drawn from various sources besides the above; such as Barnet's History. One part of it is confirmed to me by tradition of my forefathers. I mean Cromwell's deportment.

"*Let God,*" [said] he, "*arise, and let his enemies be scattered.*"*"

The sequel of this achievement, more like a romance than a military adventure, is well known. It only remains for me to add, that from this period the Dissenting interest appears to have prospered in Morley—that the Earl of Sussex became its patron—that the lion sported with the Crown of England with one foot, while he kept beneath the

* I am delighted to find that Captain Hodgson's Narrative confirms the tradition of my forefathers. "I heard 'Noll' say," says Hodgson, "Now, let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered." Pa. 68, v. 1st.

other the Lily of France—that religion and morals were advanced—that trade begun to flourish in these districts, and eight or nine years of such prosperity ensued that, even to the present day, when an unfortunate Yorkshireman is reminded of his former happiness, the common, well-known ejaculation is—"*Ah! but those were Oliver days.*"—Well might this high and holy character be depicted, as we find he was, under the beautiful emblem of "*an azure spot upon a cloudy sky.*"*

* See Burton's Diary.

ADDITIONS TO MORLEY.

SINCE this History was written a new Church, dedicated to St. Peter, has been built at Morley, upon a portion of two acres of ground, presented with a donation of £200, by the Right Honourable the Earl of Dartmouth. The first stone of it, in the absence of Mr. Foxley, the Vicar of Batley, was laid by the Rev. Henry Cooper, his Curate, and a copper plate was placed in it, stating also that Mr. Chantrell was the architect, and Messrs. Robert Clapham, John Hollings, and George Crowther, Churchwardens for this parish. The procession, consisting of many of the clergy, many ladies, elegantly dressed, and some gentlemen, with a band of music, etc., was a pleasing spectacle, and it was rendered most so by the state of the weather. A dinner for the Clergy was provided at the Nelson's Arms Inn, near the ground, and the plans of the architect gave universal satisfaction.

The architecture of this Church is an imitation of that which prevailed in the latter part of Henry the 3d's reign—its proportions are admirable, and there is a consistency in the design throughout which is rarely met with. The sum of £3000 being the utmost of what his Majesty's Commissioners allow in this instance, and a considerable part thereof being destined for the inclosure of the Burial-ground, nothing can be more judicious than the plan of the architect in fixing upon the æra of Henry the 3d's reign, for he has thus saved the cost, or at least, prevented the necessity for buttresses, battlements, a porch, fine tracery, and other ornamental work which increased in subsequent times. Nor is the structure less suitable as a village Church, but in my opinion, more so.

As this Church is near the public road to Leeds, Huddersfield, and Manchester, and thousands of strangers are travelling near it annually, I congratulate not only the architect, but the people in the district, upon our having an Edifice which will do them credit, in the esteem of every antiquary and man of good

taste. And I feel more pride and pleasure upon this subject, when I contrast this little, neat, and appropriate structure with most of the modern Churches. I appeal to every real antiquary, what are they like? Do they remind him of our ancient ecclesiastical architecture, with its fine lantern-towers or heaven-shooting spires? Can anything be more incongruous than those buildings, with their Heathenish vestibules—their “hodge-podge” of different æras, styles, and ornament—(if it deserves the name)—their cupolas, pigeon-cote, or pepper-box belfrys, more resembling a patent shot manufactory, and more appropriate to Noblemen's grounds or public places of amusement, than anything else. To me it is astonishing and unaccountable, if some people have no more taste than to project such things, that others should have no more knowledge than to allow their erection.

The situation of this Church is very commanding. A line drawn from the Tower of Ardsley Church to that of Pudsey, would nearly pass over St. Peter's, at Morley; which, having a spire, and being nearly equidistant from these other Churches, produces an agreeable variety. A spectator from this Church may see the fine woods, part of the grounds, and house of Temple Newsome, also Great Ormscliffe, Whitkirk, part of the Harewood plantations, and of the Skipton Hills, while Leeds and some of the villages near it, are in the vale below.

It is the present intention of Mr. Chantrell to crown the spire, at Morley, with an eagle* instead of a cock or vane. Old St. Paul's, at London, as we are told by Dugdale, was surmounted thus, which has excited the surprise of some people, and the doubts of others, who have suspected that the dove, and not the eagle, was exhibited. For the information of our architect, (if he knows it not) and of other antiquaries, I take leave to say that Dugdale is quite correct. It was

* This has been since changed for a dove, which was put upon the steeple, on the 31st July, 1880.

(strange as it may appear upon a Christian Temple) an eagle.

It is well known to all men of learning how much the Catholics of ancient times have borrowed from Pagan Rome, although (as was insinuated in a former page) this subject has not been investigated quite so well as it ought to be—an instance of it now lies before us. The eagle was the bird of Jupiter "tonans," who, with his "rubente dextra," hurled the lightning, of course. In a picture of Hebe, (Jupiter's cupbearer) with the eagle, the lightning appears issuing from its talons; one might, therefore, well imagine that by the Romans this bird would be regarded as sacred and inviolable, by lightning, in particular; and Pliny, accordingly, in his Natural History, makes mention of it among the most certain preservatives from the electric fluid. "*Aquila*," says he,* "*Vitulus Marinus*, et *Laurus*, fulmine non feriuntur." Here then we come at the secret about the eagle, and why it was adopted by our Catholic countrymen.

But neither the eagle, nor the globe containing holy relics, nor the baptism of bells, nor the incantations of the Catholic Priests, could save Old St. Paul's or its spire. As, therefore, the eagle alone is not very likely to secure that of St. Peter's, at Morley, certain contrivances for the purpose of a less superstitious, but more philosophical kind, are contemplated.

One circumstance connected with the introduction of this Church is deserving of remembrance, which is that every possible exertion has been made to prevent rates being laid upon the township for inclosure of the Burial-ground, or providing necessities for the Church. To defray the expenses of the former the Committee here have obtained the sanction of the Parliamentary Commissioners, and the promise of the architect, that out of the grant of £3,000 an adequate sum shall be appropriated to the inclosure; and to furnish the latter a Lady's Association has been formed,—almost every article has been subscribed, and the donations in money already exceed £27. So far, at least, the principle of Dissenters that "every Christian Society should support itself," has been acted upon. No person has been solicited whose

hostility to the Church was manifest, and still less has any legal demand been made upon him.

I cannot lay down my pen without noticing the liberal and kindly feeling displayed by many Dissenters of respectability, in the vicinity of Morley, towards those who have interested themselves regarding this Church. By their assistance and that of other friends, not only have the donations and subscriptions aforesaid amounted to what will be quite sufficient for present exigencies, but a handsome sum is in the Bank, to be appropriated in case this shall be a district Church (as was ever designed) for a Minister's endowment; but if not, for the support and repair of the Church, or otherwise as they who have subscribed the money may determine. An organ also, to cost one hundred and forty pounds, has been bespoke, and is building by Mr. Joseph Booth, of Wakefield, and above half the money is already in hand. May the exertions of the Committee be crowned with success!—May they have reason, upon review of their labours, to rejoice: and especially in the anticipation of that reformation and renovation in society which seems fast approaching. In a well regulated community, and under another order of things, a Church may be of the greatest advantage in every neighbourhood. With an eye to futurity the author of this work has interested himself in its erection; and when he who brings light out of darkness, order out of confusion, and real good out of "seeming evil," shall have executed his fearful and mysterious work;—when the tempest, so long impending over this land, shall have passed away, there will be a brighter sun and more radiant heaven. The author has lived in strange times—he remembers something of the spirit of the age during the Birmingham Riots—has not been unmindful of it ever since; and he now beholds the consequences. But however these evils may affect our posterity, there is one subject for consolation.—The spirit which gave them birth can never again be invoked with success.—The people who burnt the dwellings of a Priestley, and would have taken his life, would now spread flowers in his path, and carry him through the streets in triumph.—The tocsin of war cannot now be sounded—political fallacies are seen through—opprobrious epithets are laughed at—bigotry is little prevalent—national antipathies are

* Lib. 2, cap. 55. What a pity it is that people who publish Topographical Works seldom explain these curiosities. Few of them, I believe, are able to do it; for illustration is one thing and compilation is another.

dying away with the tales of the nursery—"the schoolmaster is abroad"—history is better written and understood, and people are beginning to think for themselves. With confidence, therefore, the rising generation may look to the future; and, in many respects, may anticipate important changes. Should these extend to our National Church and Clergy, the foresight of the acting members of the Committee at Morley, as respects the Church of St. Peter, will be commemorated by a distant posterity.

Since this work went to press, the Diary of Thoresby, the Historian of Leeds, has come out: the most interesting passages in which, as relative to these parts, I will endeavour to throw into a single note. And first, I would notice the mention which he makes of several persons of whom I have written—of the Saviles—the Whartons—Hodgsons—Elstons Pickeringes—and some of the ejected Ministers; but especially of Ralph Rymer's son, who, it appears by what is added in p. 296, was author of the "*Fædera*," and whose father "was convicted on very slender evidence."* But the most curious part is what relates to Howley-Hall, to which place Thoresby went on the 28th of May, 1683, "to see" the mansion "and pictures of the late Earl of Sussex," (James, and not Thomas, as I before intimated). Howley-Hall had upon it inscriptions, in several places, and is styled "a noble and stately fabric," in page 207; and, from a note sub-joined, it is manifest that it was pulled down, as I conjectured, in 1716 or 1717, and not in 1730, as Dr. Whitaker has asserted. In March, 1702, Thoresby revisited this fabric, "but found no arms in the windows; only in the hall was Sir John's and his Lady's in plaister." "The gardens and orchards," says he, "are curious, kept in the new order of dwarf trees, except a remarkable yew tree—the wall fruits forward to a wonder—the apricots set, and some pretty large." Again, under date of 1705, we find Thoresby riding with a Mr. Thornton to see Howley-Hall, "where," says he, "was a stately entrance from the Porter's-Lodge to the front of the hall. I took copies," he adds, "of the inscriptions, but was disappointed of the family pictures, as the famous Sir John Savile, first

Alderman of Leeds. This hall is since demolished, and the materials sold—*Omnia Vanitas*."

In 1712 a drawing of Howley-Hall was taken by one Booth, an artist (vol. 2, p. 172).

Of the son of Capt. Hodgson much is said. It appears he was Chaplain to Lady Hewley.

In 1712, Thoresby visited Middleton-Hall, "where," says he, "I was kindly received by Mr. Brandling, but got little information as to the ancient family of the Leghs, though Mr. Francis is yet living, whose grandfather died one hundred and seventeen years ago. In their private Chapel I saw some rich copes and vestments, with pictures, &c., with a Mass-book, but never a bible in any language." (p. 89.)

The Reader will find an account of Edward Reyner in p. 321—of Gamaliel Marsden in p. 84—of Wm. Gascoign (who lived, it seems, at Newhall) in p. 357—of the Tingley Burial-ground in p. 49, 59, &c.—and a curious account of Sir John Savile's daughter, who married Dr. Bradley, of Ackworth, p. 153.

I cannot conclude without noticing the mention which is made by Thoresby of Mr. Booth, of Rawden, and Mr. Aldred, of Morley, in p. 319, vol. 2; and which corroborates, in some measure, my account of these very excellent and useful men. In page 433, under date of 1684, we have this entry—"June 29, Die Dom.—Up pretty early; walked to *Gildersham*, where, at Mr. John Dickenson's, had a *curious opportunity of privacy* to hear an excellent sermon from Mr. Sharp."† This was the gentleman to whom reference is made, in page 95 of my work, and of whom much is written in the first volume of the Diary. He lived at Horton, near Bradford, while he officiated as Presbyterian Pastor, at Leeds.

Upon the whole it is evident that Thoresby was a collector—a compiler—a theologian—a sermon hunter—a courtier—a priest-ridden dupe—and a man who could swallow any absurdity; but certainly he had little in him of the true antiquary, or man of genius. What must we think of a person who could write that a disease of twelve years' duration was cured by a handkerchief dipped in the blood of Charles Stuart, King of England?—Of a shower of corn falling from the clouds, in June, 1681, and coming down chimneys, part of which he

* From what Thoresby relates, it appears that Ralph Rymer lived at Yafforth-Hall, near Northallerton. His son Thomas was appointed to the office of Historian Royal, by William 3rd. See vol. 1, p. 297; vol. 2, p. 24. This gentleman, or one of the family, seems to have been Chaplain to Lord Fairfax in 1681. See vol. 1, p. 108.

† In p. 130 Thoresby tells us Mr. Sharp preached two hours and a half by the Church clock, "yet not tedious," says he.

kept for his museum?—In short, of a scribe who could put down all sorts of horsegod-mother tales and gossip, and tell us little about persons, and events, which would have interested a very distant posterity? How provoking, instead of this, to find his Diary full of that kind of "twaddle" for which there might be some excuse before Thoresby was born, but could be none in his times? But so it is, when a man abandons the right use of his reason—when he pins his faith

upon the sleeve of other persons—when he meddles with all concerns but those which belong to himself—when he pesters himself and other people with matters of speculation and of fancy, and is little concerned about matters of fact, he not only involves himself in difficulties and in troubles, but he leaves behind the mementos of his folly. Thoresby was, probably, a well meaning man; but his writings, voluminous as they are, tend little to our instruction, and less to our amusement.

THE END.

APPENDIX I.

- Edward the Confessor swore—" *By God's Mother.*" (a)
 William the Conqueror—" *By God's Splendour.*" (b)
 William Rufus—" *By St. Luke's Face.*" (c)
 Henry First—" *By our Lord's Death.*" (d)
 Stephen—" *By God's Birth.*" (e)
 Henry Second—" *God's Curse light on you and mine.*" (f)
 John—" *By God's Teeth.*" (g)
 Henry Third—" *By God's Head.*" (h)
 Edward First—" *By God's Blood.*" (i) "*per sanguinem Die.*"
 Richard Second—" *By St. Edward.*" (j)
 Henry Sixth—" *By St. Edward.*" (k) His common word was—" *Forsooth.*"
 Edward Fourth—" *By God's Blessed Lady.*" (l)
 Richard Third—" *By St. Paul.*" (m)
 Henry Eighth—" *By St. Mary.*" (n) When angry—" *By God.*"
 Elizabeth—" *By G—.*" or "*God's Death.*" (o) or "*God's Wounds.*"
 James First swore.—See Ellis's Letters, vol. 3, p. 118; but his Oath is not mentioned.
 Oliver Cromwell was not a Swearer.
 Charles Second—" *God's Fish.*" A corruption of "*God's Flesh.*" (p)

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APPENDIX II.

THE greatest man, perhaps, that ever lived, having attained a correspondent popularity, at least in this vicinity, I shall adorn my History, so nearly connected with his times, with a few scarce and very curious documents illustrative of his grandeur, condescension, benevolence, and piety.

COPY OF A PETITION TO OLIVER CROMWELL.

- "To his Highness, the Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland and Ireland.
 "The humble Petition of Margery, the wife of William Beacham, mariner—Sheweth,
 "That your Petitioner's husband hath been active and faithful in the wars of this Commonwealth, both by sea and land, and hath undergone many hazards by imprisonment and fights, to the endangering his life, and at last lost the use of his right arm, and is utterly disabled from future service, as doth appear from the Certificate annexed; and yet he hath no more than forty shillings pension from Chatham, by the year.
 "That your Petitioner having only one son, who is tractible to learn, and not having wherewith to bring him up, by reason of their present low estate, occasioned by the public service aforesaid.
 "Humbly prayeth that your Highness would vouchsafe to present her said son, Randolph Beacham, to be a scholar in Sutton's Hospital, called the Charter-house."
 (Indorsed) "OLIVER P.
 "We refer this Petition and Certificate to the Commissioners for Sutton's Hospital.—July 28, 1655.

- (a) Or, "*By our Lady.*" Malmesbury. Rapin, p. 137. Stowe, 129.
 (b) Rapin, p. 165—180. Speed, 432. (c) Stowe, 179.—Speed, 439. Rapin, 189. (d) Speed, 450.
 (e) Note to Rapin, 203. (f) Stowe, 232. Speed, 479. (g) Matt. Paris, 226. Rapin, 269. Stowe, 254.
 (h) Speed, 546. Rapin, 327—334. (i) Speed, 560. Rapin, Note to page 345.
 (j) Archæologia, vol. 20, p. 43. (k) Stowe, 650. (l) Stowe, 727—755. (m) Stowe, 747.
 (n) Speed, 793. Ellis, vol. 1, p. 289. (o) Ellis's Letters, vol. 3, p. 41—102.
 (p) Life of Lord Russell, p. 62.

COPY OF A LETTER* SENT BY OLIVER CROMWELL TO HIS SECRETARY ON THE
ABOVE PETITION BEING PRESENTED.

"You receive from me this 28th Instant, a Petition of Margery Beacham, desiring the admission of her son into the Charter-House. I know the man, who was employed one day in an important secret service, which he did effectually to our great benefit and the Commonwealth's. The Petition is a brief relation of a fact, without any flattery. I have wrote under it a common reference to the Commissioners, but I mean a great deal more—that it shall be done without their debate or consideration of the matter: and so do you, privately hint to . . .

"I have not that particular shining bauble, or feather in my cap for crowds to gaze at or kneel to; but I have power and resolution to make the Nations tremble. To be short, I know how to deny Petitions; and, whatever I think proper, for outward form, to refer to any officer or office, I expect that such my compliance with custom, shall be also looked upon as an indication of my will and pleasure to have the thing done. See therefore that the boy is admitted.

"Thy true friend,

OLIVER P."

Upon this letter, in which the incomparable majesty of the "Unparalleled Monarch" peeps out, I would engraft a minute or two from my Common Place Book.

In Cromwell's reply to the Address of his Army, touching the acceptance of the kingly title, he tells it among other things, "that for his part he loved the title—'a feather in a hat'—as little as they did." Burton's Diary, vol. 2, p. 383.

"Cromwell," says Ludlow, "said it was but 'a feather in a man's cap,' and therefore, he wondered that men would not please the children, and permit them to enjoy the rattle." Memoirs, vol. 2, p. 586—587.

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APPENDIX III.

I take the liberty to extract the following from the Gentleman's Magazine for 1791, being well assured as to the authenticity of the communication, from my knowledge of the writer, with whom my zeal, when a boy, respecting Eugene Arm, made me a favourite.

"Mr. Urban,

"The late Sir John Goodricke, Bart., who died in the year 1789, used to relate an anecdote of Oliver Cromwell, told him when a boy, by a very old woman who had formerly attended his mother, Lady Goodricke, in the capacity of midwife, and who spent most of her latter days at Ribstone-Hall. Sir John used to give it thus in her own words:

"When Cromwell came to lodge at our house, in Knaresborough, I was then but a young girl. Having heard much talk about the man, I looked at him with wonder. Being ordered to take a pan of coals and air his bed, I could not, during the operation, forbear peeping over my shoulder several times to observe this extraordinary person who was seated at the far side of the room untying his garters. Having aired the bed, I went out, and shutting the door after me, stopped; and, peeping through the keyhole, I saw him rise from his seat, advance to the bed, and fall on his knees, in which attitude I left him for some; when returning again I found him still at prayer, and this was his custom every night so long as he stayed at our house; from which I concluded he must be a good man; and this opinion I always maintained afterwards, though I heard him very much blamed,† and excessively abused.‡

"Surely no one will say, adds the worthy writer, "that this was a parade of piety, pharisaical intention, to be seen of men. How far ambition might alter these sentiments afterwards, is left to the historian of those turbulent times. The person who related this to Sir John Goodricke, was Ellenor Ellis, whose father owned the house before mentioned. She was born, as appears by the Parish Register, June 30th, 1632, and was, therefore, twelve years old at the siege of Knaresborough Castle. She afterwards married a Mr. Fishwick, had several children, and died in the year 1714, aged 82.

"The house, which stood near the place where the Crown Inn now stands, in the High-Street, Knaresborough, was taken down and rebuilt in the year 1764; but care was taken to preserve the floor of the room where Cromwell lay.

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APPENDIX IV.

ONE of the most amusing instances of the cunning of the Romish Priests, in ancient times, may be found in the fifteenth volume of the Archaeologia, p. 405.—Some years ago, there was discovered in Cirencester Church, under many coats of whitewash, a painting of the martyrdom of St. Erasmus; under which, in old black letter was the following inscription:—

"What Ma other Woma worscip this holi Sent, Bisschop and Martir. eiry Sunday that is within the yere, with a pater Noster and an Ave, other ony Almus giveth to a poor man, or breng ony Candell lyght, less or more, he shall have V giftes granted of God."

* See another Letter characteristic of the man in Cromwell's Memoirs, vol. 1, p. 397.

† This was in an enemy's neighbourhood, and before his character and talents were fully developed.

‡ Moliere constituted an old woman the best judge of his Comedies. Napoleon referred to another, as a criterion of his popularity in France; and we have here the opinion of a young girl equally artless, unprejudiced, and rational.

"The first is, he shall have reysonabill gode to his lyvis ende. The secunde is, that his enemys schall have no power to do him no bodily harme or dysease. The iij is, what reysonabil thyng that he woll aske of God, and that holi Seint shall be graunted. The iiij is, that he shall be unbounde of all his tribulation and dysease. The V is, that his laste ende have schrifft and housill and grete repentance and sacremente and annewntinge, and the maye he come to to that blysse that never hath ende.—Amen."

Now, observe, reader, there is here promised—1st. *Worldly prosperity.* 2nd. *Immunity from injuries of every kind.* 3rd. *The grant of every petition* (guarded by the subterfuge of that pretty word "*reysnabil.*") 4th. *Deliverance from every affliction.* 5th. *The benefit of confession, absolution, the eucharist or sacrament, extreme unction; in short, all the passports of the Church, with eternal felicity of course.*—And all this for what consideration? *Why, for the value of a penny to the poor's box, or a bit of wax light to the Church of St. Erasmus!!!* What a lesson may we learn from such an anecdote!

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APPENDIX V.

ONE of the grand fallacies respecting Cromwell, invented and circulated, no doubt, for the purpose of concealing the fact of his unparalleled popularity, is the cunning tale about his military and arbitrary government. Nothing can be more artful and deceptions than such a representation, with reference to a person whose military talents, especially, have raised him to the sovereign command. The very circumstance of his being the idol of an army, and effecting great designs by its instrumentality, appears at once decisive of the question, and few people are disposed to carry their thoughts one single step further. In the instance before us, the fallacy (as is not unfrequently the case) is comprised in a single word, the word "Army." The sophism is this, that no distinction exists between the Parliamentary or Protectorate army and the armies under the Monarchy, or, in other words, people are desired to believe that the will of the people of England could be no better expressed by the one, as organ of the public voice, than by the other. Now this is a position which I deny flatly, and I maintain that from its very origin, its constitution and nature, the Republican was the only army that ever did or ever could proclaim the national sentiment. Is no distinction to be made between Nobles and Gentlemen, who came forward voluntarily and independently to serve their country, and the myrmidons of a despot or the tools of a faction? between men who left their trades, businesses, and comforts for the same purpose, and the very refuse of society, destitute alike of character, principle, or motive? Will any one say that military of the one description would not afford a sufficient index of the national sentiment, especially when triumphant; whereas the others would afford no criterion at all? Can any one believe that the Republican was not the popular cause, when organized masses with old officers were beaten by raw and inexperienced levies?

It is impossible to read, as in the foregoing pages even, how the Republican troops were raised—of what kind of men they generally consisted, and the language which they held, without perceiving an essential difference between them and any other military in any age in this kingdom. The very tone of this language appears an echo of the national voice. The records of history do not present an instance similar to one before adduced, in a remonstrance with their rulers. "We do not," said these Patriots, "consider ourselves a band of Janissaries, hired only to fight the battles of the Parliament. We have voluntarily taken up arms for the liberties of the nation of which we are a part, and before we lay them down we will see that end provided for." Surely this sounds more like the address of delegates or representatives of the people, than of a rebellious soldiery.

Studiously and craftily as it has been kept out of sight, it is manifest to every man of reflection and historical knowledge, that the power of Cromwell was seated in the national opinion of his deserts, his talents and virtue, rather than in the army which was impelled by the tide of that opinion. The army, in fact, was made up of men in whose minds religion (as they accounted it) was the main spring to all their actions. Of Presbyterians and fifth Monarchy men and other Enthusiasts, who were highly incensed at Cromwell for his liberality and equity; nor were the Independents indeed much pleased with him on the same grounds. Besides this he had political enemies in the Republicans and Royalists, and deadly foes in an Aristocracy, who envied his talents, despised his birth, and detested his ascendancy. What then but his unprecedented popularity could have supported a man who courted no party, political or religious? What other power could have enabled him to reduce the army as he actually did, rather than increase it? to awe, by a single look, a mutinous and discontented soldiery rising into arms?—to control the wildest and most intractable visionaries?—to compose a chaos of combustible and disordered elements, and rise majestic in every storm? Ah! how short would have been that life, had it merely depended upon military support! How transient would have been that power had there been no other basis than military reputation to rest upon!

Purposing in another work to expose, by evidence as well as argument, this grand political fallacy, I take but a transient view of it in this place.

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APPENDIX VI.

In the Journals of the House of Commons, under date 30th of January, 1677-8, a vote of supply may be seen for King Charles 2nd, for defraying the expenses of a solemn interment of the King, his father, and erecting a monument to his memory.

Among the drawings of Sir Christopher Wren, still preserved, are the designs made by him for a mausoleum and tomb, with two inscriptions, which may be seen in a Note to Ellis's Original Letters. Next follows his estimate, which Ellis also has copied.

"*King Charles the 2nd received the seventy thousand pounds; but,*" as Lord Clarendon observes, "the thought of the removal of his father's body was set aside, and the reason communicated to very few, for the better discountenancing further enquiry." Eachard even, the redhot loyalist, says:—"It was thought that *King Charles the 2nd never sent to enquire after the body.*" Ellis's Letters, vol. 3, New Series, p. 324.

This is the fellow, in respect to whose memory schoolboys are taught to deck their hats with oak on the 29th of May, and the incomparable Cromwell is called a "Usurper."

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APPENDIX VII.

THAT the death of an individual should have sunk England in the scale of Nations, from a first to a third rate power, would be incredible, if the fact were not ascertained by many, and the very best authorities. One of these is Bishop Burnet, who relates that upon complaints made by Charles the 2nd, to the Dutch Ambassador, of the different conduct of that Nation towards England in Cromwell's time and his own, and especially in their treatment of himself and his brother,—Borel, in great simplicity, answered,—"*Ha! Sire, c' étoit une autre chose: Cromwell étoit un grand homme, et il se faisoit craindre et par terre et par Mer.*"—"This answer," says Burnet, "was very rough. The King's reply was, '*Je me feroi craindre aussi a mon tour;*' but he was scarce as good as his word."

It was soon after this period that the men in power finding that they had got a King Log, or rather a Stork,[†] and mortified by the insults and derision even of a petty State; employed Killegrew, the jester, to rouse by his wit the "legitimate" Charles, and call forth that in him which never had existence. Killegrew accordingly appeared before the royal presence, booted and spurred and all in a bustle, like a man prepared for an immediate journey. Charles, quite surprised, demanded an explanation, and especially as to where he was going? "Going!—going!" said the courtly and cunning Jester, "why to hell, to be sure, to fetch Oliver Cromwell to come and thrash these insolent Dutchmen, for nobody else can."

So much does the grandeur and prosperity of a Nation depend, frequently, upon the personal character of the chief ruler; and so well, in the history of the Stuarts, is illustrated a passage in holy writ—"Woe to thee O Land, when thy King is a child, when thy Princes indulge in a morning."

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APPENDIX VIII.

In a curious old book, republished in 1633, and which has evidently belonged to my family for several generations, (intituled "Porta Linguarum,") I find upon the margins, a few notes from the old Republicans of Morley, written about the time of the Civil War, and chiefly upon the science of government. Being of too general a nature to interest the public now, I pass them over; but I cannot do so by another matter of curiosity, to my fellow townsmen at least. In this volume there is fortunately preserved to us the names of some of these heroes of the Commonwealth and Protectorate, whose Rulers and Generals were compared by Voltaire to the ancient Scipios. But for this book some of these names had perished, though their deeds will live in the histories of distant ages. The following is the order, nearly, in which they stand, some of them written in red ink:—"Josua Greatehead, Thomas Oates, Lawrence Hargrave, Samuel Smalpage, Mark Brook, William Brook, Josua Crowther, John Lister, Samuel Root, William Scott, Richard Horson, Edward Anell, Eden Ellis, Christopher Scott, Thomas Bromell, John Walker, Edward Walker, Francis Tolson or Tomson, William Revell, Edward Brook, Wm. Crawshaw, William Dickinson, John Wood, James Pearson, James Hall, Stephen Tomson, — Barras, Ralph Harris, Matthew Smurthwaite, R—— Turner, Joseph Greene, Isaac Horne. Francis Jephson, — Clarke, Miles Townson, Thomas Webster, F. Walker, Thos. Atkinson, Ralph Webster, John Ellis, Thos. Holmes, and — Radcliffe."

As to the handwriting I am quite unacquainted with it, but am pretty certain it is not that of Major General Greatehead or Captain Thomas Oates; but many, if not all the persons here mentioned, there can be no doubt, were engaged in the battles of Adwalton-Moor, Marston-Moor, and Dunbar.

Cromwell, as Bishop Burnet tells us, used often to say "he would make the name of an Englishman greater than ever that of a Roman had been;" and Burnet appears to have thought he fulfilled his promise. Clarendon even, malignant as he was, is compelled to say that "*Cromwell's greatness at home was but a shadow of the glory which he had abroad.*" Live, then, ye illustrious names of departed heroes and patriots, nor let it ever be forgotten, that the villages of Morley and Gildersome supplied such men to the armies of Cromwell, Fairfax, and Lambert.

* Burnet's Own Time, vol. 1, p. 180:

† Æsop's Fable well illustrated in the seventeenth century.

APPENDIX IX.

It seems highly probable that Mr. John Noble, M.A., of Christ's College, Cambridge, mentioned by Dr. Calamy, in Vol. II., p. 575, of his Memorial, succeeded Mr. Nesse, as Nonconformist Minister, at Morley. And this must have been about 1672 or 3. At all events he, or a gentleman of the same name, was instructing youths at Morley at this period, as appears from the MSS. of Mr. Joseph Lister, of Bradford, who, speaking of his son David, born in 1658, writes thus:—"He was greatly disadvantaged by his masters some years, yet at last he fell under the teaching of a good master; but I was put to table him five years. Then I got Mr. Noble to examine him, who found him to be well instructed; but in a little time that master, whose name was Sturdie, left the school and became a Popish Priest, so I was then at a loss; yet I went to Morley, where Mr. Noble taught school, and put my son under him—a diligent, faithful man, where my son profited much, and was fit for the University learning; but not having a conveniency of disposing him at that time, he stayed and learned logick of him another year."

Dr. Calamy's account of Mr. John Noble is so very short and imperfect, that one cannot be quite sure that he and Mr. Lister allude to the same gentleman, yet from various circumstances, I fancy they do. However, as there exists a doubt, I have thrown this memoir into the appendix.

GLOSSARY

OF
WORDS COMMONLY USED AT MORLEY,
AND
IN THE IMMEDIATE VICINITY THEREOF.

ADDLE, to earn by labour.
Agate, doing or performing work.
Agatewards, to go agatewards, is to accompany.
Akin, related, or of kindred.
Auent, opposite to.
Arr, a spot or freckle—hence the expression, an “arr toad.”
Arrand, a spider.
Arrant, notorious or downright—thus we say, an “arrant rogue.”
Asker, a small lizard—also called a “newt.”
Aspill—Espill—Haspenald, a rude or silly clown. This appellation, I suspect to be as old as Edward the First's reign. See Archæol. vol. 16, p. 71. Perhaps it may come from “Vespillones”—robbers or ruffians. Archæol. vol. 2, p. 278.

BA WSON, a clamorous noisy person.
Barns, children—as old as the times of Chaucer and Piers Ploughman. See Archæol. vol. 1, p. 17.
Badger, a dealer in flour, meal, &c.
Balk or Bawlk, a beam.
Baist, to beat—hence the term at Quadrille, “beasted,” beaten.
Bauk, to disappoint.
Book, size—for bulk.
Bastard, a term of reproach for a mischievous or worthless boy.
Beest, the first milk of a cow after calving.
Beck, a rivulet.
Bell, to bellow or roar. “Where the hertes* bell.” See a stone near Wharnclyff-Lodge.
Bid, to invite.
Bensel, to beat soundly.
Blink, to evade.
Boon or Booning, a gratuitous assistance or service.
Boggard, a ghost or apparition; also a term of reproach.
Boggle, to take fright.
Boken, to retch or vomit.
Breward, the brim of a hat.
Bray, to beat or hammer.
Brackens, ferns.
Braids, resembles—assimilates.
Brat, a child's apron or “pin-a-fore.”
Brandrith, an iron frame on which the Yorkshire pudding is baked.

* “Hertes,” i. e. Stags.

CARKESS, the body of a brute or human being.
Call, to abuse or scold.
Causey (causeway), a flagged or paved foot-path. Blount's Tens. p. 381.
Cant, healthy or vigorous for one's years.
Clammed, parched with thirst.
Capt, posed or puzzled—thus, “I am capt,” is, I am puzzled, or amazed.
Clarty, splashy or sticky.
Caft, is, with us, the same as daft (i. e. intimidated.)
Clout or Clart, to pelt, to beat, also to daub.
Capper, is not only a puzzler, but a thing or person most excellent—“from caput, the head.”
Cowl, to scrape or collect together, hence cowler or cowlrake.
Cappil, to mend the tops of shoes where the toe-end lies.
Cowk, cinder, or the core of fruit (e. g. of an apple.)
Cowlady, the small beetle, called in the South, the lady-bird.
Click, to snatch at.
Clout, to pelt—to beat—to patch.
Crack, to boast—this is also a Scotch word. It is used by Latimer, Hooper, Tillotson, &c. See Gent.'s Magazine, May, 1820, p. 71.
Crob, to tyrannize over a person.
Crumpled, tumbled, ruffled, twisted.
Cronk is to croak or sit in an idle posture.
Cuddle or Huddle, to embrace ardently, accompanied with hugging—hugging.
Clungy, sticky—adhesive.
Cute, smart, neat, clever.
Clock, a beattle, or the noise of a hen when she ceases laying eggs.
Cluther, to collect and crowd together.
Cinglet, a waistcoat—ancient English. Archæol. vol. 16, p. 293.
Cross-grained, ill-tempered or perverse.
Cocker, to indulge immoderately, or make a pet of.

DAFT or **Dafted**, timid—frightened.
Dakerhen, the bird called the landrail.
Din, a noise.
Dither, to tremble or shake with cold.
Dizzy, giddy, stupified.
Differ, to quarrel, or as it is at other times to “fratch.”
Doft, to pull off one's clothes.
Don, to put them on, or dress oneself.

Ding-one-up, is to reproach one with his past faults or misfortunes.

Down-it-mouth, dejected, dispirited.

Donch, dainty of appetite.

Docken, the *Rumex Obtusifolius* or dock. *Archæol.* vol. 17, p. 145.

Dole, a donation.

Doit, (doat) to be in one's dotage or crazy.

Dulberhead, a blockhead or stupid fellow.

Dule, devil.

Dike, a ditch—to ditch.

Dunnock, or a "Dickie Dunnock," is a hedge sparrow.

Drinkings or Drinks, refreshment between meals, a custom at least as old as Henry the Sixth's reign. See Forster's *Perennial Calendar*, p. 483.

ENDWAYS, forwards—thus, "to come endways," is, to hasten the step.

Ealing, a leaning or inclining—hence the ealing of a house.

Expect, to suppose or conjecture.

Eller, an adler tree.

Egg-on, to "egg one on," is, to urge one on. See Speed, p. 641.

FINKILL,* fennell—ancient English—from *foeniculum*—hence *Finkill-Street*. See more about this word in Whitaker's *Richmondshire*, p. 17; but Clarkson gives the best explanation. *Finkell-Street*, properly translated, is *Crooked-Street*.

Fanticles, freckles on the skin.

Fend, activity, or to bestir oneself, also to defend oneself. "Fending and proving"—ancient expression. See Hone's *Table Book*, vol. 1, p. 492.

Fettle, condition or state; i.e. fat or lean—clean or dirty, &c.

Fettle, to clean or make neat—also to thrash or beat. I do not know a word which will try if a man be of Yorkshire, better than this; it being used in a threefold sense, at least in our West-Riding.

Flacker, to flutter or tremble.

Flay, to frighten.

Flit, to remove or quit one's dwelling.

Flite, to scold.

Fleet, skimmed—hence the fleeting disk for cream.

Fligged, just feathered. A fligger is a kite without bow.

Fog, after-grass—when the hay crop has come off.

Footing, a treat given by one commencing trade or business.

Fond, silly, foolish, amorous.

Foist, bitter, brackish.

Fondling, one of a servile or sycophantic nature.

Frame, to set about doing a piece of work (imp.) "now, frame."

Fram, fragile—easily broken.

Fother, to supply cattle with fresh provision. *Tilson's Letter*.

Foul, ugly.

Favor'd, featured as to countenance—to be "ill favor'd," is bad looking.

Foreend, early part of (e.g.) the day—or of one's time. *Shakspear's Cymb.*

Fey, to clear away, or to "fey in," is to spread abroad manure.

* *Fincle*—*Vincle*—*Wynckel*—is a Belgic word for angle or corner, says Clarkson—*History of Richmondshire*, p. 65. *Finkel-Street*, is, therefore, *Crooked* or *Winding-Street*, and not *Fennel-Street*. Dr. Whitaker could make nothing of this word.

Fettered, entangled—from *feltrare*.

Frow,* a loose woman. This is ancient English. *Stowe*, p. 454.

Fresh, to be tipsy—to be drunk, is generally called "to be full."

Fratch, to quarrel.

Feel, to smell—this ancient word is before noticed.

Frump, affront. See Speed, p. 432.

Frump, to rebuke sharply.

Fuzball, a fungus.

GAUVISON, an awkward staring clown.

Gavelock, an iron crow or lever. This seems an Anglo-Saxon word.

Gate, a road or way—hence to go "agatewards;"—gate is the Saxon word for way. See Pennant's *London*, p. 309.

Gaumless, idiotic, impotent, senseless.

Gawkshaw, a left-handed person.—*Gawky*, is awkward.

Garth, a yard or other inclosure.

Gain, near, ready, convenient. See Leland's *Itinerary*, vol. 1, p. 52.

Gizzened, rattling of the throat from strangulation.

Gelt, barren or impotent—a gelt pair of partridges are a barren pair.

Glent, a fleeting view or hasty sight.

Glee, to squint.

Glore, a bold, impudent, stare, or fixing of the eyes.

Girn, to grin. Old Latimer, in one of his sermons, says—"I have heard say, that in some places they go with the corpses, 'girling' and 'flearing,' as though they went to a beare bayting, which thing, no doubt, is 'nought.'" This is a fine specimen of our Yorkshire dialect.

Greck, the last of a progeny, i.e. litter of pigs, for instance.

Grime, to blacken with soot, or a burnt stick.

Goodman, master. *Luke xxii.*, v. 11. "Goodman James," &c., we read of in English History; and we find it in our "Nomine" on riding the stag—Mrs. — has beat her *Goodman* i.e. *Master*.

Gytrash, an evil spirit or ghost, sometimes called a "padfoot," resembling a bear.

HAP, to wrap or cover up warmly. Hence "Hap-harlot," a warm covering.

Haggle, to cut awkwardly, or attempt to lower a bargain.

Hagues, the fruit of the hawthorn. Hence "Hag-bush-Lane," near London.

Halsh, to tie or fasten—also a noose or knot.

Heps, the fruit of the briar.

Haspenald or *Haspill*, a boy shot up like an aspen. "Ald" is the diminutive word of aspen.

Hal,† a fool. Hence "Hal of Kirklees," where, no doubt, a Jester was formerly kept. Whether this be not an ancient word *Shakspeare* may declare.

Hankled, entangled—incumbered.

* The Froes were the Bawds of *Flanders*. They inhabited the *Stews* of London; which, in Richard the Second's reign, were rented by the celebrated Sir Wm. Walworth, the Lord Mayor. Here we have a curious illustration of Henry the Eighth's Oath regarding Ann of Cleves, whom he called a great *Flanders Mare*. See also Pennant's *London*, p. 43.

† Not only our Kings and Nobility, but principal Gentry, in former times, kept fools, or rather, jesters; for they were, in fact, very clever fellows, and had generally far more sense, as well as humour, than their masters. Cardinal Wolsey valued his fool "Patch" (whom he sent as a present to Henry 8th) at a thousand pounds.

Hansell, the first use of anything.

Haver, oaten—hence haver cake—old English bread, called by those who do not know how good it is, "horse-bread."

Hask, dry, parched.

Hee, high—Saxon, "heah." See Bosworth's Grammar.

Hases or *Missles*, (i.e.) it dews, or, small rain falls.

Hippins, clothes or wrappers for the posteriors of children.

Heffald, a bird called the woodpecker.

Hocker, to stammer or hesitate, when about to tell a lie.

Helm, a shade for cattle—Anglo-Saxon "haelme."

Hitch or *Itch*, to move quick—"come hitch," is, come move.

Heron-sew, a heron was formerly a dainty at our King's tables.

Hurkle or *Irkle*, to contract the body, and lay still, as the toad does.

Heck, a rack for hay—Belgic "heck."

Huddle, to embrace ardently, with arms folded.

Hug, to carry.

Hullut, seemingly a corruption of owl, a young owl.

Hide, to beat soundly.

Hobble, a difficulty or state of perplexity.

Hoomd, wearied, sadly fatigued. It comes from "hind," a slave.

Huggans, the hips—from the Saxon "hogan," a bearer of the body.

Hyped, gored with the horn of a beast.

KEELER, a cooler—Saxon "celan," to be cold. Archæol. v. 20, p. 277.

Ket, carrion.

Kist, a chest—ancient English word. Ex. "kist-vaen."

Kittle, crafty, wary, or to tickle.

Keive, to heave up or overthrow.

Kensback, of crooked or perverse disposition. This word I suspect to be very ancient. Edmund, second son of Henry 3rd, was called "Crouch-back."* Parsons, the Jesuite, was called "Cow-back." See Speed, page 875. Richard 3rd—"Crook-back."

Knague, to gnaw.

Kit, a milking-pail.

Knowl, to towl (e.g.) a bell.

Kuss, a kiss—but kuss was the ancient pronunciation.

LAITHE, a barn—hence Laithkirk. See Note, p. 13.

Lace, to beat.

Lark or *Lowk*, to weed.

Leck, to sprinkle or drain off.

Lecks, droppings—hence "Leccages" or Leakages.

Langsettle, a long seat with a high back, common in alehouses.

Lake or *Laik*, to play—hence the ancient "Laikins"—playthings.

Lieve or *Lief*, to prefer—an ancient word. See Stowe, p. 747.

Lurden, lazy. Archæol. v. 7, p. 256. Ditto, vol. 17, p. 156.

Lig, to lay with or upon. James 1st used this word very commonly. "My Lord, I hear, ye do not 'lig' with my Lady."

Lithing, stiffening or thickening of (e.g.) gruel.

Loo or *Low*, red—on a glow—ancient word—"lilly-low"—a bright flame. Hence, perhaps, Loo-Hill, (i.e.) Beacon-Hill.

Leathering, an ancient term for beating. See Fosbroke.

Locker or *Lockyer*, an appendage to a box, also a cupboard. Gent's Mag. for 1803, p. 1125.

Lops, fleas.

Lubberhead, a stupid fellow.

Lubberwort, that which makes idle or stupid. Andrew Boorde.

Lick, to beat or thrash.

Leet, to happen or fall out—also to alight—to "leet on" is, to meet with.

Lippen, to expect or depend on.

Lug, to pull one's hair.

MADDLE, to talk incoherently—maddled—stupidified.

Mauks, maggots.

Macks, sorts—all macks—all sorts.

Mastlegin, a mixture of corn, especially rye, with flour or wheat.

Marrou, a pair—fellow—to—correspondent to.

Matter, to disprove of—as "I dont matter him."

Mawnder, a low grumble or talking to oneself.

Meeterly, tolerably well.

Mittins, hedger's strong leather gloves having a thumb-sockett but no fingers.

Mell, to meddle or interfere with.

Mell, a mall or wooden hammer.

Melsh, warm or mild, with an inclination to moisture.

Mence or *Menceful*, decent, cleanly, respectable.

Midding or *Midden*, a dung-hill. See Clarkson's Richmond, p. 23.

Mizzle, to rain slightly or dew.

Mistul, the cow-house.

Moaskered, decayed.

Middling, tolerably well.

Midge, a small gnat.

Mummers, morrice dancers.

Mouldewarp, a mole. This word is common with our old Historians—especially Speed and Hall.

Moultter, a miller's pay in flour, &c. for grinding.

Muck, dirt. See Nichols's Leicestershire, vol. 6, p. 2—380.

NANPIE, a magpie.

Nazzald, an insignificant lad—"ald," as in hespinald.

Naup, to strike one on the head.

Nash or *Nesh*, fragile.

Nife, to steal by a little at each time.

Neb, a point, beak, or bill, as applied to a bonnet or bird.

Newt or *Asker*, a small lizzard—ancient word.

Nengnails, corns on the feet.

Nudge, to jog with the elbow, especially to beckon.

ONELY, lonely, solitary.

Ouzell or *Quizle*, a blackbird.

Otts or *Oits*, refuse, hay, &c. left by cattle.

owler, the alder tree.

* A cross was anciently called a crouch, and red crosses of cloth being worn upon the hinder part of the garments of those who went, or vowed, pilgrimages to Jerusalem, gave rise to the appellation Crouchback or Crossback, corrupted into Crookback. Hence the term "Crutched Friars," and the libel about Richard the Third's deformity.

PARKIN, a cake made of oatmeal and treacle.

Pick, an emetic—also *v.* to vomit—to throw down, &c.

Pause, to kick.

Pockarr'd, marked with the small pox. Arr'd is spotted, marked. See *ante*.

Piggin, a small pail, with one handle, all of wood.

Posnet or **Postnet**, an iron pot of small size, and one handle. This is an ancient utensil and word. See *Archæol.* vol. 17, p. 70.

Pynot, a magpie.

QUISHIN or **Wishin**, a cushion, but spelt by Chaucer as it is pronounced here, and spelt in the Topcliffe Register.

Quandary, a difficulty—or state of amazement.

Queer, strange.

Quarrel, a small diamond pane of glass.

RATTEN, a rat. This word may teach us how careful we should be in our etymologies. See also the word "finkle."

Raffle-coppin, a loose, vagrant, turbulent fellow.

Ram, foetid—"as ram as a fox."

Rapsallion, much the same as raffle-coppin.

Raggablash, ragamuffins, or despicable folk.

Rannal or **Raddle**, to ruffle or rub up the hair. See p. 197.

Raps, news—"what raps?"

Reek, smoke—*rec* or *rœc* is Saxon.—See Bosworth, p. 66.

Ratch, to stretch—hence also to tell a lie or exaggerate.

Reckon, to suppose. Saxon "reccan" *boas*.

Roupy, hoarse—ancient word. *Archæol.* vol. 17, p. 156.

Rig, the back, or ridge—hence "righold"—"righ-tree," &c.

Righold, "ubi Testiculus Unus in dorso" retinetur—a term of abuse.

Roar, to weep (roaring is crying).

Rantry or **Royntree**, the mountain ash—wiggion or witch hazle—supposed a sovereign antidote against witchcraft.

Runs-thin or "thin-it-kit"—(*i. e.*)—when a person breaks his engagement.

Run-the-rig is, to make a butt of any one.

Rumbustical, noisy—overbearing.

Roumy, spacious—"room"—a room.

SAID, to be soon—"said" is, to be soon quieted, or put down.

Sam, to collect.

Seime, fat or grease—hence swine seime.

Seck or **Sack**, a bag, a word of similar sound in most languages.

Sackless, simple—impotent—helpless.

Scrat, scratch—the itch—hence "Old Scrat"—the devil.

Scraffle, to quarrel, to scramble, to be industrious.

Sleck, a small coal.

Seg, a castrated bull.

Slatter, to spill or slop.

Slawver, saliva or spittle—to foam at the mouth—ancient Englishword. Hone's Table Book, v. 1, p. 493.

Sludge, mud.

Shunt, to give way, or not preserve the original position.

Slack, slow, loose—also a flat low piece of ground.

Smittle, contagion—*v.* to infect.

Snavle, to speak through the nose.

Sneck, the latch of a door.

Snert, to sneer at, or laugh to scorn.

Snap, to check.

Start, to splash.

Snig, to cut off.

Snod, smooth.

Sken, to look askance.

Spane, to wean.

Spice, sweet meats.

Steik, to latch (*e. g.*) a door.

Sue or **Sew**, a sow—the plural of which would be sews,—or spelt "sues." See Note below.

Steim, to bespeak.

Stang, a long pole.

Stub, to break, or become ruined—also to grub up.

Stee, a ladder.

Storken, to stiffen, or get cool.

Steg, a gander.

Store, estimation or regard to "set store by."

Stir, a disturbance or commotion.

Stalled, wearied, surfeited, disgusted.

Skuft, the "skuft of the neck" seems to name of it.

Shot, an account or sum owing—ancient word. In Queen Elizabeth's reign, there was a custom at Chester (then called an ancient one) for the Alderman, Justices, &c. to meet every *Sunday* in the Inner Pentice, to have "a shot" or a drinking, and every man to spend a penny—Lyson's *Mag. Brit.* v. 2, p. 601.

Soft, simple.

Steil, a handle.

Shut, to get rid of—also to spend extravagantly.

Spelk, a splinter, or stick pointed for thatching.

Stutt, to stammer.

Swap, to exchange.

Swarm, to climb with the knee (*e. g.*) up a tree.

Swatch, some experience—or a scrap of.

Swaymous, squemish—shy.

Swinge, to whip with a rod, or to burn.

Swear, to melt rapidly.

Sturdy, sulky and obstinate.

Skellered, shrunk or bent.

Skill, to know or understand.

Sparrables, nails usually put into clogs.

Spurrings, banns of marriage—or askings at Church.

Swelt, to sweat or perspire profusely.

Switch, a twig—also *v.* to beat lightly.

Succar, boild treacle or sugar. This word succar, as well as succarcande is mentioned in the Clifford's Household Book. Whalley, Anno 1521. See History of, p. 100.

TASTRILL, a knave or mischievous fellow. This ancient word is a corruption of kesterell, or rather coystrell. See *Archæologia*, v. 17, page 143.

Taws, marbles. "He cuckt his taw and shot his bolt."

Tent, to hinder to take, to take care of.

Teng, to sting.

Tew, to work well together or blend; also to tire.

Tite, as soon—as near—a word of preference, generally.

Tigg, to touch—also a game something like "barley break."

NOTE.—A writer in vol. 22 of the *Archæologia* (near the end) is quite confounded with this word "Sues;" for which he advises us to read "Mures"—ha-l-sh-l-sh! Had he been a Yorkshireman, he would know what a "Sue" is.

Throttle, to squeeze the windpipe, or strangle.

Thropple, the throat.

Threap, to maintain vehemently.

Theik, to thatch (an ancient word).

Thoil, to bestow without grudging.

Tup, a ram.

Thrash, any worthless thing—a hindrance—also a cord to check, page 195.

Twinge, an earwig.

Trig, to fill—"Trig thee laury"—fill thy belly.

Trig—Alveus.

Tussel, to strive, or wrestle with.

Twiney, fretful—perverse.

URCHIN, an hedgehog.

WASTEHEART, alas! or woe is the heart.

This is a peculiar phrase. The change of *o* into *a* is seen in *Wae*-worth-thee."

Ware, to expend or lay out.

War, worse.

Wark, work (ancient word) also to ache.

Watter, water—anciently pronounced watter.

Wearing, a consumption or decline.

Whap, to beat soundly.

Whale is the same—it means to make one "wail" or lament.

Wins, furze.

Whapper, any thing of extraordinary size.

Whittle, a large knife called by Chaucer a "Thwittle."

Wisht, a command to be silent—or silence.

Wick, a weed, or to pull up bad grass, also alive.

Wiher, a quick motion, accompanied with sound.

Wizzened, withered.

Wackering, shaking—trembling.

YATE, a gate.



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